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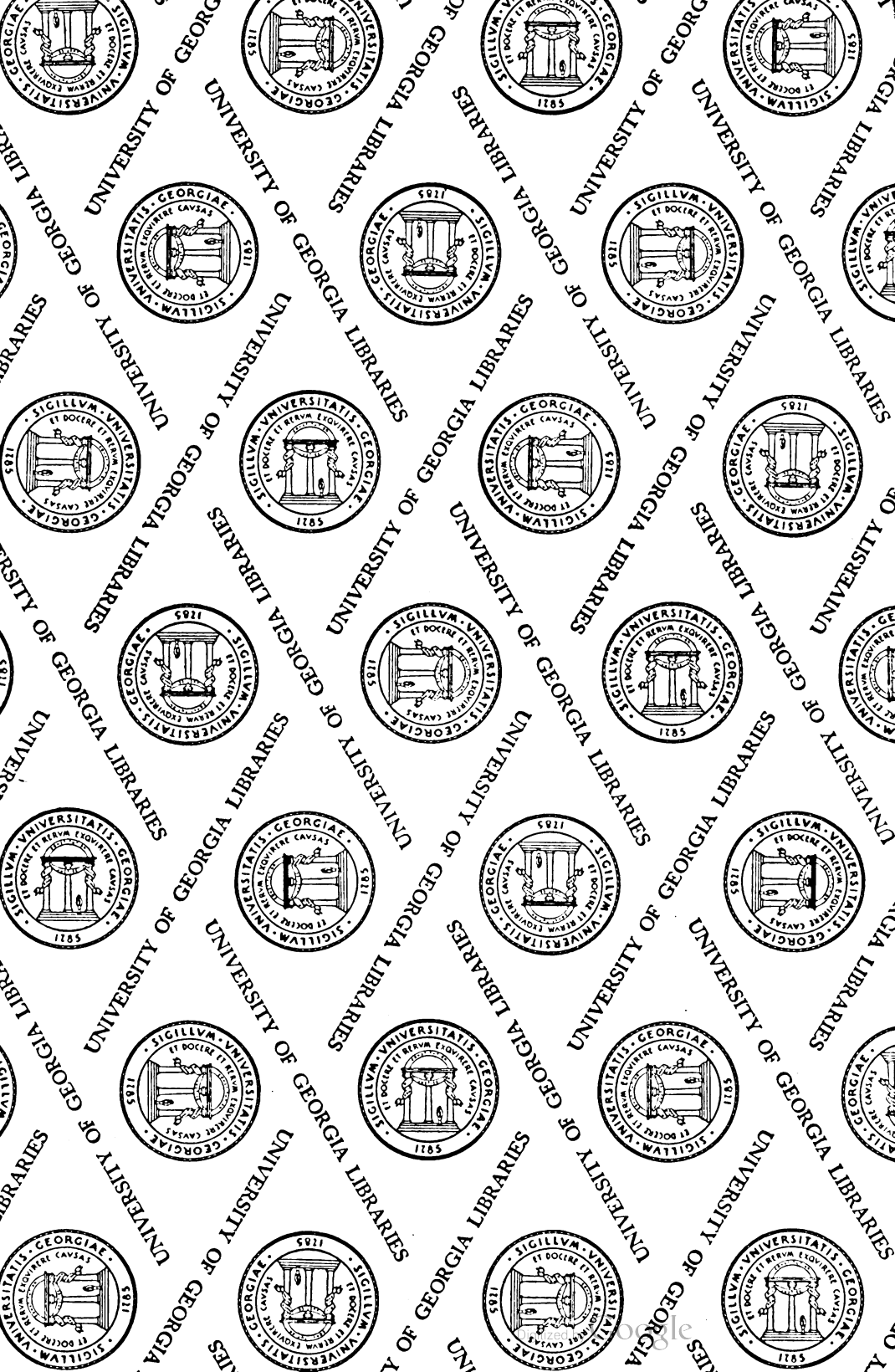
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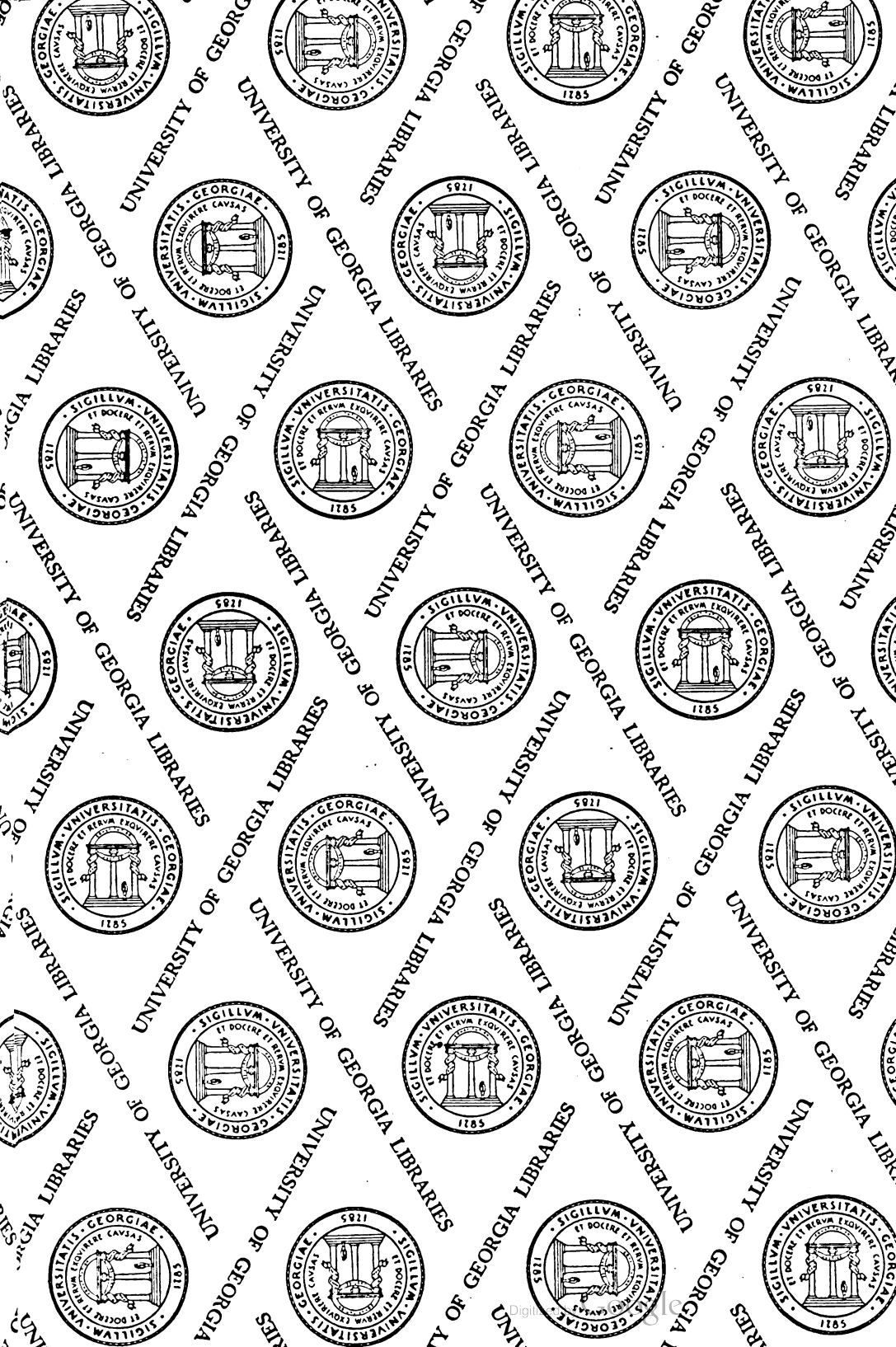
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THE
JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

EDITED BY

FRANZ BOAS

T. FREDERICK CRANE J. OWEN DORSEY

W. W. NEWELL, GENERAL EDITOR

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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. I. — APRIL-JUNE, 1888. — No. I.

ON THE FIELD AND WORK OF A JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

A PROPOSAL to establish a Folk-Lore Society in America was made in the form of a circular letter, dated at Cambridge, Mass., May 5, 1887, and subscribed with seventeen names. This invitation was repeated in a second letter, issued in October, bearing 104 signatures, representing various parts of the United States and Canada. In consequence, the number of signers having reached the necessary number, the American Folk-Lore Society was organized at Cambridge, January 4, 1888. In the proposals in question, the objects to be accomplished are stated in the following terms:—

It is proposed to form a society for the study of Folk-Lore, of which the principal object shall be to establish a Journal, of a scientific character, designed:—

(1) For the collection of the fast-vanishing remains of Folk-Lore in America, namely:

(a) Relics of Old English Folk-Lore (ballads, tales, superstitions, dialect, etc.).

(b) Lore of Negroes in the Southern States of the Union.

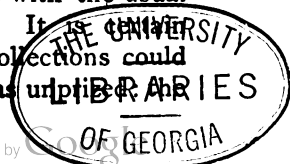
(c) Lore of the Indian Tribes of North America (myths, tales, etc.).

(d) Lore of French Canada, Mexico, etc.

(2) For the study of the general subject, and publication of the results of special students in this department.

In the first number of a journal established in conformity with this definition, it may be proper briefly to outline the services which a journal of American folk-lore may hope to accomplish in each of the departments above indicated.

As to Old English lore, the early settlers, in the colonies peopled from Great Britain, not only brought with them the oral traditions of the mother country, but clung to those traditions with the usual tenacity of emigrants transported to a new land. It is true that up to a recent date, abundant and interesting collections could everywhere have been made. But traditional lore was undervalued



time for its preservation, on both sides of the Atlantic, was suffered to elapse, and what now remains is sufficient to stimulate, rather than satisfy, curiosity.

As respects old ballads — the first branch of English lore named — the prospect of obtaining much of value is not flattering. In the seventeenth century, the time for the composition of these had almost passed ; and they had, in a measure, been superseded by inferior rhymes of literary origin, diffused by means of broadsides and song-books, or by popular doggerels, which may be called ballads, but possess little poetic interest. Still, genuine ballads continued to be sung in the colonies ; a few have been recorded which have obviously been transmitted from generation to generation by oral tradition. Many of the best Scotch and Irish ballad-singers, who have preserved, in their respective dialects, songs which were once the property of the English-speaking race, have emigrated to this country ; and it is possible that something of value may be obtained from one or other of these sources.

For the collection of ancient nursery tales the prospects are more hopeful ; scarcely a single such tale has been recorded in America, yet it is certain that, until within a very few years, they existed in great abundance. Fairy tales, beast fables, jests, by scores, were on the lips of mothers and nurses. If they have perished in neglect, the case is very little better in the old country. Because it so happened that the brothers Grimm were the first to collect popular tales, even intelligent people suppose that such stories are peculiarly German, being unaware that their own grandparents (frequently their parents) were amused by similar narratives, which had the great advantage of being traditional and idiomatic. There is reason to hope that some of these may be saved from oblivion.

Superstitions, which possess their own interest, and which supply material to the psychologist for studying the problems of mind-history, survive in abundance. The belief in witchcraft lingers, not only in remote valleys of Virginia and Tennessee, but in the neighborhood of Eastern cities. Faith in signs and omens, prejudices in respect to colors of dress and costume, belief in lucky days and inherited methods of work, continue in some measure to influence conduct.

The minor elements of folk-lore are still remembered. The games of children, attended by song and rhyme, have been shown to be as numerous and ancient as in the most primitive part of the old world. Proverbs, riddles, racy sayings, peculiar expressions, having that attraction of freshness and quaintness which belongs only to the unwritten word, are here and there to be heard. But all these relate to the quiet past : if they are not gathered while there is time, they will soon be absorbed into the uniformity of the written language.

Finally, the older and more retired towns frequently have their local dialect, quaint expressions and terms peculiar to a neighborhood, and which sometimes indicate what district of the mother country sent forth a swarm to make the new hive.

If local historical societies are concerned to rescue from the dust of letters and pamphlets scraps of personal information, genealogies and records of buildings, which seem unimportant to a stranger, yet are recognized as locally useful, by preserving the historical reminiscences of the place, and making up a stock of information which in the aggregate may be valuable to the historian of American life, certainly these remains of a tradition which was once the inheritance of every speaker of the English tongue ought not to be allowed to perish.

The second division of folk-lore indicated is that belonging to the American negroes. It is but within a few years that attention has been called to the existence among these of a great number of tales relating to animals, which have been preserved in an interesting collection. The origin of these stories, many of which are common to a great part of the world, has not been determined. In the interest of comparative research, it is desirable that variants be recorded, and that the record should be rendered as complete as possible. It is also to be wished that thorough studies were made of negro music and songs. Such inquiries are becoming difficult, and in a few years will be impossible. Again, the great mass of beliefs and superstitions which exist among this people need attention, and present interesting and important psychological problems, connected with the history of a race who, for good or ill, are henceforth an indissoluble part of the body politic of the United States.

The collection of the third kind of American folk-lore — the traditions of the Indian tribes — will be generally regarded as the most promising and important part of the work to be accomplished. Here the investigator has to deal with whole nations, scattered over a continent, widely separated in language, custom, and belief. The harvest does not consist of scattered gleanings, the relics of a crop once plentiful, but, unhappily, allowed to perish ungarnered; on the contrary, it remains to be gathered, if not in the original abundance, still in ample measure. Systems of myth, rituals, feasts, sacred customs, games, songs, tales, exist in such profusion that volumes would be required to contain the lore of each separate tribe.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that, in this department, collection of folk-lore is not an amusement for leisure, but an important and essential part of history. It is even more desirable for the newer States and Territories to preserve memorials of the life

of the original owners of the soil than to record minute details of the settlement. If historical societies are maintained for the latter purpose, the former will be considered no less interesting even by the grandchildren of the present generation. The people of the Eastern States would give much if their ancestors had kept a record of the Indian legends which once belonged to every lake, river, and rock. One race cannot with impunity erase the beliefs and legends of its predecessor. To destroy these is to deprive the imagination of its natural food; to neglect them is to incur the reproach of descendants, who will wonder at and lament the dulness and barbarism of their fathers. To take a wider view, humanity is a whole, the study of which is rendered possible only by records of every part of that whole.

There is, no doubt, another side. The habits and ideas of primitive races include much that seems to us cruel and immoral, much that it might be thought well to leave unrecorded. But this would be a superficial view. What is needed is not an anthology of customs and beliefs, but a complete representation of the savage mind in its rudeness as well as its intelligence, its licentiousness as well as its fidelity.

A great change is about to take place in the condition of the Indian tribes, and what is to be done must be done quickly. For the sake of the Indians themselves, it is necessary that they should be allowed opportunities for civilization; for our sake and for the future, it is desirable that a complete history should remain of what they have been, since their picturesque and wonderful life will soon be absorbed and lost in the uniformity of the modern world.

It is to be hoped that measures may be taken for systematizing and completing collection, by sending competent persons to reside among the tribes for the express purpose of collecting their lore, and by providing means for the publication of these researches. This task must be left to the generosity of local societies and private individuals. All that a single journal can hope to accomplish is to print a few articles of limited extent, to stimulate inquiry, keep a record of progress, and furnish abstracts of investigations.

The fourth department of labor named consists of fields too many and various to be here particularized, every one of which offers an ample field to the investigator.

In the second place, this journal has been established, not only to promote collection, but to forward the study of the general subject. It is obvious that the study of American folk-lore, at least in some of its branches, cannot be pursued without taking into account the folk-lore of other continents. For example, the lore of the English in America can neither be understood nor collected without

reference to that of the mother country ; while the latter, again, is but part of a common European stock ; and the folk-lore of Europe, in its turn, is variously related to that of other continents. While, therefore, this journal is primarily concerned with American tradition, it will occasionally go beyond the limits of the continent when any good purpose can be attained by so doing. At the same time, it is obviously more important to gather materials which may form the basis of later study than to pursue comparison with insufficient materials ; especially as the collection must be accomplished at once, if at all, while the comparison may safely be postponed.

In conformity with the spirit of modern scholarship, much attention has been given to the supposed origin of certain widely diffused systems of myth and custom, as well as to the general problems of the subject: the editors will endeavor to keep the readers of this journal informed of such views of this sort as seem to possess sufficient scientific status to make them worth recording. In regard, however, to comparative investigations, such as may be expected in a special journal, it appears to the editors that these, in order to be of utility, should be limited to a particular theme, should be free from controversial reference, treated solely with a view to the elucidation of the theme in hand, and should follow the narrow path of historical criticism, rather than diverge into the broad fields of philosophic speculation.

The editors hope in the course of time to furnish, in its various divisions, a complete bibliography of American folk-lore, to which already belongs an extensive literature.

It is obvious that the ability of a journal to forward the ends mentioned will, in a measure, depend on its circulation ; and it is to be hoped that members of the Society will bear in mind the desirability of extending its influence, by bringing its plans to the notice of friends whom they may think likely to be interested.

THE DIFFUSION OF POPULAR TALES.

IT may not be amiss, in the first number of the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, to direct the attention of its readers to some general questions connected with a large and interesting class of folk-lore, which, so far as its collection and investigation are concerned, is more accessible to students than any other department of this subject. The class to which I refer, household or popular tales, is also of special interest, for to it we may here apply, *mutatis mutandis*, the same methods which in Europe have given rise to such interesting and animated discussions.

In the first place, the very materials of our study are not essentially different from those in the old world. We have our aboriginal inhabitants, and then the invasion and settlement of peoples of different races,—a process more continuous and diversified than that which gave to Europe its present inhabitants. Thus the tales which are yet to be collected here may possibly be Indian, or French, or Spanish, or English, or African, to mention only the great tides of immigration which have rolled over our shores. To these tales, as I have remarked, are to be applied practically the same methods which are applied to European folk-tales. A brief review of these methods and their applicability to American conditions will form the subject of this paper.

Perhaps no more curious example of the spread of the scientific method into a seeming literary domain can be found than in the treatment of what are known as popular or household tales, and the history of their study is an interesting and instructive one. The earliest collections of popular tales, those of the Italians Straparola (1550) and Basile (1637), had no influence in awakening an interest in this class of literature, unless they may possibly have inspired the "Histoire ou contes du temps passé" (1697) of Charles Perrault. The French Academician was careful not to put his name to a book which he doubtless deemed unworthy of serious attention. The age, however, was weary of the interminable pastoral romances of D'Urfé, and the heroic romances of Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry, and longed for something more simple. Then, too, the prevailing depression of the times, the end of the reign of Louis XIV., with its defeats and religious gloom, favored a flight into the realm of pure imagination; just as in our prosaic and realistic age we willingly follow Mr. Haggard into the wilds and wonders of Central Africa. Perrault's stories became fashionable at once, and the next year saw a host of tales by the Countess de Murat, the Countess d'Aulnoy, and Mlle. de la Force. So carried away was society by

this new style of composition that a learned abbé of the day, De Villiers, issued a protest under the title, "Entretiens sur les contes des fées et sur quelques autres ouvrages du temps" (1699). The interest in these stories was purely literary, and they were often made the medium for personal and political satire. There was little in them that was popular; the theme in many cases was furnished by the memory of nursery tales, but the incidents were freely invented, and few of the great mass of stories of that period, except Perrault's, have any interest for the modern student of popular tales.

The fashion passed away, as all fashions do, and the fairy tale was left to amuse the denizens of the nursery or the peasants, until the Romantic movement in Germany led to the collection and study of the national popular literature. In 1812-14 the brothers Grimm published their "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," and laid the foundation of the present scientific study of folk-tales. Although the example of the Grimms gave a great impulse to the collection of popular tales in Germany and elsewhere, the scientific interest in this class of literature was not fully awakened until a much more recent date, and is connected with the modern science of Comparative Mythology. The widespread interest in popular tales, which has produced within the last twenty-five years an amazing number of collections from all parts of the world, is not wholly due to their intrinsic worth, great though in some cases it may be (notably in the collections of the Grimms and of Asbjørnsen and Moe), but largely to the fact that they are supposed to possess a scientific value for the comparative mythologist, ethnologist, and student of comparative literature. How they have acquired this value is known to all the readers of Max Müller's essays in "Chips" (vols. ii., iv.), and of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth," and the writer of the present article need not repeat what they have done so well.

These scholars, whom I have mentioned as typical of the two English schools of comparative folk-lore, have confined their animated discussions almost entirely to the question of the *origin* of popular tales, — a question which, from the very nature of things, cannot yet be satisfactorily solved. Many and extensive as have been the collections of popular tales published within the last seventy years, the field cannot yet be said to have been thoroughly gleaned. There are some countries of Europe, notably France and Spain, where little has been collected; and many countries of the Old and New World, especially among uncivilized races, where almost nothing has yet been gathered. Then, the collections already made have not been thoroughly examined, classified, and compared. What great labor is involved in this preliminary work can be seen from Mr. Ralston's articles on "Beauty and the Beast" ("Nineteenth Cen-

tury," December, 1878) and "Cinderella" (same periodical, November, 1879), or from the notes of E. Cosquin to his "Contes populaires lorrains" (Paris, 1884). In other words, it is difficult now to pronounce upon the question of the *origin* of popular tales, owing to the deficiency of material and the insufficient working over of what already exists.

While the scholars of England have directed their researches chiefly to the question of the origin of popular tales, German scholars have been more interested in the question of their diffusion; for while the two questions are intimately connected, and the limitations of the one are limitations of the other, still, from its very nature, the second can now be more exactly treated and may throw some light upon the first.

It will be necessary to review very briefly the various theories of the origin of popular tales, in order that the relations of the two questions may be more clearly seen, and the importance of the question of diffusion in pronouncing upon the probability of any one of the various theories of origin. These may be reduced to three, which I shall call, from the names of those who have proposed them, the theories of Grimm, Benfey, and Lang. Grimm's theory (and in it I include the more or less similar theories of the comparative mythologists Max Müller, Sir George Cox, Hahn, and De Gubernatis) is, that popular tales are a part of the mythology of the Aryan peoples, and were taken with them at their dispersion into the various countries of Europe. Benfey's theory, which, I may remark in passing, is the favorite one with Continental scholars, always excepting De Gubernatis, is that the popular tales of Europe were imported into it, within historical times, from India, and diffused chiefly through literary channels, translations of Oriental story-books, etc. Benfey does not inquire into the question of the origin of popular tales in the land to which he traces them, but confines himself (in the masterly Introduction to his translation of the *Pantschatantra*, Leipzig, 1859) to the investigation of the channels of diffusion and the proof of the substantial identity of the Buddhistic stories of India and the household tales of Europe. Mr. Lang believes "that they were derived and inherited from the savage state of man, from the savage conditions of life, and the savage way of regarding the world," and that "Household Tales occupy a middle place between the stories of savages and the myths of early civilizations." (Introduction to Hunt's "Grimm's Household Tales," London, 1884, vol. i. pp. xli., xliii.) In regard to the diffusion of popular tales, the school of Grimm believes that they were disseminated exactly as were the Aryan languages by the dispersion of the primitive Aryan nation. Mr. Lang says: "As to the *diffusion* of

the tales, we think it impossible at present to determine how far they may have been transmitted from people to people, and wafted from place to place, in the obscure and immeasurable past of human antiquity, or how far they may be due to identity of human fancy everywhere ;" and later : "The process of *diffusion* remains uncertain. Much may be due to the identity everywhere of early fancy ; something to transmission." (*Op. cit.* i. pp. xl, xliii.) Benfey ascribes the diffusion of popular tales to conscious transmission through literary channels and unconscious dissemination by word of mouth.

The question of the origin and diffusion of popular tales was a comparatively simple one in the time of the Grimms. They saw that the tales so far collected among the Aryan peoples of Europe were substantially the same. At this period the wonderful results of the rediscovery of Sanskrit were still fresh in the minds of European scholars, and the vital fact of the Aryan unity in speech and religion suggested, of course, the unity of tradition. It was not long before the resemblance between popular tales and myths caused the former to be included in the domain of comparative mythology. Gradually, however, collections of the tales of non-Aryan peoples, and, above all, of savage tribes, were made, and found to possess a remarkable likeness to those of the Aryan nations. It was difficult for the Grimm school to account for this. They had scouted the idea that tales could be diffused from India (or elsewhere) by borrowing, and consequently were estopped from claiming that savage races or non-Aryan peoples might have borrowed their stories from the Aryan peoples. They were apparently forced to assume that the savage races in question had at one time, as Mr. Lang puts it, "shared the capacious cradle of the Aryan race."

The same arguments which make against the Grimm theory also oppose that of Benfey. If we assume the theory to be true, we must explain in some way the diffusion of Indian tales not only among the non-Aryan peoples, but also among remote tribes of savages, unless, indeed, we are prepared to deny the substantial identity of the popular tales, customs, etc., of civilized and uncivilized peoples. A more serious objection to the Benfey theory, and one which appears fatal, is the fact that popular tales closely resembling those of India and Europe have been recently discovered in Egyptian papyri. These stories (published by Maspero, "*Contes populaires de l'Egypte ancienne*," Paris, 1882) extend back to the time of Rameses II., some fourteen hundred years before our era, and centuries before India was known to history.

I think it is not extravagant to say that the theories of Grimm and Benfey have broken down,—I mean as theories to explain generally the origin and diffusion of popular tales. That there is

some truth still left in each I am far from denying. Some of our popular tales may well be the débris of the Aryan mythology, and a larger number were probably either imported from India or influenced by Indian tales. It is an interesting fact that in the study of popular tales, as in other departments of study, as soon as one theory or method has been carried to its logical result and lost its interest for new workers in the field, a fresh method or theory has taken its place, and stimulated students to renewed research. What the Aryan theory of popular tales was capable of in the hands of "solar mythologists" like Sir George Cox and De Gubernatis, our readers all know. The Benfey theory was fast becoming a mere pretext for amassing parallel stories, the connection between which it was often impossible to show, and which never could be with absolute certainty connected with the Indian original, or supposed original, story. I believe, however, that there is more truth in the Benfey theory than Mr. Lang, for example, is inclined to admit; and I believe the Benfey theory has shown (at least in regard to an extensive class of popular literature, fables, jests, and anecdotes) an ease and rapidity of diffusion from literary sources to the people which is almost incredible, and which must be taken into account by all other theories.

From what has been said above, it will be seen how difficult and premature it is to pronounce in favor of any one of the theories of the origin of popular tales; and, after all, their greatest value and usefulness have consisted in interesting scholars in a subject which they might otherwise have found devoid of attraction. Some acquaintance with these theories, however, is necessary in order to properly collect the various classes of folk-tales in our own country. The mass of possibly existing popular tales may be roughly divided into two classes: those of the aboriginal inhabitants, and those of the later settlers, including the former slave population. In collecting the tales of the first class, it must be borne in mind that whatever theory of the origin of folk-tales we may follow, experience has proved that every kind of popular literature is diffused and interchanged with extraordinary rapidity and ease. Here is an interesting example of recent date. M. Maspero gave a copy of his "*Contes populaires de l'Egypte ancienne*," Paris, 1882, to an Italian school-master residing in Upper Egypt, who told some of them, translating into Arabic as he went along, to the people of the country. In February of 1885, M. Maspero was told by a European living at Luxor that he had heard an Arab recite a tale closely resembling the legend of Rhampsinitus in Herodotus, bk. II. Maspero set to work to obtain a copy of the tale, and it was taken down in Arabic by the son of the French consular agent residing at the place. Fur-

ther investigation, however, showed that this very story was one that the Italian schoolmaster had put into circulation, it being contained in Maspero's book in the form of the old French version by P. Saliat. Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who relates this curious occurrence (in "The Academy," vol. xxviii. p. 292), adds: "By this time they are probably current in most of the villages of Upper Egypt, and in the course of a year or two they will be popular from Alexandria to Assouan. Thus it happens that a dozen or thirteen tales of love, magic, and adventure, some of which were already of remote antiquity in the days not merely of Herodotus, but of Rameses the Great, are destined, towards the close of the nineteenth century, to live again, and again to be popular in the ancient country of their birth. M. Maspero publishes the facts in order that travellers and *savants* may not be misled by this phenomenon."

While, however, the greatest care must be taken in collecting to obtain a pure and uncontaminated source, still the collector must guard against rash inferences drawn from fancied resemblances. If Mr. Lang's theory be true, then we should expect to find these very resemblances in the folk-tales of all peoples, and it is not *necessary* to explain them by the theory of conscious or unconscious borrowing. This point may also be illustrated by an event of recent occurrence.

In 1870 the late Professor C. F. Hartt heard at Santarem, on the Amazons, a story in the *lingua geral* of "The Tortoise that outran the Deer," a version of which he afterward published in the "Cornell Era" (January 20, 1871), and which attracted the attention of a writer in "The Nation" (February 23, 1871), who gave a variant of the same myth as found among the negroes of South Carolina. (The same story occurs in "Uncle Remus," New York, 1881, p. 80.) When Professor Hartt returned to Brazil, in 1871, he collected a few additional myths of the same class, which he published at Rio de Janeiro in 1875 ("Amazonian Tortoise Myths"). Professor Hartt says (p. 5): "The question has arisen whether many of the stories I have given, that bear so close a resemblance to Old World fables, may not have been introduced by the negroes; but I see no reason for entertaining this suspicion, for they are too widely spread, their form is too thoroughly Brazilian, they are most numerous in just those regions where negroes are not and have not been abundant, and, moreover, they occur, not in Portuguese, but in the *Lingua Geral*." I have reason to believe that Professor Hartt, later, modified this opinion after hearing his Amazonian myths related by the negroes in Rio, and lost much of his interest in the subject. The curious resemblance between the Amazonian story mentioned above and the one found among the negroes of South Carolina was not

noticed again until Mr. Herbert Smith, in his "Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast" (New York, 1879), in a chapter on "The Myths of the Amazonian Indians," gave a number of animal fables, merely noticing the resemblances which had already attracted the attention of Professor Hartt and others. The proof-sheets of this chapter were sent to Mr. J. C. Harris, who at once saw that almost every story quoted by Mr. Smith had a parallel among the stories of the Southern negroes, and some were so nearly identical as, in his opinion, to point unmistakably to a common origin; but when and where? Mr. Harris asks: "When did the negro or the North American Indian come into contact with the tribes of South America?" The writer of the present article, after a careful examination of the subject ("Popular Science Monthly," April, 1881), came to the conclusion that these stories were introduced into Brazil and the Southern States by the African slaves. At the same time it is not impossible that the stories of the Amazonian Indians had an independent origin, and, arising out of savage modes of thought, would naturally resemble stories evolved in Africa by a similar process. Even if we suppose that the Africans themselves obtained their "Reynard the Fox" stories from European settlers, we do not materially change the question. That the negroes of our Southern States have absorbed stories from the whites is undeniable. (Uncle Remus's story of "Jacky-my-Lantern" is an example of it.)

I think the above illustrations will show how desirable it is that the mind of the collector should be free from any prejudice arising from a preconceived theory of the origin and diffusion of popular tales. It is most desirable that the myths of the Amazonian Indians should be collected and studied, no matter what theory they may ultimately confirm. So with the lore of our own negroes.

The latest words of the acknowledged master in this field (Mr. Lang in "Perrault's Popular Tales," Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1888) are no more conclusive than this: "The whole question of the importation of stories into savage countries by civilized peoples has not been studied properly. We can hardly suppose that the Zulus borrowed their copious and most characteristic store of *Märchen*, in plot and incident resembling the *Märchen* of Europe, from Dutch or English settlers. On the other hand, certain Algonkin tales recently published by Mr. Leland bear manifest marks of French influence. Left thus in the dark, without historical information as to the cradle of *Märchen*, without clear and copious knowledge as to *recent* borrowing from European traders and settlers, and without the power of setting limits to the possibility of *coincidence*, we are unable to give any general answer to the sphinx of popular tales. We only know for certain that there is practically

no limit to the chances of transmission in the remote past of the race. Wherever man, woman, or child can go, there a tale may go and find a new home. Any drifted and wandering canoe, any captured alien wife, any stolen slave passed from hand to hand in commerce or war, may carry a *Märchen*. These processes of transmission have been going on, practically, ever since man was man. Thus it is even more difficult to limit the possibilities of transmission than the chances of coincidence. But the chances of coincidence, also, are numerous. The *ideas* and *situations* of popular tales are all afloat, everywhere, in the imaginations of early and of pre-scientific men. Who can tell how often they might casually unite in similar wholes independently combined?"

Fortunately the subject to which this journal is to be devoted does not depend for its interest upon any theory of origin or diffusion. As we have seen, the interest in one class of folk-lore, popular tales, has grown as theory after theory has been proposed, examined, and rejected. This, I am sure, will be the case in our own country, where the field of study is so wide and so little explored. All sorts of pleasant surprises are in waiting for the scholar who devotes himself to it with some previous preparation from the study of European folk-tales; while even children may make collections of the highest scientific interest and literary charm.¹ To some it may be given to reconstruct the nursery tales of Old England, which have almost entirely disappeared, from their survivals in New England. To others, to discover in Canada or Louisiana a field as fresh and fascinating as that first revealed to us in the pages of "Uncle Remus." Finally, all can aid, according to their opportunities, in the collection and preservation of material which delighted our childhood, and which offers such manifold subjects of study to our maturer minds.

T. F. Crane.

¹ One of the most charming collections of tales made of late years, "Indian Fairy Tales," collected and translated by Maive Stokes, London, 1880, was the work of a child who took down the stories told her by her Hindústání nurses. There is also reason to suppose that Charles Perrault's son had a hand in the famous "Contes" which now are universally attributed to the father alone. See Mr. Lang's edition, p. xxviii.

MYTHS OF VOODOO WORSHIP AND CHILD SACRIFICE IN HAYTI.

IN a book, lately published, entitled "The English in the West Indies," Mr. J. A. Froude makes incidental reference to the existence of certain superstitious practices in Hayti, the character of which he pictures in the darkest colors, as may be judged by the following extract:—

Behind the immorality, behind the religiosity, there lies active and alive the horrible revival of the West African superstitions: the serpent worship, the child sacrifice, and the cannibalism. There is no room to doubt it. A missionary assured me that an instance of it occurred only a year ago within his own personal knowledge. The facts are notorious; a full account was published in one of the local newspapers, and the only result was that the president imprisoned the editor for exposing his country. A few years ago persons guilty of these infamies were tried and punished; now they are left alone, because to prosecute and convict them would be to acknowledge the truth of the indictment (p. 344).¹

Mr. Froude considers that if the government of the United States forbids any other power to interfere, the republic must itself find some way in which a stop may be put to "cannibalism and devil worship," affirming that the negroes, when left to themselves, "fall back upon the superstitions and habits of their ancestors." He found the people of the island irritated against his own countrymen, the chief complaint being on account of the book of Sir Spenser St. John, which, as he says, they cry out against "with a degree of anger which is the surest evidence of its truth."

In the work referred to,² the writer, for many years British Minister Resident and Consul-general in Hayti, devotes a chapter to "Vaudoux Worship and Cannibalism" (pp. 182-228). Declaring in his introduction that he has endeavored to paint these practices in the least sombre colors, he nevertheless affirms that a great part of the population of the island, including several of its past rulers and many of its present notables, have belonged, or still belong, to the sect of the Vaudoux, whose ceremonies he asserts to be frequently accompanied by cannibalism, and further expresses his conviction that these usages are not declining, but making headway.

This sect of the Vaudoux—a word which in the title of this article I have spelt as it is commonly written in the United States,

¹ *The English in the West Indies; or, The Bow of Ulysses*, by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

² *Hayti; or, The Black Republic*, by Sir Spenser St. John. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1884.

Voodoo — is first mentioned by Moreau de Saint-Méry, in his "Description de l'Isle Saint Dominique," a work printed in 1797, but describing the state of the island in 1789; that is, before the insurrection of 1791. The passage in question is referred to by many writers on Hayti, and cited at length by Sir Spenser St. John in the book mentioned.

Saint-Méry attributes the introduction and maintenance of this worship to the Aradas, a tribe of negroes from the slave coast of Africa. Vaudoux, according to his statement, signifies an omnipotent and omniscient being, who is supposed to exist in the form of a non-venomous snake, revealing himself only through the medium of a priest and priestess, who are regarded by the votaries of the order with the greatest reverence, and exercise over their actions the most absolute control.

At the meetings of the sect, which are always held at night and in private, the ceremonies consist of a solemn oath of secrecy, of exhortation on the part of the priest and priestess, who are also called king and queen,¹ and of prayer to the divine snake, who is kept in a box. These rites are followed by a dance, called the dance of the Vaudoux, designed especially for the admission of novices. Finally, the king and queen go into a delirious condition, intensified by abundance of strong drink. The adepts alternate between spinning round in the dance and fainting-fits, and the evening is concluded with a debauch in an adjacent dark chamber.

Sir Spenser St. John adds:—

I have been struck with how little change, except for the worse, has taken place during the last century. Though the sect continues to meet in secret they do not appear to object to the presence of their countrymen who are not yet initiated; in fact, the necessity of so much mystery is not recognized, when there are no longer any French magistrates to send these assassins to the stake (p. 192).

The account of Saint-Méry has also been said to apply to Louisiana; and the name is familiar in the United States, where it is written Voodoo, and often softened into the form Hoodoo.² In the present article, however, I shall confine myself to the Haytian stories.

Although all the writers who have alluded to these superstitions

¹ Or papa and mama: whence the names papaloi (papa-roi) and mamanloi (mama-roi), now applied to the priest and priestess of the Vaudoux.

² At the time and place of my writing (as I am informed by a young friend), Hoodoo is much in vogue as a term of college slang: it is used either as a noun or a verb, signifying a person or thing whose influence is (in jest) supposed to bring good luck, or the act of exercising such influence. It is nearly a synonym of *Mascot*.

have assumed that they are an inheritance from Africa, I shall be able to make it appear: first, that the name Vaudoux, or Voodoo, is derived from a European source; secondly, that the beliefs which the word denotes are equally imported from Europe; thirdly, that the alleged sect and its supposed rites have, in all probability, no real existence, but are a product of popular imagination.

To arrive at a right understanding of the subject, it is necessary to go back more than eight hundred years. After the middle of the twelfth century, Peter Valdo,¹ a merchant of Lyons, having undergone religious conversion, resolved to put in practice the theory of Christian perfection which he supposed the Gospels to require. There does not seem to have been anything either novel or obscure in his doctrine. Self-surrender, voluntary poverty, chastity, non-resistance, love alike of friend and enemy, — such were the ethics of Peter of Lyons. Desirous in all things to follow his divine example, he sold his goods that he might give them to the poor, and sent forth disciples, two and two, to proclaim the evangel. The new teaching found welcome; but the council of Verona, in 1184, condemned lay ministration. The followers of Peter, called after the name of their leader, Waldenses or Vaudois, were banished from Lyons, but multiplied in many parts of Europe, and especially established themselves in the Alpine valleys, where, in 1655, they suffered that massacre which is kept fresh in the minds of English readers by Milton's sonnet: —

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Now, etymologically, the cannibalistic Voodooes of Hayti are identical with the devout Waldenses of Piedmont.²

"In the fifteenth century," writes M. Felix Bourquelot, in an article entitled "*Les Vaudois du Quinzième Siècle*,"³ "it was bruited abroad that there existed in France, in Flanders, in Savoy, an abominable heresy, dangerous to religion and society, a sect infernal and worthy of the hatred of all good Christians: it was called the heresy or sect of the *Vaudois*. Proceedings were begun, especially in Artois and Picardy; soon it became a persecution. Many persons under torture confessed, as was said, that they had belonged to the sect, and denounced new heretics to the judges. . . . According to

¹ The surname perhaps indicates that Peter was a native of the canton of Vaud.

² The best account of the various Waldensian communities, and of their sufferings from persecution, will be found in the excellent work of H. C. Lea, *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1888. The third volume, which would include the prosecutions hereafter mentioned, has not yet appeared.

³ *Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes*, 2d ser. vol. iii. pp. 81-109.

those who wished to discover the guilty, a third of Christendom, and more, shared the errors of the Vaudois: ecclesiastics, bishops, cardinals were infected with *vauderie*. The city of Arras, then under the government of the Duke of Burgundy, was the principal theatre of the persecution, and the officers of the church, in the absence of the bishop, prosecuted with unpitying severity persons suspected of *vauderie*, whether belonging to the populace, the burgesses, or the nobility."

M. Bourquelot, however, shows that these accusations had nothing to do with theological considerations; that the accused persons did not belong to the sect of the Waldenses, but that they were tried and executed solely for witchcraft.

The word *vaudois*, feminine *vaudoise*, had in fact come to mean a witch, as its abstract *vauderie* or *vauldoyerie* signified sorcery.¹ It is easy to understand how this confusion came about. As the Waldenses were a particularly active and dangerous sect, their name became representative of that connection with Satan which, according to mediæval ideas, was implied in heresy, and which involved the practice of witchcraft.

At the same time that the name Vaudois was applied, in France and Burgundy, to an imaginary sect of witches, other prosecutions took place, in which doctrinal errors formed the onus of the accusation.² No wonder, therefore, that in the popular mind the real and fanciful offences were blended, and that the respectable Waldenses, even in the judgment of intelligent persons, were regarded as guilty of all the horrible crimes laid to the account of sorcerers.³

The word survives in dialect. In the canton of Vaud the form is *vaudai*, a sorcerer; in the Morvan (departments of the Yonne and the Nièvre) it is *vaudoué*, feminine *vaudouelle*, a witch, and the corresponding verb is *einvaudouer*, to bewitch, *voodoo*.

The term conveys a strong moral reproach: for this reason the inhabitants of Vaud object to the name Vaudais, by which they would naturally be designated, and endeavor to maintain the original vowel and use the form Vaudois, contrary to the practice of the dialect; The folk of the surrounding cantons, however, do not observe this distinction.⁴

¹ The first example cited by Bourquelot is from the bull of Pope Eugenius, in 1439. The English grammarian Palsgrave (1531) defines *vaudoise* as "wiche" (according to Chambure, *Gloss. du Morvan*).

² For example, in Freilurg, 1430, Ochsenbein, *Aus dem Schweiz. Volksleben*, Bern, 1881, gives the processes.

³ Thus the prior Rorengo, of Turin, in the seventeenth century, though a learned man, knew no better than to believe his neighbors, the Waldenses, guilty of the vilest debauchery in their meetings.

⁴ Bridel, *Gloss. du Patois de la Suisse Romane, Vaudai: Gloss. du Morvan, Vaudoué*.

The word had precisely the same form in the fifteenth century. In 1408, the authorities of Freiburg, in order to prevent scandal, provided that any man who should call a man of any condition thief, murderer, traitor, robber, or *voudeiz*, should be banished for six weeks and pay a fine of sixty sols; and any woman who should call an honest woman harlot, ribald, procurer, *voudeise*, or murderer, should be banished for a month and pay a fine of twenty sols.¹

In the same sense the epithet appears to be used in the famous Waldensian poem called "*La Nobla Leyczon*" (about 1400). "Scripture says, and we can see it, that if there is any good man who loves and serves Jesus Christ, who does not wish to curse and swear and lie, or commit adultery, kill, and rob, or avenge himself upon his enemies, they say that he is *vaudes*, and worthy to be punished." Thus, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, we find the word established in the evil signification explained.

Hayti, originally Spanish, passed in the seventeenth century into the hands of French buccaneers. The colony was peopled chiefly by males, when Ogéron (after the middle of the century), becoming governor, bethought himself of introducing wives from France. His first cargo was composed of fifty orphan girls; the second party, voluntary emigrants, were made up of the less reputable part of the community. These the rude settlers apportioned by lot, and received without nice questions. There is therefore no difficulty in understanding how the word Vaudoux was introduced into the island.² The negroes, who began to be imported about the same time, must have borrowed the term from the Europeans; and little more than a century later Saint-Méry, writing in French, but unaware that the name was equally current in France, supposed the strange sound to indicate primitive barbarism, and went so far as to name the particular African tribe by which the alleged rites had been introduced, a stretch of fancy in which he has been followed by subsequent narrators.

To establish my second proposition, that the characteristic practices ascribed to the alleged Haytian sect, as well as the name, are of European origin, it will only be necessary to compare the charges now made against the Vaudoux of Hayti with those which in the fifteenth century were made against the Vaudois of France and Switzerland.

I. The secret ceremonies of the sect of the Vaudois (Vaudoux) are accompanied with cannibalism, especially the eating of children.

¹ Ochsenbein, *op. cit.* p. 149.

² In a similar way the word obtained currency in the French settlement of Louisiana. In the States, under English influence (as Virginia), the equivalent expression seems to be *conjured*.

The following will serve as an example of the Haytian stories:—

A white cock and then a white goat were killed, and those present were marked with their blood. . . . Presently an athletic young negro came and knelt before the priestess and said: "O Maman, I have a favor to ask." "What is it, my son?" "Give us, to complete the sacrifice, the goat without horns." She gave a sign of assent; the crowd in the tent separated, and there was a child sitting with its feet bound. . . . There was a short pursuit, but the priest got safely back to the town. He tried to rouse the police to hasten to the spot, but they would do nothing. In the morning they accompanied him to the scene of the sacrifice. They found the remains of the feast, and, near the shed, the boiled skull of the child. (Narrative of the Archbishop of Hayti concerning a French priest who had been present in disguise at a Vaudoux ceremony, as reported by Sir Spenser St. John, pp. 193, 194.)

The Vaudoises of the fifteenth century also feasted on children:—

Alas! is it not a great shame that the infant or suckling should be roasted on a spit, and then all (the Vaudoises) with one accord make haste to eat it. ("Le Champion des Dames,"¹ A. D. 1440, in Bourquelot, *op. cit.* p. 85.)

2. The victims intended for these rites are often disinterred after having received burial. A crime of this sort is reported, on official authority, to have occurred at Port-au-Prince, July, 1860:—

Two days after my arrival at Port-au-Prince, a woman who had been put to sleep by means of a narcotic drug, and interred at night in the cemetery of the town, was exhumed during the night. She still breathed. They killed her, then removed the brains, heart, and lungs of the victim, the remains of which were found near the tomb. Next morning an inquiry was ordered. Many arrests were made; among others, those of a priestess of the Vaudoux (Mamanloi). This woman made revelations; even offered to deliver over to justice the authors of the murder and profanation in attracting them to the prison by an irresistible power, or by beating her drum in a particular fashion. The authorities and the police, already terrified by the number and importance of the persons compromised, recoiled from this new test, the journals were ordered to keep silence, and the matter was hushed up. It is supposed that the principal motive of the crime was revenge; but it is considered certain that the mutilated portions were destined for the celebration of some Vaudoux mystery of African fetichism, which, whatever people say, is still practised by the great majority of Haytians. (Letter of the Marquis de Forbin Janson, French Minister in Hayti at the time, cited in the original French by St. John, pp. 218, 219.)

Sir Spenser St. John quotes a second account of this affair from

¹ In this poem, by Martin Le Franc, provost of the church of Lausanne, two interlocutors are represented as discussing the merits and demerits of woman. One, who is called "the Adversary," cites the wicked practices of the *Vaudoises*, or *Faicturières*; that is, *makers*, or witches.

the report of the Spanish *chargé d'affaires*, Don Mariano Alvarez. The crime, which had occurred before the arrival of St. John, was related to him by one of the most eminent medical men in Port-au-Prince, and confirmed by another, who had been an eye-witness of some of the details, and pledged his word as to the truth of the story. The author, however, was still skeptical until he had inspected the official archives of the French and Spanish legations.

New-born infants are believed to be in especial danger of such treatment:—

This communication makes mention . . . of the midwives who render new-born babes insensible that are buried, dug up, restored to life, and then eaten. (Reference to a letter in "Vanity Fair," August 13, 1881, St. John, p. xiii.)

Such was also the case in the fifteenth century:—

Then came the aforesaid judge, who examined her, and she admitted and confessed many homicides accomplished by her after a similar fashion, and also many other murders of little children killed in the mother's womb, . . . and in so doing she made herself invisible, in order to see whether the said infants pleased her, and in order to touch them that she might cause their death; and after they had been buried she caused them to be disinterred, and the like do others who belong to her sect, in order to carry them to their assembly, in which assembly they roast and eat them. (Report concerning the arrest of an unnamed foreigner accused of *vauderie*, sworn before Jean Rabusteau, procureur of the commune of Dijon, 18th August, 1452, in Bourquelot, *op. cit.* p. 91.)

3. To accomplish these murders, the Vaudois (Vaudoux) take the shape of wolves.

Though the Haytians believe in the mythical "*loup garou*," they also have the fullest faith in his counterpart among his fellow-countrymen. It is the *loup garou* who is employed by the Papaloi to secure a child for sacrifice, in case the neighborhood does not furnish a suitable subject, and they are supposed to hang about lonely houses at night, to carry off the children. I have often heard my young Haytian servants rush into my country-house, laughingly saying that they had seen a *loup garou*—their laugh, however, tinged with a sort of dread. They have often said that these human monsters prowl about the house at night, and that nothing but the presence of my dogs kept them in respect. I have occasionally seen the object of their fear in an ill-looking negro hanging about the gate, but the sight of my dogs was enough to induce him to move on. The negroes have fortunately an almost superstitious terror of dogs.¹ There is no doubt

¹ Dogs, in France, have also an especial hostility to *loup garous*. A rustic tale relates how the mistress of a household asked a young girl in her service why the dogs made such a clamor on a certain night. "Oh," she said incautiously, "we were in our skins." Being urged, she confessed that her family were in the habit of wandering at night in the shape of beasts. To satisfy curiosity, she changed herself into a wolf, and her mistress was too frightened to effect the re-transfor-

that these *loup garous* do carry off many children, not only for the priests, but for cannibals. (St. John, p. 277.)

The Vaudoises of the fifteenth century often transformed themselves into wolves:—

Tell us whether they the (Vaudoises) are *varous* (wehr-wolves) or *luitons* (goblins); whether they go on foot or on sticks; whether they fly in the air like birds; whether they eat little children. ("Le Champion des Dames," in Bourquelot, *op. cit.*)

4 The members of the sect of the Vaudois (Vaudoux) may be known by their fondness for ornamented head-gear, and on their feet they wear sandals.

The Papalois may generally be distinguished by the peculiar knotting of their curly wool, which must be a work of considerable labor, and by their profusion of ornaments. We noticed the former peculiarity at the trial of some sorcerers, whilst the jailers probably had relieved them of the latter. I have frequently remarked these knotted-headed negroes, and the attention they received from their sable countrymen. (St. John, p. 196.)

In the fifteenth century, also, it was supposed that the Vaudois could be recognized by the ornaments they wore:—

Item. The aforesaid woman has acknowledged that there are in France and in Burgundy more than fifty or sixty persons of her sect, the greater part wearing mirrors¹ in their caps; among whom there is one who has a very large right leg, and is a great man and one of the principal masters of the sect. In view of the depositions made by said woman, there have been arrested in the said town of Provins three men and two women wearing mirrors in their hats, who, having been interrogated, have all confessed the things above mentioned, and worse, which it would be tedious to relate. (Report above mentioned, 1452, Bourquelot, p. 92.)

In respect to the wearing of sandals, the correspondence is much more curious, since it seems to cast some reflected light on the early history of the Waldenses.

Saint-Méry, describing the meetings of the Vaudoux, says: "Each initiated person puts on a pair of sandals, and places round his body a more or less considerable number of handkerchiefs, or handkerchiefs in which this color is dominant."

Red handkerchiefs, just what might be expected of cannibal savages; but why sandals?

There can scarcely be any doubt that the repute of sandal-wearing emanated in the manner directed. After this the evil grew worse, but was finally cured by a bullet of consecrated lead from the roof of a church, any other charge being a waste of ammunition. These nightly roving are called *courir le loup-brou*. (Laisnel de la Salle, *Croyances et Légendes du Centre*, i. 182-189. Paris, 1875.)

¹ *Mireurs*: perhaps glittering pieces of glass, or other gauds.

must be explained by the earliest popular designation of the Waldenses, who went, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by the name of the *sabatati*,¹ or the sandalled. When Peter of Lyons sent forth his disciples, he bade them go as the first apostles, who were bid to take no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse, but be shod with sandals.

Such an injunction might now appear fanatical, but it would not make that impression in Peter's own day, inasmuch as such imitation was considered as suitable to ministers of religion, and sandals were universally worn both by the officiating priest and by the bishop on his diocesan visits.² Their use, in connection with religious teaching, was a clerical peculiarity; the effect of wearing sandals was, therefore, to claim the right of lay ministration, and this peculiarity of costume probably attracted popular attention, and procured for the Waldenses the name mentioned.

Peter de Vaux Cernay, a monk who accompanied Simon de Montfort on his crusade, writing of the Waldenses about A. D. 1217, says:—

To omit the greater part of their infidelities, their errors consisted principally in these four particulars, to wit: in that they wore sandals, after the fashion of the apostles; and in that they said it was never right to swear or kill; and in this, moreover, that they asserted, in case of necessity, provided any one of them had sandals on, that he could perform the sacrament (*conficere corpus Christi*) without ordination from the bishop.

This means no more than that the followers of Waldo, by such fashion of dress, affirmed their right to that lay ministering, the assertion of which was, in the outset, their only heresy.

That the sect established by Peter should be represented in popular lore, at a date six centuries later, as putting on sandals when about to engage in their wicked rites, both shows the persistency of oral tradition and indicates the unreasoning aversion with which the population of France, in the Middle Age, regarded the new teachers.

5. The Vaudois (Vaudoux) can, by their skill in using herbs, produce health and sickness, wealth and poverty, storm and rain, hail and tempest.

¹ The word has been explained as signifying that the poor Waldenses wore wooden shoes (*sabots*); so Milman, *Lat. Christ.* v. 151; but the *sabbatum* was sewn: "Sutores sotularium, sive sabbaterii." *Sotularis* was the usual, *sandalia* the literary, term. See Ducange on the words. The Waldensian sandals are said to have had a peculiar form. They may have been marked with a cross or a crown: "sotulares cruciant . . . calceamenta coronant;" but the name is sufficiently intelligible without bringing in such considerations.

² Est autem genus calceamenti, quo induuntur ministri ecclesiæ . . . quo jussi sunt apostoli a domino indui . . . episcopi est huc illuc que discurrere per parochiam: ne forte cadant sandalia de pedibus, ligata sunt. (Alcuin, *Lib. de Div. Offic.* c. 39.)

They (that is, the Papaloi, or priests of the Vaudoux) produce death — apparent, slow, or instantaneous — madness, paralysis, impotence, *riches, or poverty*, according to their will. . . .

And if it be doubted that these individuals, without even common sense, can understand so thoroughly the properties of herbs and their combinations as to be able to apply them to the injury of their fellow-creatures, I can only remark that tradition is a great book, and that they receive these instructions as a sacred deposit from one generation to another, with the further advantage that in the hills and mountains of this island grow in abundance similar herbs to those which in Africa they employ in their incantations. (From the official report of Don M. Alvarez, St. John, pp. 215, 216.)

The last statement is undoubtedly correct. It is not only in the Dark Continent that grows

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.

In the fifteenth century the Vaudoises were no less skilful in making use of herbs :—

Likewise, the old woman related that when she had offered homage to the devil, he brought her an ointment composed of various poisons, by which she ruined many a man, and made idiot and deformed many a pleasing innocent. Likewise, the wicked creature (*la male beste*) averred that, by means of the powder which she blew, she caused to rise a tempest which ruined the corn and vines, destroyed trees, and laid waste a country ; and if any one was vehement against her, he was immediately tempest-stricken. (“*Le Champion des Dames*,” Bourquelot, p. 87.)

With regard to the confection of such powders, the most valuable recipe will be found in the tragedy of “*Macbeth*,” by William Shakespeare, London, 1623.

If it were desirable to go beyond the limits of the sect of the Vaudois, the Haytian tales might be more fully illustrated.

Thus, according to the confession of sorcerers tried at Logroño, Spain, in 1610, the great festivals of their sect were presided over by the devil in person, under the form of a black man crowned with small horns, and having a large horn on the forehead, which gave light to the assembly. (We have here, it may be, the reason why certain glittering head-ornaments were supposed to be characteristic of wizards.) At his right hand stood the king and queen of the order. The ceremonies consisted of adoration, confession, and penance, inflicted by the hand of the fiend. (In the Haytian account it is the priest who chastises the recalcitrant.) Then followed a diabolical parody of the mass, with an exhortation, in which Satan inculcated fidelity, and promised a better paradise. The offertory was

taken up in a basin (Saint-Méry makes the receptacle a hat), and the meeting, which could not be prolonged beyond cock-crow, ended in a general debauch.¹

The correspondence makes it sufficiently plain that the rites of the Haytian narrative are a form of the witches' sabbath, a parody of Christian worship, not a heathen orgy.

Vaudoux, or Voodoo, as already mentioned, is said to be employed in Hayti and Louisiana as the title of an omnipotent deity. By this is probably to be understood that it is a Haytian and Louisianian title for the devil. This is not unlikely, though insufficiently attested; for such is actually the case, not in Hayti, but in the Protestant canton of Vaud, Switzerland, where a form of the same word is actually so employed. Here *Vaudai* is a name of the Wild Huntsman; he causes the Rhone to overflow, and is seen to descend that river when in flood; he has so much the character of a nature deity that his title has been taken for a corruption of Woden or Odin.² But the origin of the use is clear; *Vaudai*, signifying sorcerer, is applied to the evil spirit, who is a sorcerer *par éminence*.

What a destiny for a name, and how Peter would have been amazed if he could have foreseen his celebrity! On the one hand, to supply the denomination of a gentle and simple body of worshippers, a band of mountaineers living in primitive simplicity; on the other, to ride the air with the wild hunt, to swell rivers in destructive inundation, to blow over the fair lake of Geneva as the southern blast, to imitate the mighty Woden so closely that scholars have failed to draw the distinction; then, again, to preside over the diabolical orgies of witches, and be esteemed the father of their tribe; to become a sound of terror in a continent beyond his ken; to inspire dread in the souls of mothers of a dusky race, alarmed for the safety of their little ones, of whose tender flesh his namesakes are supposed cannibalistically desirous; to move the indignation of travelers, to point the paragraphs of a politician, to assist in blackening the character of a people by the dire and barbarous ring of a title which, after all, has perhaps no worse significance than to denote the pleasant and peaceful country in which the aforesaid Peter first drew the breath of this fugitive being: verily, if all this could have been revealed to the good man, his soul would have been astonished within him.

¹ Llorente, *Hist. Crit. de l'Inquisition en Espagne*, 1818, iii. 433.

² Vulliemin, *Le Canton de Vaud*, 3d ed., Lausanne, 1885. This author takes him for Woden, as does Rochholz, *Schweitzersagen*, ii. 211. Probably *Bôdet*, a name of the Wild Huntsman in Berry (Laisnel de la Salle, i. 172), whose train is composed of lost souls, has the same derivation, though the writer takes this form also for Woden. Another form of the name is *Odet*.

In respect to the Vaudoux dance, the narratives of those Peeping Toms to whom the Haytian *raconteurs* owe their knowledge of that festival may be supplemented by another tale o' truth, to which they bear a singular resemblance : —

And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

I will not affirm that the correspondence with the Haytian account so establishes the truth of the Scotch story that it is impossible to doubt it.

Temples of the Vaudoux are affirmed to exist everywhere in Hayti, but the accounts given of them do not inspire confidence, inasmuch as they appear to be only local chapels or oratories of the Catholic Church, which are popularly imagined to be used as meeting-places by the fabulous sect.

It appears to me that it has now been sufficiently demonstrated that the Haytian stories contain little or nothing which is not of European origin.

It may be thought, however, that a further question may arise concerning the actual occurrence of some of the alleged crimes. What shall be said, for example, of the celebrated case of Jeanne Pellé, who was executed, together with eight accomplices, at Port-

au-Prince, February 13, 1864, for partaking of the flesh of her murdered niece, Claircine, butchered in order to perform a Vaudoux rite?

It may be answered, that the parallel with mediæval conceptions, which makes these Haytian superstitions so interesting in a historical point of view, holds in this respect also. The prisoners were convicted of sorcery as well as murder, and their confessions extracted by torture. Sir Spenser St. John, who was present at the trial, writes:—

I can never forget the manner in which the youngest female prisoner turned to the public prosecutor and said: "Yes, I did confess what you assert, but remember how cruelly I was beaten before I said a word." And it was well known that all the prisoners had at first refused to speak, thinking that the Vaudoux would protect them, and it required the frequent application of the club to drive this belief out of their heads. That prisoners are tortured to make them confess is known to be a common practice in Hayti. (Pp. 201, 202.)

It is obvious that in Hayti a few years since, as in France three centuries ago, a person accused of witchcraft was already lost, and to secure his condemnation was considered a pious duty. In a case of alleged cannibalism, the author remarks that one of the prisoners died under the pressure of the cord tightened round his forehead. Under these circumstances it is plain that the human remains produced in court prove nothing, any more than the mutilated corpse of little Hugh of Lincoln, in the thirteenth century, proved all the Jews in England guilty of his murder.

Very likely, in some of the prosecutions, there was a motive of revenge or self-interest. It is mentioned that most of the discoveries of cannibals have been made by a rival sect; that is, by jealous neighbors. In mediæval persecutions such motives certainly existed. It was declared by persons accused of vauderie at Arras, in 1462, that the judges had extorted from them considerable sums of money. This declaration did not save them; but in 1491 the parliament of Burgundy annulled the sentences pronounced against the alleged Vaudois, and condemned the judges of Arras to make good out of their own property the damage which had been caused by their acts, directing that an assessment should be levied on these fines, in order to found, in the cathedral of Arras, a mass for the souls of the victims, and to erect a cross at the place of execution.

That the Haytian authorities are growing disinclined to proceed against assumed sorcerers and cannibals will, I think, be generally regarded as an evidence of advance in civilization.

Considering that the Waldenses, against whom charges so shocking were brought and believed, were a singularly pure people, I think it may safely be concluded that the accusations against their namesakes, the Vaudoux, are equally imaginary.

At all events, to establish even the smallest part of these accusations requires evidence of a character very different from that hitherto presented.¹

¹ The *New York World* of Sunday, December 5, 1886, for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the editors, contains an account, purporting to come from an eye-witness, of the sacrifice of a child at a Vaudoux ceremony in Hayti, said to have taken place in that year. The want of signature renders it unnecessary to examine the relation; but its publication led to a correspondence, in the columns of the same paper (December 6-13), which possesses singular interest as a study in evidence, since the writers, who signed their own names, had lived in the island, and had possessed opportunities of judging at first hand.

A visitor in 1879 thought that the acts alleged would be more likely to occur in San Domingo than in Hayti: "In San Domingo the natives are more lawless than in Hayti. Fetichism and Voodooism prevail in all that section."

On the other hand, a lady from San Domingo *knew* that children were unsafe in Hayti: —

"I come from San Domingo, and I know that cannibalism existed in Hayti to a fearful extent. The Voodoo priests have great knowledge of the power of herbs, and do things that would seem to us here impossible. No mother would dare leave her child in the street or out of her sight a moment, knowing what would await it should she do so. . . . I have known instances where a child was fed sweet cakes containing powerful herbs which would make the child appear as if dead. It would be buried, and immediately dug up by the Voodoo priests, and kept to offer up as a sacrifice. Its flesh would be cooked and eaten."

Mr. Bassett, Haytian consul-general, wrote: —

"I have lived in Hayti as United States minister for nine years, and there is just about as much cannibalism there as there is in the city of New Haven."

A well-known author, who considered that he had investigated the stories, and ascertained their truth, had seen, in the town of Jacmel, in 1875, eighteen men who had been arrested as members of a band of cannibals, the den where they met being strewn with remnants of their orgies. The foreign residents clamored for the execution of these men, but the authorities reprieved and afterwards pardoned them. This lenity was attributed to the political influence of the Vaudoux priests, an assumption which the writer appears to consider well founded.

A doctor of divinity, a native West Indian, wrote: —

"From my own knowledge I can testify that the Voodoo worship and the snake dance are practised in Hayti, but cannibalism, I am sure, is not a custom of the Haytians. . . . I feel quite sure that President Salomon is not a Voodoo worshipper."

Some indignant citizens desired that the United States officials be instructed to look into these horrors, with a view to armed intervention if necessary.

Mr. Preston, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Hayti, denied all the charges.

"I was born in Hayti, and spent about half my life in that country, and I never saw any person who had seen anything there in the shape of cannibalism. . . . I have seen persons who were known serpent worshippers, but no such thing exists as Voodooism."

The son of the Protestant Episcopal bishop, while not prepared to deny all cases of cannibalism in his country, affirmed that the snake was quite as extensively worshipped in Jamaica, Trinidad, and Dominica.

Consul Bassett, in a second letter, while denying the existence of child-sacrifice, declared: —

As to sporadic acts of human sacrifice or of cannibalism, the criminal courts of other countries furnish examples ; and I do not see any reason to suppose that child sacrifice is more common in Hayti than in Massachusetts, where a notorious case has occurred within a few years, or cannibalism for the purpose of satisfying appetite more frequent than in various European countries, where similar acts are matters of record.

It will be understood that I am far from intending to cast either reproach or ridicule on the observers who have accepted and reported the alleged practices of the Vaudoux in Hayti. We observe that the charges have grown out of a general superstition, which, as is always the case, creates its own testimony ; we see the diplomatic corps, foreign residents, native officials, clergy, and medical faculty equally convinced of the truth of rumors, the absurdity of which only appears when their history and origin are comprehended. We find like tales credited and repeated by travellers, missionaries, and historians. It may thus be perceived with what weight public belief presses on the individual mind. To a Frenchman of the fifteenth century the evidence against the maligned Waldenses would probably have appeared more conclusive than that against the Haytians at present appears.

In discrediting the existence of Voodoo worship, I by no means intend to deny that charms and spells supposed to possess magical efficacy are employed in Hayti and elsewhere under that name, or that impostors exist, who, for the sake of profit, are willing to suffer the odium attached to the reputation of conjurer.¹ Whether such practices, like the term by which they are designated, are wholly of European origin, or African superstitions have blended with the European, must be left for subsequent investigation to determine.

William W. Newell.

"Voodooism actually exists everywhere in the West Indies, and nowhere more than in the British islands, under the name Obeah."

On the other hand, Mr. Cable (*The Century Magazine*, April, 1886) considers the worship of "Obi" as the opposite of that of "Voodoo."

It will thus be seen how difficult it is to arrive at any exact information by inquiry on the spot. Is serpent worship or Obeah worship among negroes as mythical as devil worship? The stories from Trinidad, cited by Charles Kingsley in *At Last* (ch. xi.), appear to have come from the same mint as the Haytian tales respecting the horrors of Voodooism.

¹ Voodoo doctors are to be found in Northern cities. Taverner, writing in the *Boston Post*, February 1, 1888, mentions one as in full practice in Boston. "Her reputation on the northerly slopes of Beacon Hill, I was told, fully equals that which the most fashionable physician has acquired on the southerly side of the same eminence." He describes the sorceress as having the appearance of a good-natured and genial person.

THE COUNTING-OUT RHYMES OF CHILDREN.

A STUDY IN FOLK-LORE.

CHILDREN playing out-door games, such as "Hide and Seek" and "I Spy," in which one of their number has to take an undesirable part, adopt a method of determining who shall bear the burden, which involves the principle of casting lots, but differs in manner of execution. The process is called in Scotland "chapping out" and "titting out," but in England and America it is commonly known as "counting out." It is usually conducted as follows: a leader, generally self-appointed, having secured the attention of the boys and girls about to join in the proposed game, arranges them in a row or in a circle around him, as fancy may dictate. He then repeats a peculiar doggerel, sometimes with a rapidity which can only be acquired by great familiarity and a dexterous tongue, and pointing with the hand or forefinger to each child in succession, not forgetting himself (or herself), allots to each one word of the mysterious formula:—

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John,
Queever, quaver, English, knaver,
Stinckelum, stanckelum, Jericho, buck!

This example contains sixteen words; if there is a greater number of children a longer verse is used, but generally the number of words is greater than the number of children, so that the leader begins the round of the group a second time, and mayhap a third time, giving to each child one word of the doggerel. Having completed the verse or sentence, the child on whom the last word falls is said to be "out," and steps aside. In repeating the above doggerel, the accent falls on the first syllable of each polysyllabic word. A very common ending is:—

One, two, three,
Out goes she (or he)!

and the last word is generally said with great emphasis, or shouted.

After the child thus "counted out" has withdrawn, the leader repeats the same doggerel with the same formalities, and, as before, the boy or girl to whom the last word is allotted is "out," and stands aside. The unmeaning doggerel is repeated again and again to a diminishing number of children, and the process of elimination is continued until only two of them remain. The leader then counts out once more, and the child not set free by the magic word is declared to be "*it*," and must take the objectionable part in the game.

The word "*it*" is always used in this technical sense, denoting the one bearing the disagreeable duty, or perhaps the distinguished part, in the game; no child questions its meaning, nor have we learned of any substitute for this significant monosyllable; it is not safe, however, to assert that there is no equivalent, when we consider the innumerable whims of the army of children. The declaration to a child, "You are *it*!" following the process of counting out, seems to carry with it the force of a military order, and is, in many cases, more promptly obeyed than a parent's command.

Children learn these rhymes by sound alone from their playmates, a few years older; though accuracy is faithfully attempted, changes are introduced from time to time, and in the course of generations the results would scarcely be recognized by the children of an earlier period. The round game of Scandal, which is said to have furnished amusement to English literary celebrities, illustrates the way in which oral communications are distorted. Since counting out is the main object in view, the puerile mind is probably satisfied with retaining the rhythm, the rhyme, the number of words, and the general construction, any or all of these features. So far as counting out is concerned in the simple rhyme, —

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door,
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a plate,

it makes no difference whether we say Jennie for Mary, kitchen for cottage, apples for cherries, and picking for eating; the general effect is the same.

Of the rhyme beginning : —

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,

I have collected about thirty variants: as repeated by some, "English knaver" becomes "Irish Mary," or "Virgin Mary;" some insert the word "berry" or the word "John" before "buck" in the last line; "ickery" becomes "hickory;" "stinckelum" becomes "stringelum," etc., etc.

Ana, mana, mona, mike;
Barcelona, bona, strike;
Care, ware, frow, frack;
Hallico, ballico, wee, wo, wack!
(*New York city.*)

This also is subject to countless variations: "barcelona" becomes "tuscalona," tuscaloosa, pesky-larry, etc. One form ends in, —

Huldy, gully, boo, out goes you.

Ana, mana, dipery Dick,
Delia, dolia, Dominick ;
Hytcha, pytcha, dominytcha,
Hy, pon, tush.

(*Central New York.*)

In some districts, the third line is given as "Houtcha, poutcha, dominoutcha," and in others, "Hotcha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tus" or "tusk."

Haley, maley, tippety fig,
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig;
Goat, throat, country note,
Tiney, toney, tiz.

(*Rhode Island.*)

Eatum, peatum, penny, pie,
Babyloni, stickum, stie,
Stand you out thereby.

(*Scotland.*)

The favorite to-day among American children is the highly absurd jingle:—

Ena, mena, mina, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Ena, mena, mina, mo.

A very natural corruption is that of "One is all, two is all, six is all, seven," into "One-erzoll, two-erzoll, zickerzoll, zan," but the conversion of "bobtail vinegar" (with which the second line begins) into "Baptist minister" is a surprise. Yet the history of the English language affords continually examples not more eccentric; the names of old taverns in England have undergone curious transformation at the hands, or strictly at the mouths, of the common people. The British tar who finds his sea-home christened "*Bellerophon*" is not long in transmuting it into *Billy Ruffian*, a much more comprehensible and satisfactory name to him. "*L'Hirondelle*" became in like manner *Iron Devil*.

The school-boy looks upon these rhymes as merely queer sounds, and has "no compunction in making them queerer; and his genius leads him to tack on other nonsense, provided it rhymes." (Ellis.)

The number of these doggerels in use among children is far greater than commonly supposed. I have collected no less than four hundred and sixty current in England and America.

I have also ascertained that the custom of counting out obtains around the world among civilized and semi-civilized races, and by correspondence and personal inquiry have collected examples in the following languages: Penobscot, Japanese, Hawaii, Maráthi, Romany, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Bulgarian, Modern Greek,

Swedish, Portuguese, Spanish, Basque, Italian, French, Dutch, Platt-deutsch, German, and with the English above-named they number nearly nine hundred.

The customs connected with counting out, as reported from all parts of the world, and even the rhymes themselves, have many features which are strikingly similar. Children in all lands use the pebble, as in the English game of "Holders," French "Boule;" sometimes an inverted cap plays a rôle in the process. The doggerels are similar in their rhythm, in the use of numerals, in the admixture of gibberish with words of known meaning, and in the application to the custom of counting out.

Of the doggerels in foreign languages we give a few selected examples:—

MARĀTHĪ.

Ha hoo, ta too,
Pooska, bramina, padala, stoo.
(*Poona, India.*)

TURKISH AND ARMENIAN.

Allem, Bellem, Chirozi,
Chirmirozi, fotozi,
Fotoz gider magara,
Magarada tilki bash,
Pilki beni korkootdi.
Aallede shooullede Edirne.
Divid bashi
Ben olayen kehad bashi.

Translation.

Allem, Bellem, Chirozi,
Chirmirozi, a ghost.
The ghost goes into a cave,
In the cave a fox's head,
The fox frightened me.
Allede, shooullede at Edirne.
The head of the pen;
Let me be the head of clerks.
(*Constantinople.*)

BULGARIAN.

Ská'tchá zhá'bá,
Ōt plēt' do plēt'
Tá ví'ká, ta klí'ka,
Zbǐ'raitě syá, voinǐ'tze,
Ná tsǐ'glěvō, pertsě,
Tsǐ'glim, mǐ'glim,
Byé'lá kost, kóstchǐ'tsá.

Translation of the first four lines.

A frog is jumping
From fence to fence,
It is calling, it is screaming —
Muster yourselves, soldiers !

The last line is :

White bone — little bone.

BASQUE.

Harla, marla, kin-kuan-kin, portan-zela, portan-min, arrichifialet,
segere, megere, kiru, karum, pec !

SWEDISH.

Åla, dåla ;
Fike, fake ;
Bande, kråke ;
Stina, stana ;
Bus, bas ;
Knis, knas ;
Knagen.

FRENCH.

Un, deux, trois,
Tu ne l'es pas.
Quatre, cinq, six,
Va t'en d'ici.

DUTCH.

Een, twee, een kopje thee ;
Een klontje er bij,
Af ben jij.

GERMAN.

1, 2, Polizei,
3, 4, Officier,
5, 6, alte Hex,
7, 8, gute Nacht,
9, 10, auf Wiedersehen,
11, 12, junge Wölfe,
13, 14, blaue Schürzen,
15, 16, alte Hexen,
17, 18, Mädle wachsen,
19, 20, Gott verdanzig.

Ene, bene, dunke, funke,
Rabe, schnabe, dippe, dappe,
Käse, knappe,
Ulle bulle ros.
Ib ab aus,
Du liegst draus.

Une, dune, quinde, quande,
 Fahr mit mir nach Engellande,
 Engelland ist zugeschlossen,
 Ist der Schlüssel abgebrochen,
 Vier Pferde an dem Wagen,
 Mit der Peitsche muss man schlagen,
 Kutscher, Speck, Dreck,
 Ich oder Du must weg.

We believe that the custom of counting out is one of much antiquity, and that it is a survival of sortilege or divination by lot. Sortilege was practised among the ancient heathen nations as well as by the Israelites, and many illustrations of this will occur to our readers.

The use of the lot at first received divine sanction, as in the story of Achan related by Joshua, but after this was withheld the practice fell into the hands of sorcerers, which very name signifies lot-taker. The doggerels themselves I regard as a survival of the spoken charms used by sorcerers in ancient times in conjunction with their mystic incantations. There are numerous examples of these charms, such as:—

Huat hanat ista pista sista domiabo damnaustra. (Cato, 235 B. C.)

and: Irririori, ririori essere, rhuder fere.

and: Meu, treu, mor, phor,
 Teux, za, zor,
 Phe, lou, chri,
 Ge, ze, on. (Alexander of Tralles.)

In only one instance have I been able to directly connect a child's counting-out rhyme with a magic spell: according to Leland, the rhyme beginning, —

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,

above given, is a gypsy magic spell in the Romany language.

Tylor, in his "Primitive Culture," holds that things which occupy an important place in the life-history of grown men in a savage state become the playthings of children in a period of civilization; thus the sling and the bow and arrow, which formed the weapons of mankind in an early stage of its existence, and are still the reliance of savage tribes, have become toys in the hands of all civilized children at the present day. Many games current in Europe and America are known to be sportive imitations of customs which formerly had a significant and serious aspect.

Adopting this theory, I hold that "counting out" is a survival of the practice of the sorcerer, using this word in its restricted and etymological meaning; and that the spoken and written charms originally used to enforce priestly power have become adjuncts to these

puerile games, and the basis of the counting-out doggerels under consideration.

The idea that European and American children engaged in "counting out" for games are repeating in innocent ignorance the practices and language of a sorcerer of a dark age is perhaps startling, but can be shown to have a high degree of probability. The leader in counting out performs an incantation, but the children grouped around him are free from that awe and superstitious reverence which characterized the procedure in its earlier state. Many circumstances make this view plausible, and clothe the doggerels with a new and fascinating interest.

H. Carrington Bolton.

LENÂPÉ CONVERSATIONS.

In August, 1886, and September, 1887, I had many conversations with the Rev. Albert Seqaqknind Anthony, a highly educated Delaware Indian, then assistant missionary to the Six Nations, in Ontario, Canada. Our immediate business was the revision of the "Lenâpé-English Dictionary," which has since been published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; but in the intervals of that rather arduous and dry labor, we sought recreation in broader subjects of thought, and our discourse often fell on the ancient traditions, folk-lore, and customs of the Lenâpé, now fast disappearing, and on questions concerning their history. Of many of these I made notes at the time, and some of them seem so well worth preserving that I have concluded to throw them together into a short paper.

My informant, Mr. Anthony, was on his father's side a Delaware, or Lenâpé, of the Minsi tribe, while his grandmother was a Shawnee. He himself was born on the Ontario Reservation, and up to his thirteenth year spoke nothing but pure Lenâpé. His present age is about fifty years, so that his memory carries him back to the fourth decade of this century.

One of his earliest reminiscences was of the last surviving emigrant from the native home of his ancestors in Eastern Pennsylvania, — a venerable squaw (*ochquên*, woman, hen), supposed to be a hundred years old. At the time her parents left the mountains between the Lehigh and Susquehanna rivers, she was "old enough to carry a pack," — twelve years, probably. This must have been about 1760, as after the French War (1755) the natives rapidly deserted that region.

I was surprised to find how correctly the old men of the tribe had preserved and handed down reminiscences of their former homes along the Delaware River. The flat marshy "Neck," south of Philadelphia, between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, was pointed out to me by Mr. Anthony (who had never seen it before) as the spot where the tribe preferred to gather the rushes with which they manufactured rugs and mats. He recognized various trees, not seen in Canada, by the descriptions he had heard of them.

Such narratives formed the themes of many a long tale by the winter fire in the olden time. Like most Indians, the Lenâpé are, or rather were, — for, alas! the good old customs are nearly all gone, — inexhaustible *raconteurs*. They had not only semi-historic traditions, but numberless fanciful tales of spirits and sprites, giants and dwarfs, with their kith and kin. Such tales were called *tomoacan*, which means "tales for leisure hours." They relate the deeds of potent necromancers, and their power over the *machtanha*, "those who are bewitched."

It greatly interested me to learn that several of these tales referred distinctly to the culture-hero of the tribe, that ancient man who taught them the arts of life, and on his disappearance — these heroes do not die — promised to return at some future day, and restore his favorite people to power and happiness. This Messianic hope was often the central idea in American native religions, as witness the worship of Quetzalcoatl in Mexico, of Kukulcan in Yucatan, of Viracocha in Peru. Mr. Anthony assured me that it was perfectly familiar to the old Delawares, and added that in his opinion their very name, *Lenâpé*, conveys an esoteric meaning, to wit, "the man comes," with reference to the second advent of their culture-hero. This is singular confirmation of the fragmentary myths collected by the Swedish engineer Lindstrom in 1650, and by the Moravian Bishop Ettwein about a century later. These I have collected in "The Lenâpé and their Legends" (Philadelphia, 1885), and have discussed the general subject in such length in my "American Hero-Myths" (Philadelphia, 1882) that the reader will probably be satisfied to escape further expansion of it here.

Only in traditions does the "Stone Age" survive among the Delawares. In Mr. Anthony's youth, the bow-and-arrow was still occasionally in use for hunting; but he had never seen employed arrow-points of stone. They were either of deer's horns or of sharpened bones. The name for the compound instrument "bow-and-arrow" is *manhtaht*, the first *a* being a nasal; and from this word, Mr. Anthony states, is derived the name *Manhattan*, properly *manahah tank*, "the place where they gather the wood to make bows." The bow-string is *tshipan*: the arrow, *allunth*. The generic name for stone

weapon is still familiar, *achsinhican*, and the word from which we derive "tomahawk," *t'mahican*, is strictly applied to a stone hatchet. War-clubs were of several varieties, called *apech'lit* and *mehittqueth*, which were different from an ordinary stick or cane, *alanwan*. Though the war-whoop is heard no more, its name remains, *kowa'mo*, and tradition still recalls their ancient contests with the Iroquois, their cruel and hated enemies, to whom they applied the opprobrious epithet *mengwe* (that is, *glans penis*).

Hunting is scarcely worth the name any longer on the Canadian reservations. The debated question as to whether the Lenâpé knew the buffalo attracted me. Mr. Anthony assured me that they did. It was called *sisiliti*, which he explained as "the animal that drops its excrement when in motion," walking or running; though he added that another possible derivation is from *siselamen*, to butt against, from which comes *sisejahren*, to break in pieces by butting.

In former times a favorite method of hunting in the autumn was for a large number of hunters to form a line and drive the game before them. This was called *p'mochlapen*. This answered well for deer, but now little is left save the musk-rat, *chuaskquis*, the ground-hog, *monachgen*, the white rabbit, *wapachtques*, the weasel, *mani'to-humisch*, and the little chipmunk, *pochqwapiith* (literally, "he sits upright on something"). For such small game, it is scarcely worth while running the risk of the bite of the blow-adder, *pethbotawe*, and the much-feared "bloody-mouthed lizard," *mokdomus*; though I suspect both are more terrible in tale than in fact.

In fishing, they appear to have known not only the brush-net and the spear, but the hook-and-line as well. The line, *wendamakan*, was twisted from the strands of the wild hemp, *achhallap*, or of the milk-weed, *pichtokenna*; and the hook was armed with a bait, *aw-auchkon*, which might be *wecheeso*, the ground-worm, literally, "he who extends and retracts himself," or the *waukchelachees*, grasshopper, literally, "one that hops." This corresponds with what the old Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, relates in the first half of the last century. He describes the native hooks as made of bone or of the spur of a fowl.

They still gather for food the *ptukquim*, walnut, literally, "round nut;" the *quinokquim*, butternut, literally, "oblong nut;" and various berries, as the *lechlochhilleth*, the red raspberry, literally, "the berry that falls to pieces."

Among utensils of ancient date and aboriginal invention seem to have been wooden dishes or bowls, *wollakanes*, made from the elm-tree, *wollakanahungi*; wooden mortars, in which corn was pounded, *taquachhakan*; and *peyind*, cups with handles. The art of pottery, which they once possessed, has been entirely lost.

Although now resident inland, they remember the manufacture and use of canoes, *amochol*. Some were of birch bark, *wiqua*, and were called *wiqua-amochol*; others were dug-outs, for which they preferred the American sycamore, distinctively named canoe-wood, *amochol-he*.

The ordinary word for house is still *wikwam*, wigwam, while a brush hut is called *pimoakan*. I was particular to inquire if, as far as now known, the Lenâpé ever occupied communal houses, as did the Iroquois. Mr. Anthony assured me that this was never the custom of his nation, so far as any recollection or tradition goes. Every family had its own lodge. I called his attention to the discovery in ancient village sites in New Jersey of two or three fireplaces in a row, and too close to belong to different lodges. This has been adduced by Dr. C. C. Abbott as evidence of communal dwellings. He replied that these were the sites of the village council-houses; he himself could remember some with two or three fires; but their only permanent occupants were the head chief with his wives and children.

Though most of the national games are no longer known to the rising generation, in my informant's boyhood they still figured conspicuously by the native firesides, where now "progressive euchre" and the like hold sway. One such was *qua'quallis*. In this a hollow bone is attached by a string to a pointed stick. The stick is held in the hand, and the bone is thrown up by a rapid movement, and the game is to catch the bone, while in motion, on the pointed end of the stick. It was a gambling game, often played by adults.

A very popular sport was with a hoop, *tautmusq*, and spear or arrow, *alluns*. The players arranged themselves in two parallel lines, some forty feet apart, each one armed with a reed spear. A hoop was then rolled rapidly at an equal distance between the lines. Each player hurled his spear at it, the object being to stop the hoop by casting the spear within its rim. When stopped, the shaft must lie within the hoop, or the shot did not count.

A third game, still occasionally seen, is *maumun'di*. This is played with twelve flat bones, usually those of a deer, and a bowl of wood, constructed for the purpose. One side of each bone is white; the other, colored. They are placed in the bowl, thrown into the air, and caught as they descend. Those with the white side uppermost are the winning pieces. Bets usually accompany this game, and it had, in the old days, a place in the native religious rites; probably as a means of telling fortunes.

The Delawares on the Ontario Reservation have long since been converted to Christianity, and there is little trace left of their former pagan practices. If they remain anywhere, it is in their medical rites. I inquired particularly if there are any remnants of the curi-

ous adoration of the sacred twelve stones, described by Zeisberger a century and a quarter ago. I found that the custom of the "sweat-lodge," a small hut built for taking sweat-baths, still prevails. The steam is generated by pouring water on hot stones. This is done by the "medicine-man," who is known as *quechksa'piet*. He brings in one stone after another, and pours water upon it until it ceases "to sing;" and invariably he uses precisely *twelve* stones.

Probably some of the more benighted still seek to insure the success of their crops by offering food to the *m'sink*. This is a false face, or mask, rudely cut from wood to represent the human visage, with a large mouth. The victuals are pushed into the mouth, and the genius is supposed to be thus fed.

Our word *cantico*, applied to a jollification, and by some etymologists, naturally enough, traced to the Latin *cantare*, in reality is derived from the Lenâpé *gentkehn*, to sing and dance at the same time. This was their most usual religious ceremony, and to this day *gendtoma* means "to begin religious services," either Christian or heathen; and *gendtownen* signifies "to be a worshipper." These dances were often connected with sacred feasts, toward which each participant contributed a portion of food. To express such a communal religious banquet they used the term *w'chindin*, and for inviting to one, *wingindin*; and they were clearly distinguished from an ordinary meal in common, an eating together, *tachquipuin* or *tachquipoagan*.

My informant fully believes that there is yet much medical knowledge held secretly by the old men and women. He has known persons bitten by the rattlesnake who were promptly and painlessly cured by a specific known to these native practitioners. It is from the vegetable *materia medica*, and is taken internally. They also have some surgical skill. It was interesting to learn that an operation similar to trephining has been practised among the Lenâpé time out of mind for severe headaches. The scalp on or near the vertex is laid open by a crucial incision, and the bone is scraped. This perhaps explains those trepanned skulls which have been disinterred in Peru and other parts of America.

The national legends have mostly faded out, but the Lenâpé perfectly remember that they are the "grandfather" of all the Algonkian tribes, and the fact is still recognized by the Chipeways and some others, whose orators employ the term *numoh'homus*, "my grandfather," in their formal addresses to the Lenâpé. The old men still relate with pride that, in the good old times, before any white man had landed on their shores, "the Lenâpé had a string of white wampum beads, *wapakeekq'*, which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and on this white road their envoys travelled from one great ocean to the other, safe from attack."

There are still a few among them who pretend to some knowledge of the art of reading the wampum belts. The beads themselves are called *keekq'*; a belt handed forth at a treaty is *nochkundurwoagan*, literally, "an answering;" and after the treaty has been ratified the belt is called *aptunwoagan*, the covenant.

The tribal and totemic divisions are barely remembered, and the ancient prohibitions about endogamous marriage have fallen completely into desuetude. Mr. Anthony's term for totem, or sub-tribe, is *w'aloch'ke*; as, *tulpenaloch'ke*, the Turtle tribe. The name *Minsi*, he believes, is an abbreviation of *minachsinink*, the place of broken stones, referring to the mountains north of the Lehigh River, where his ancestors had their homes. The *Wonalacht'go* of the early historians he identifies with the Nauticokes, and translates it "people following the waves;" that is, living near the ocean.

The chieftaincy of the tribe is still, in theory, hereditary in one family, and in the female line. The ordinary term *sakima*, sachem, is not in use among the Minsi, who call their chief *kikay*, or *kitschi-kikay* (*kitschi*, great; *kikay*, old, or old man: the *elder*man, or alderman, of the Saxons).

Some peculiarities of the language deserve to be noted. The German alphabet, employed by the Moravians to reduce it to writing, answered so well that the Moravian missionary, Rev. Mr. Hartmann, at present in charge of the New Fairfield Reservation, Ontario, who does not understand a word of Delaware, told me he had read the books printed in the native tongue to his congregation, and they understood him perfectly. But I soon detected two or three sounds which had escaped Zeisberger and his followers. There is a soft *th* which the German ear could not catch, and a *kth* which was equally difficult, both of frequent occurrence. There is also a slight breathing between the possessives *n'*, my, *k'*, thy, *w'*, his, and the names of the things possessed, which the missionaries sometimes disregarded, and sometimes wrote as a full vowel. But after a little practice I had rarely any difficulty in pronouncing the words in an intelligible manner. This I was obliged to do with the whole dictionary, for although Mr. Anthony speaks his language with perfect ease, he does not read or write it, and has no acquaintance with German or its alphabet.

On one point I cross-questioned him carefully. It is well known to linguists that in Algonkin grammar the verb undergoes a vowel change of a peculiar character, which usually throws the sentence into a conditional or dubitative form. This is a very marked trait, recognized early by the missionary Eliot and others, and the omission of all reference to it by Zeisberger in his Grammar of the Lenapé has been commented on as a serious oversight. Well, after all my questions,

and after explaining the point fully to Mr. Anthony, he insisted that no such change takes place in Delaware verbs. I read to him the forms in Zeisberger's Grammar which are supposed to indicate it, but he explained them all by other reasons, mere irregularities or erroneous expressions.

The intricacies of the Lenâpé verb have never yet been solved, and it is now doubtful if they ever will be, for the language is fast changing and disappearing, at least in both reservations in Canada, and also among the representatives of the tribe at their settlement in Kansas. It is not now, and Mr. Anthony assured me that, so far as he knew, it never was, a custom for parents to correct their children in speaking the language. Probably this is true of most uncivilized tribes. The children of such learn their exceedingly complicated languages with a facility and accuracy which is surprising to the cultivated mind. I can say from experience, that no child learns to speak pure English without incessant correction from parents and teachers.

The general result of my conversations with Mr. Anthony on the grammar of his language led me to estimate at a lower value the knowledge of it displayed in the works of Zeisberger, Ettwein, and Heckewelder. The first and last named no doubt spoke it fluently in some fashion; but they had not the power to analyze it, nor to detect its finer shades of meaning, nor to appreciate many refinements in its word-building, nor to catch many of its semi-notes.

To give an example:—

Heckewelder gave Duponceau a compound which has often been quoted as a striking instance of verbal synthesis. It is *kuligatschis*, and is analyzed by Duponceau thus: *k*, possessive pronoun, second person singular; *uli*, abbreviation of *wulit*, pretty; *gat*, last syllable of *wichgat*, foot or paw; *chis*, diminutive termination; in all, "thy pretty little paw." Now, there is no such word in Lenâpé as *wichgat*. "His foot" is *w'uchsüt*, where the initial *w* is the possessive, and does not belong in the word for foot. But in all likelihood this was not in the compound heard by Heckewelder. What he heard was *k'wulinachkgis*, from *k*, possessive; *wulit*, pretty; *nachk*, hand, or paw of an animal; *gis*, diminutive termination. He lost the peculiar whistled *w* and the nasalized *n*, sounds unknown to Germans. Duponceau's statement that *gat* is the last syllable of the word for foot is totally erroneous. I am convinced that much of the excessive synthesis, so called, in the Lenâpé arises from a lack of appreciation on the part of the whites of delicate phonetic elements. If I had heard many more of Mr. Anthony's analyses of compounds, I believe I should have reached the conclusion that synthesis in Lenâpé means little more than juxtaposition with euphonic elision.

D. G. Brinton.

ONONDAGA TALES.

THE SERPENT AND THE THUNDERERS.

SA-GO-NA-QUA-DER, "He who makes every one angry," told me this story, which I reproduce nearly in his own words. An old Oneida came into his aunt's house at Onondaga Castle, and after all had given him the customary tobacco, the story-teller's fee, he related the following tale.

A long time ago, in an Indian settlement, were two wigwams, not far apart, and in these lived two squaws who were very good friends. They had two children of about the same age, who played together, and when they had little bows and arrows they shot together. As they grew bigger they wanted stronger bows and arrows, and their uncles made some for them. They used these every day, and became skilful in killing birds and small game, and then asked for some still stronger, that they might kill larger animals. They were now young men and good hunters. One of them, being handsome and kind, was very much liked by the women, and some of the maidens would have married him, but he refused all offers. At last his friend talked with him, and told him he had better marry, or something might happen for which he would be sorry. This troubled him, and he said he would soon choose a wife, but first they would have a long hunt together.

They got ready for this, telling their mothers they were going away on a great hunt, far from their village, and might be gone many days. So their mothers took some corn and roasted it, and then pounded this into meal in their wooden mortars. This was light, and would keep a long time. The young men filled their sacks, took their bows, and went to their hunting-ground. They walked all day, and camped in the woods. They walked all the next day, and camped on the hunting-ground, where they soon built a wigwam.

After this they hunted every day, and one was lucky and brought home a great deal of game, but the one whom the young squaws liked came home without any and said very little. This happened for several days, and the one who had been so happy and such a favorite seemed sorry all the time. Every morning they went off to hunt in opposite directions, and one day his friend thought he would follow him and see what he did. They went out as before, and after he had walked a little way the lucky hunter turned back into the other's path. He soon saw him running very fast through the woods, and hurried after him, calling to him to stop; but he did not. They ran till they came to a lake, and the first one plunged into the water

and swam across, while his friend went around the shore. The swimmer got there first, paying no attention to his loud calls. They ran on to a second smaller lake, where they did the same, but this time the one on shore got ahead. The sorry young man then turned back, and his friend ran past both lakes, and was hid in the bushes when the other came ashore. As the swimmer entered the woods the other jumped out and caught him, asking him what was the matter and why he acted so strangely.

At first the young man could say nothing and seemed to know nothing, but soon came to his senses. He told his friend that he was going to be married, and must leave him all alone, for he could not go back to his home. If he wished to see him at any time, he might come to the lake, bringing fresh Indian tobacco and clean clay pipes. These things he must lay on bark just from the tree, and then say to the lake, "I want to see my friend."

So he went off another way, and married the big serpent in the lake. When he had gone his friend went back to the wigwam, and he, too, was now very sorry, and did not wish to hunt. He built a fire and sat down alone.

It was very still for a long time, and then he heard some one coming. When he turned around a young man stood in the doorway, dressed in white and with white feathers on his head. The visitor said, "You seem to be in trouble, but for all that you are the only one that can help us. My chief has sent me to invite you to our council." Then he gave him wampum, to show that he brought a true message. The hunter said, "Where is the council?" The young man in white answered, "Why, you came right by our wigwam in the woods, though you did not see it. Follow me, and you will find it quite near." So he went with him, not very far, till he saw smoke rising from the ground, and then a wigwam. Going in, he saw eight chiefs sitting quietly on the ground. All had white feathers on their heads, but the principal chief had larger feathers than the rest. They gave him a place, and the hunter sat down and smoked with them. When the pipe came round to the principal chief, he rose and spoke to the young man.

"You have come to help us, and we have waited for you a long time." The young man said, "How can I help you?" The chief answered, "Your friend has married the big serpent in the lake, whom we must kill. He has told you how to call him when you want to see him, and we will furnish the tobacco and pipes." The chiefs then gave him clean pipes and fresh tobacco, and the hunter took these and went to the lake. The principal chief said also, "When your friend comes you must ask to see his wife. She will want to know if the sky is clear. When she comes you must take

them a little way from the lake and talk to them there. The chiefs will come in the form of a cloud, — on the lake, not in the sky."

So he took the fresh tobacco, the clean bark, and pipes, and laid them by the shore. Then he stood by the water and called loudly for his friend, saying he was going away, and wished to see him once more. Soon there was a ripple out on the lake, and the water began to boil, his friend coming out of it. He had a spot on his forehead, and looked like a serpent and yet like a man. His friend talked with him, asking what he should say to his mother when he got home. Then he asked to see his wife, that he might tell his mother what she was like. The serpent man said that she might not wish to come, but he would try. So he went to the shore and lay down, placing his lips to the water and beginning to drink. Then the hunter saw him going down through the water, not swimming like a man, but moving like a snake. Soon the water boiled again, and he came back, saying that his wife would come; but she did not. Then he looked around to see if the sky was clear, and went to the shore once more, drinking again and going down in the water like a snake.

Now a greater sight was seen. The lake boiled again, not in one spot, but all over, and great waves rolled up on the shore, as though there had been a strong wind, but there was none. The waves grew larger, and then the serpent man's wife came out of the water. She was very beautiful and shone like silver, but the silver seemed like scales. She had long hair falling all around her, as though it had been gold and silver glittering in the sun. Her husband came with her through the waves and up on the shore, and all three sat down on a log and talked together.

The hunter remembered the chief's words, and at last saw something like a cloud a great way off, moving upon the water, and not through the sky. Then he asked them to go into the woods, where the sun was not so hot, and there talk with him. When they did this he said he must step aside, and then he ran away, as the chiefs had told him. As he ran, a great cloud came at once over everything, and terrible thunder and lightning followed where they had sat, with rain everywhere.

At last all was quiet again, and the hunter went back to the lake, where a big and a little serpent lay dead upon the ground. They were the serpent woman and his friend. The eight chiefs were there, too, and had a great dance, rejoicing over their dead enemy. When this was over they cut up both serpents, making eight equal bundles of them. Each chief put one on his back, and then they were ready to go. All thanked the young man for what he had done, and told him he should always be lucky, saying, "Ask us for what you want at any time, and you shall have it." Then they went off through

the woods in Indian file, and as he looked they seemed to step higher and higher, until they went up to the sky. Then there was a great thunder-storm, for the chiefs were the Thunderers.

The hunter went back to his wigwam, but it was quiet and lonesome, and he was sad; so he took down part of his meat, carrying it a half day's journey into the woods, where he hung it up on the trees. Then he returned for more, doing the same with the rest until he got home, where he told the story to the mother of his friend. She was very sorry for the death of the son whom she had loved, but adopted him in his place, and so the young man had two mothers.

So far, the old Oneida said, it was "all a true fact," but he had an opinion about the place, which was not a part of the story. He thought Crooked Lake, in a group of ponds far up the valley, was the first lake the young man swam across, and Round Lake the second. This seemed likely to him, but it was only his opinion.

THE TERRIBLE SKELETON.

This story has been told somewhat differently by my late friend, Mrs. E. A. Smith. My version was given me by Albert Cusick, as it is found among the Onondagas.

In old times the Onondagas lived on a much larger reservation than now, a great land, but they made hunting parties to the North Woods. A party went off in which were an old man, his daughter and her husband, and their little boy. They went one day and camped, and another day and camped, and then separated. The old man, his daughter, and her husband turned one way, but the little boy accidentally went the other way with his uncle. The three kept on, and late in the day found an empty cabin in a clearing. There was an Indian bedstead on each side within, and as no one seemed to live there they resolved to stay for the night. They gathered plenty of fuel, stripping long pieces from the shag-bark hickory, built a fine fire, spread their deerskins on the bedsteads, and then went to sleep; the old man on one side, and the man and his wife on the other. When the fire became low, and it grew dark in the cabin, the young people were awakened by a sound like a dog gnawing a bone. They stirred about, and the noise ceased, but was followed by something like rattling bones overhead. They got up and put on more fuel, and were going back to bed when they saw something like water flowing from the other couch. It was blood, and the old man was dead. His clothes were torn open, and his ribs broken and gnawed. They covered him up and lay down again. The same thing happened the second time, and this time they saw it was a terrible skeleton, feeding on the dead man. They were frightened, and

in whispers devised a plan of escape. They made a greater fire, and the wife said, "Husband, I must go to the spring and get some water; I am so thirsty." So she quietly went out, but when she had got a little way she ran with all her might towards her own country.

When her husband thought she had a good start, he made a very big fire, to last a great while, and then he said, "What has become of my wife? I am afraid she is drowned in the spring. I must go and see." So he went out, and when he had got some way he ran with all his might, too, and when he overtook his wife he caught her by the arm, and they both ran on together. By and by the fire went down, and the skeleton came again, and when he found they were gone he started in chase. Soon they heard him howling terribly behind them, and they ran faster.

It happened that night that the Onondagas were holding a feast, and it now drew near morning. The man and woman heard the drum sounding afar off, *tum-tum, tum-tum*, and they ran harder, and shouted, but the skeleton did the same. Then they heard the drum again, *TUM-TUM, tum-tum*, and it was nearer, and they shouted again. Their friends heard the distress-hallo, and came to their rescue with all their arms. The skeleton fled. The fugitives fell down fainting, and did not regain their senses for four hours; then they told their story.

A council was held, and the warriors started for the dreadful spot. They found the hut, and a few traces of the old man. In the loft were some scattered articles, and a bark coffin in which was the skeleton of a man, who had been left unburied by his friends. They determined to destroy everything, and fuel was gathered on all sides and fire applied. Then the warriors stood with raised tomahawks and bended bows to destroy the terrible skeleton if he burst forth upon them. The fire grew hot, the cabin fell in, and out of the flames rushed a fox, with red and fiery eyes, burst through the ranks and disappeared in the forest. The dreadful skeleton was never heard of more.

"But what had the little boy to do with all this?"

"Oh, that is to show how well it was he went the other way."

W. M. Beauchamp.

ON CERTAIN SONGS AND DANCES OF THE KWA-KIUTL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.¹

IN the winter of 1886-87, the writer visited the coast tribes of British Columbia, in order to study their languages and customs. Particular attention was paid to the dances and the use of masks, which is so widely spread on the northwest coast of North America. The study revealed the fact that most of the dances are closely connected with the mythology of these tribes, while others are merely a kind of social entertainment. In the following pages I shall set forth some of the results of my researches.

We distinguish two classes of dances: social and religious. The former are celebrated at great festivals; the latter are performed exclusively in winter. I witnessed a dance of the first class in Nauette, a village near the north point of Vancouver Island, where two important tribes of the Kwakiutl nation have located. I was told that the dance had been invented when the daughter of the chief of the Klayoquaht (a tribe of the west coast of Vancouver Island) married a young chief of Nauette. When it was announced that the bride, with her friends, approached the village, three boats were connected by heavy planks, and thus an extensive platform was made. The Tlatlasikoala (the tribe of Nauette) went on this raft to meet the bride, and welcomed her dancing the new dance, *Yatiati*. Since that day they continue to dance it at feasts and festivals. The following is the way in which I saw it danced:—

The large house of the chief, which measured about fifty feet square, was swept, and the partitions for the various families, living each in a corner of the house, were removed. Then a large fire was started in the centre of the house, and the chief's wife took her seat near it. She kept a number of kelp tubes filled with fish oil, ready for pouring it into the fire, which then blazes up and lightens the whole house. The dancers assembled outside the house. With sticks and fists they beat the time on the walls of the houses, and slowly approached singing the dancing song. Suddenly the door of the house was torn open and the dancers appeared, one of the chiefs first. The walls of the house shook under the heavy fists and sticks of the dancers, who entered one by one. The chief was followed by two dancers, who had each a blanket tied round his loins, the upper

¹ The system of the Bureau of Ethnology has been adopted for spelling Indian words. *X* and *x* are a very guttural k, similar to kr. *N* and *n* are pronounced similar to dn, the sound being between the sounds of d and n. *Ç* and *ç* are the English th in thick. *â* has the sound of aw in law; *q* that of ch in Bach (German).

part of the body being naked. A carved wooden snake with two heads—the fabulous Sisiutl—was tied to the waist, and about their necks they wore rings of hemlock branches. In the right hand they carried two sticks ornamented with gay ribbons; in the left they flourished bows and arrows. Their faces were painted black, and their hair was kept back by a tie of seal-skins with a bunch of red feathers attached to it.

The next to enter were two men wrapped in white blankets and wearing stuffed mink-skins and head-dresses. The next dancer carried a rattle in his hands, which he hid under his dancing-apron. Then the rest of the dancers rushed into the house, and formed a wide circle around the two men carrying the snake-carvings. Now began the following song:¹—

Allegretto.
SOLO. **CHORUS.**

Le - hal le - hal le - hal - - - la ha. Le - hal le - hal a

Drums. etc.

he le ha - le - le ha - le - le

ha - le - le Le - hal - le - hal a he le ..

Fine. D.C.

..... ha - le - le ha - le - le ha - le - le

As soon as the chorus fell in, the minks and the man carrying the rattle rushed into the centre of the circle, and jumped about in the wildest fashion.

After the first round was finished, a new cry was heard outside, the door opened, and in came twelve boys, all naked, their little bodies whitened with lime, and various kinds of figures painted on them in red and black. Their hair was rubbed with a mixture of oil and lime, and looked like the bristles of a brush. The leader of the boys was an elderly man, who remained standing in the entrance of the house with uplifted hands, and directing the boys by rhythmical motions of his arms and his body. The figures of the dance were really artistic and symmetrical.

¹ The mark 0 designates that the tone is sung a little lower.

The songs which are sung during these dances are in part very old, but a considerable number are new, and native poets and composers are continually adding to their stock of songs. As chorus singing is practised at all festivals by these Indians, and as the rhythms of the songs are very complicated, a good deal of practice is necessary before an artistic effect can be reached. The Kwakiutl are very particular in this respect, and any mistake made by a singer or dancer is considered opprobrious. At certain occasions the dancer who makes a mistake is killed; this custom reminds us of the ancient Mexicans. Every village has its singing-master, who instructs young and old, and holds regular rehearsals before each festival. Even songs accompanying games are taught in this way. As the music of primitive people is of special interest to the student of folk-lore, I add here a number of songs, although they are not dancing songs. The first and second are always used in playing the game Lehal.

The players sit in two opposite rows, a long log of cedar being placed in front of each row. While the one party beats the time on one log with sticks, the members of the other party hide a carved piece of bone in their hands, which they move in opposite directions from the right to the left, and *vice versa*, close to the breast, so that one hand passes above the other, and they can easily drop the piece of bone from one hand into the other. The opposite party has to guess in which hand they hold the piece of bone. The second of these songs is remarkable as being sung in a five-part bar, which frequently occurs in the music of these tribes.

I.

Allegro.

Ya - hai - ya - ha, hai-ya-ha..... hai-ya, ha-ya, he - ya
 he - ya-he, hai-ya ha-ya he - ya he - ya-he hai-ya ha-ya he - ya
 he - ya - he, hai - ya, ha - ya, he - ya he - ya, he - ya.

II.

Allegro.

Ya - hai ya - ha ya - hai ya - hai ya -
Sticks.

Kwakiutl, is derived from a number of spirits living in the woods. Among these one called Baqbakuālanusi'uaē is the most important. The following legend is one of the great many referring to him. It was told to me by a Wik'ēnoḡ.

Once upon a time there lived a man who had four sons. His name was Noaḡaua. One day the sons were going to hunt mountain goat. Before they started Noaḡaua said: "When you will reach a house from which a reddish smoke is rising, do not enter it, for it is the home of Baqbakuālanusi'uaē, the cannibal." The sons promised to obey, and started on their expedition.

After a while they saw a house from the roof of which black smoke was rising. It was the abode of the black bear. They proceeded, and after a short while they found another house, from which white smoke was rising. They entered, and saw that it was the home of the mountain goat. Having rested, they proceeded, and at last they saw a house from which reddish smoke was rising. They stopped and spoke unto each other: "Shall we pass by this house? Let us enter and see who lives in it!" This they did, and found a woman who was rocking her baby. Opposite her sat a boy with an enormously large head. The four brothers stepped up to the fire, and sat down on a box. In doing so the eldest one hurt his leg, and blood dripped from it. The boy with the large head nudged his mother and whispered: "Oh, mother, how I should like to lick that blood!" When his mother told him not to do it he scratched his head, and soon began, notwithstanding her command, to wipe off the blood and to lick it from his finger. Then the eldest brother nudged the youngest one and said: "Oh, I think father was right. I wish we had followed his advice." Meanwhile the boy licked up the blood more and more eagerly.

The eldest of the brothers mustered courage. He took an arrow from his quiver and shot it through the door of the house. Then he told his youngest brother to go and fetch the arrow. He obeyed, but as soon as he had left the house he ran away towards his home. After a little while the eldest of the brothers took another arrow from his quiver and shot it through the door of the house. He told the next brother to fetch it, and he also made his escape. When he had shot a third arrow, the third brother escaped. Then the boy with the large head began to cry, for he was afraid of the eldest of the brothers. The woman asked: "Where have your brothers gone? I hope they will be back soon." "Oh, yes," answered the young man; "they have only gone to fetch my arrows." Saying so, he took another arrow from his quiver and shot it through the door of the house. Then he went himself to fetch it. As soon as he had left the house he followed his brothers. After a short while,

when nobody returned, the old hag knew that her guests had escaped. She stepped to the door and cried: "Baqbakuālanusi'uaē, come, oh come! I have allowed our good dinner to run away." Baqbakuālanusi'uaē, although he was far away, heard her, and quickly approached, crying: "Ham, ham, ham!" (that is, to eat, to eat, to eat). The four brothers heard him approaching, and ran as fast as their legs would carry them. The eldest happened to carry a whetstone, a comb, and some fish grease, which he used as an unction for his hair. When Baqbakuālanusi'uaē had almost reached them, he threw the whetstone behind him, and lo! it was transformed into a steep mountain, which compelled the pursuer to go round about it. But soon he came again near the fugitives. Now the young man poured out behind him the hair-oil, which was transformed into a large lake. While the pursuer had to go around it the young men gained a good start on him. When he had almost reached them for the third time, the eldest of the brothers threw behind him his comb, which was transformed into a thicket of young trees, which Baqbakuālanusi'uaē was unable to penetrate. Before he could pass around it the young men had reached their father's house. They knocked at the door, and asked their father to let them enter at once, as Baqbakuālanusi'uaē was again heard approaching. Hardly had they entered and the door was again bolted, when their pursuer arrived and knocked at the door, demanding entrance.

Ŋoaxana killed a dog, carved it, and collected its blood in a dish. Then he called Baqbakuālanusi'uaē to come to a small hole in the wall of the house, gave him the dish, and said: "This is the blood of my sons. Take it and carry it home to your wife. I invite you to a feast to-night, and be sure to come with your wife and your children. You may feast upon my sons." Baqbakuālanusi'uaē was delighted, and promised to come.

As soon as he had gone, Tsō'ēna, Ŋoaxaua's wife, dug a deep pit near the fire, and made the latter blaze up. She put stones into it, which she threw into the pit as soon as they were red-hot. They concealed the pit by spanning a skin in front of it. These preparations were hardly finished when Baqbakuālanusi'uaē arrived in his boat, accompanied by his wife and his three children. One of these he left at the boat as a watchman, while the others went into the house.

Then Tsō'ēna made them sit down close by the fire, their backs turned toward the skin which concealed the pit. When Baqbakuālanusi'uaē had settled down comfortably, and the meat was boiling in the large wooden kettle, he said: "Ŋoaxaua, you know how everything happened in the beginning of the world. Tell me what you know." Ŋoaxaua replied: "I shall tell you this;" and beating the time with his dancing-stick he sang:—

Mas tliqān'us, mas tliqan'us xsnuyamtl' qan'tsō ts'ōqtlēma ?
 What of olden times, what of olden times shall I tell you of olden times my grandchildren ?

Hēim tliqān'us, hēim tliqān'us aai'yuxpels utl a q'o'oqusuq.
 You of olden times, you of olden times cloud lay on the mountain.

When he had sung this spell twice, Baqbakuālanusi'uaē and his family began to slumber, and when he had sung it four times they slept sound and fast. Now Naḡaḡaua and Tsō'ēna removed the skin and plunged them headlong into the pit. Twice Baqbakuālanusi'uaē cried : " Ham, ham ! " then he was dead. When all were dead, Naḡaḡaua tied a rope round their bodies, and pulled them out of the pit. The old cannibal's body he cut into pieces, which he threw in all directions, singing : —

Leslā'tlela Baqbakuālanusi'uaē s'atlats beḡuā'num.
 In course of time, Baqbakuālanusi'uaē, you will pursue the men.

They were transformed into mosquitoes. The boy who had remained in the boat made his escape, and lives since that time in the woods.

The same legend is told by the Kwakiutl of Fort Rupert, in the following form : —

Naḡaḡaua went into the woods to hunt mountain goat. All of a sudden he descried a house which he had never seen before, although he had frequently passed this place. A woman by the name of Xomi-na'ḡa stood in the door and called him to come in. She was the daughter of the mountain spirit, Kōmō'ḡoē, and her husband was Baqbakuālanusi'uaē, the cannibal. Naḡaḡaua was afraid, and did not dare to enter the house. But she said : " Come here ! I will louse you." When he stepped up to her and allowed her to take his head between her hands, she cried : " Baqbakuālanusi'uaē ! come and eat him ! " In vain he tried to free himself from her grasp, but when he heard the cannibal's roaring voice he made a desperate effort, and tore himself from the woman's grasp, but only after the loss of his hair. He ran away as fast as his feet could carry him. Baqbakuālanusi'uaē pursued him, now running swiftly over the ground, now digging his way under the roots of the trees. When he had almost reached him, Naḡaḡaua spoke a magic spell, and a dense forest arose behind him, which obstructed the pursuer's path. Thus he succeeded in reaching his home. He had hardly closed the door when Baqbakuālanusi'uaē arrived. Naḡaḡaua said to him : " Go home, and bring your wife with you. I have four children which you may eat." The cannibal did as he was requested. Meanwhile Naḡaḡaua dug a deep pit, in which he kindled a large fire, which he covered with stones. Then he killed one of his slaves and cut him up. He ordered his children to hide themselves outside the house. The pit he covered with boards, that were to be pulled away by the children from outside the house. When Baqbakuālanusi'uaē

and X̄mīna'xa arrived, they were offered a seat on these boards, and Naṇoax̄aua served them the meat of the slave he had killed. Before the meal the cannibal performed a dance, while his wife beat the time with a stick. He danced in a squatting position; his hands trembled, he stretched his arms alternately to the right and to the left. Then he and his wife began devouring the meat.

On a given sign, the children, who stood outside the house, pulled away the boards, and both the cannibal and his wife fell into the pit, where they were burned to death. The fire in the pit blazed up when they fell into it, for both were extremely fat. When they were burnt to ashes, Naṇoax̄aua blew into the pit, and the ashes were transformed into mosquitoes.

A second spirit of the cannibals lives in the lakes. His name is Baqbakuā'latlē, and the Kwakiutl have the following tradition referring to him:—

Once upon a time there was a woman who had married the spirit Baqbakuā'latlē, with whom she lived at the bottom of a lake. They had a son, whom they gave the name of his father. When he came to be grown up, he killed all people whom he met, tore out their eyes and fried them in the ashes of his fire. He enjoyed it to see them burst, and cried: "Ha! ha! Look, how my eyes burst!" Then he threw them into a basket. Besides, he cut the fingers, toes, and ears from the slain, and gathered them in separate baskets. Thus he killed all people except his uncle and the latter's son. But after a while he longed for their eyes and fingers. One night he seized a spear and flung it at his uncle, who happened to stand in a dark corner of the house. Therefore he missed him, and the uncle in defence pierced Baqbakuā'latlē's left side with a lance. The young man escaped, although severely hurt. The uncle said unto his wife: "Now stay here; I will pursue my nephew, and kill him." He followed the track of blood left by the young man, and found him on the shore of a lake. There he lay dying, and the diver (a bird) stood by him and tried to cure him. The uncle stepped up to Baqbakuā'latlē and said: "You wanted to kill me, but now you must die yourself." When he raised the lance to kill him, Baqbakuā'latlē asked him a few moments' grace. He said: "Do not kill me at once. First I will give you all my treasures." He told him where his baskets were concealed, and then the uncle killed him and burnt his corpse. When he blew upon the ashes, they were transformed into mosquitoes. From the finest ashes originated the sunflies. Then he went to search for his nephew's treasures, and when he found the baskets, filled with the ears, fingers, toes, and with the fried eyes, he became a cannibal himself.

Besides these spirits there is the crane, who can become the genius

of a cannibal. Here is a tradition of the Wik'enoḥ which treats of the initiation of a young cannibal by this being, the Hāoḥhāoḥ:—

ᖶ'ōm'kīliky went into the woods to collect cedar bark. He had not been gone long when the spirit Hāoḥhāoḥ scented him. He smelled that the youth was clean and good, and rushed down upon him to carry him away. When ᖶ'ōm'kīliky heard the flapping of the wings of the spirit, who had the shape of a crane, he almost fainted with fear. He hoped to recover his spirits by smoking a pipe of tobacco, but in vain. He fell down, and lay there like dead. The Hāoḥhāoḥ alighted upon him, and while the youth lay unconscious he infused him his spirit.

ᖶ'ōm'kīliky's friends waited in vain for his return, and at last they went into the woods to look for him. They found him still unconscious. They sprinkled his face with cold water, but he did not awake. Then they carried him to the village, and took him into his father's hut. When he saw the men carrying his son into his house he thought that he was dead, and cried for grief. Soon, however, he perceived that ᖶ'ōm'kīliky still breathed. He called the medicine-man, and entreated him to restore his son to health. The medicine-man ordered him to sweep the house, and to strew the floor with sand, so that the feet should not touch the former floor. He carried the youth into the woods, and stayed there for four days. Then he returned. After four days more had elapsed, ᖶ'ōm'kīliky returned also. The medicine-man had given him the name ᖶōātlḥōā'oi.

And now he sang of the Hāoḥhāoḥ. All of a sudden he made a jump and attacked his father, who sat on the opposite side of the fire. He wanted to devour him. ᖶōātlḥōā'oi wore a ring of red cedar bark on his head, which fell down when he jumped up, and covered his mouth when he was just about to bite his father. Thus he bit a piece out of the ring. The people who were assembled in the house to hear his song did not know what to do in order to quiet him. His grandfather took a large black blanket which he wrapped around ᖶōātlḥōā'oi's head. In vain; he bit right through it. Then all the men escaped, for they feared to be attacked by the youth. When they stood on the street they heard him singing, and on peeping through the chinks of the walls they saw him climbing up the posts which carried the roof, and trying to crawl through the roof. Then they placed two watchmen by the side of the door, to prevent him from leaving the house, while the others climbed up on the roof and prevented him from removing the boards. When he quieted down, they picked up courage and entered the house. They threw a bear-skin over him, under which he crawled about on the floor. When the men tried to hold him, they found that he was as slippery as

a fish. Late in the evening he lay quiet, and the men did not know whether he was asleep or not. They made a jacket of cedar bark, and tried to put it on him, but he escaped. On the island Nalkuit-qoi'as (Mac Kjol Island) a number of women were curing salmon. He scented them, and rushed into the sea to devour them, but they escaped in a boat.

At last Xoätl̄xoā'oi recovered. He spoke to his father: "If I should try again to attack you, do not resist me. Then I shall do you no harm." After a little while he fell into another trance. He lay flat on the floor, his face turned downward. The men threw a net made of cedar bark over him, and tried to catch him. Sometimes a man succeeded in putting his foot upon his neck, or to grasp his long black hair, but he succeeded in making his escape. He raced through the village, and bit whomsoever he saw.

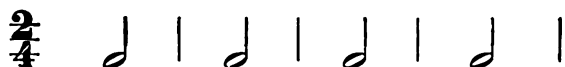
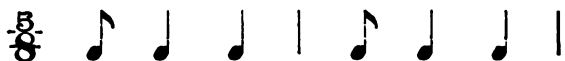
When he recovered, he asked his father to give him boiled fish oil when he should fall into a new trance. In a trance he was able to scent men on long distances. One day he scented a boat which was still far distant, and smelled that they had a heavy load of clams on board.

By encountering these spirits, or the *Hām'aa*, another being of the class, men obtain the quality of being *Hām'ats'a*, that is, cannibal (derived from the root *ham*, to eat). Not every man can become a *Hām'ats'a*; this being a privilege of certain gentes. Not every member of this gens, however, is a *Hām'ats'a*, but the dignity must be obtained by an initiation, the particulars of which I shall presently describe. The initiation can take place in winter only during the Tsetā'ēṣa season.

At this time of the year the inhabitants of the village assemble every night and sing four songs, accompanying the dance of the novice, who is surrounded by ten companions, called Sā'latlila, who carry rattles. When the dance is at an end, they leave the house where the festival is celebrated, always surrounding the novice; they go all around the village, visiting every house. All of a sudden the novice disappears, and his companions say that he has flown away. Then his voice is heard in the woods, and everybody knows that he is now with the spirits. There he stays from one to five months, and the people believe that during this time he wanders all over the world. At the end of this term his voice is again heard in the woods. Birds are heard whistling on all sides of the village, and then the Indians prepare to meet the new *Hām'ats'a*. The sound of the birds' voices is produced by means of whistles, which are blown by the new *Hām'ats'a* and by those who were initiated at former occasions; but they are kept a profound secret from all those who are not initiated.

The father of the young Hām'ats'a invites the inhabitants of the village to a feast. The guests sit down in the rear of the house, every one carrying a stick for beating time. Two watchmen, carrying a rattle in shape of a skull, stand on each side of the door, and are occasionally relieved. A chief stands in the centre of the house, two messengers attending him. These he dispatches to the women of the gens of which the new Hām'ats'a is a member, and they are ordered to dance. The interval until the women are dressed up and make their appearance is filled with railleries between the messengers. The one will say: "She will not come; when I brought her the message she was fighting with her husband." The other one will answer: "Oh, you are lying! She is dressing herself up, and you will see how nice she looks!" As soon as the watchmen see her coming they begin swinging their rattles and then the guests begin singing and beating time with their sticks. The woman enters the house, and turning to the right goes around the fire until she arrives in the rear part of the house. Then the guests stop singing and beating time until the dance begins. In dancing, the woman first faces the singers; then she turns to the left, to the fire, and to the right, and finally faces the singers again. She leaves the house by going along the left side of the fire. When the feast is almost at an end, a terrible noise is heard on the roof of the house, where the new Hām'ats'a is dancing and whistling. Sometimes he throws the boards forming the roof aside, and thrusts his arms into the house. Then he disappears again, and his whistles are heard in the woods.

His father requests the men to assemble early in the morning, and they set out to meet the young Hām'ats'a in the woods. They take a long rope made of cedar bark, and, having arrived at an open place in the forest, lay it on the ground in form of a square. They then sit down inside the square, all along the rope, and sing four new songs, composed for the purpose. The two first ones are in a quick, binary measure, the third one in a five-part measure, and the last in a slow movement. One man dances in the centre



of the square. Meanwhile, the mother of the new Hām'ats'a

invites the women and the old men to a feast, which is celebrated in the house. All the men are painted black ; the women, red. The latter wear button-blankets, head-rings of cedar bark which is dyed red, and their hair are strewn with eagle-down. The men who are in the forest wear head-rings and necklets of hemlock branches. While they are singing and dancing the new Hām'ats'a makes his appearance. He looks pale and thin, and his hair falls out readily. He wears three neck-rings, a head-ring, and arm-rings made of hemlock branches, but no shirt and no blanket. He is immediately surrounded by his companions, and the men return to the village, singing the new songs. When the women hear them approaching, they come out of the house, and expect them on the street, dancing. They wish to please the new Hām'ats'a, for whosoever excites his anger is at once attacked by him. He seizes his arm and bites a small piece of flesh out of it. It is said that in fact this is done with a sharp, bent knife, but I do not know whether this is true or not. At the end of the Tsā'eḡa season the Hām'ats'a must recompense every single person whom he has bitten by a blanket or two. In the evening the people assemble in the house of the Hām'ats'a's father for singing and dancing. If anything should displease the Hām'ats'a, he rushes out of the house, and soon returns, carrying a corpse. His companions continue to surround him in all his movements. He enters the house and, turning to the right, goes around the fire until he arrives in the rear of the house. As soon as the old Hām'ats'a see the corpse they make a rush at it, and fight with each other for the flesh. They break the skull and devour the brains, and break the bones to get at the marrow. The companions cut large pieces from the body, and put them into the mouth of the young Hām'ats'a, who bolts them. At the end of this ceremony the father of the young Hām'ats'a presents every one with bracelets of copper.

The new Hām'ats'a dances four nights ; twice with rings of hemlock branches, twice with rings of dyed cedar bark. Strips of cedar bark are tied into his hair, which is covered with eagle-down. His face is painted black ; he wears three neck-rings of cedar bark, arranged in a peculiar way, and each of a separate design. Strips of cedar bark are tied around his wrists and ankles. He dances in a squatting position, his arms extended to one side, as though he were carrying a corpse. His hands are trembling continually. First he extends his arms to the left, then he jumps to the right, at the same time moving his arms to the right. His eyes are staring, and his lips protruding voluptuously.

The Indians are said to prepare the corpses by laying them into the sea, and covering them with stones. The Ḥatlo'ltq, who also practise the Hām'ats'a dances, make artificial corpses by sewing

dried halibut to the bones of a skeleton, and covering its skull with a scalp.

The new Hām'ats'a is not allowed to have intercourse with anybody but must stay for a whole year in his rooms. He must not work until the end of the following dancing season. The Hām'ats'a must use a kettle, dish, and spoon of their own for four months after the dancing season is at an end; then these are thrown away, and they are allowed to eat with the other people. During the time of the winter dance, a pole called *hams'piq* is erected in the house where the Hām'ats'a lives. It is wound with red cedar bark, and made so that it can turn round. In winter, a dish of every meal that is cooked in the village must be sent to the Hām'ats'a. A number of boys must watch that this law is obeyed. He has the privilege to take whatever he likes.

I said before that, according to the mythology of the Kwakiutl, the laws and regulations of all the winter dances, as well as the institution of the Hām'ats'a, were given to them by Xanikila, the son of the deity. Several other traditions say that the ancestors of various gentes brought these ceremonies from heaven, when they descended to the earth in the shape of birds. In these traditions the custom of the winter dance is embodied in the rings of red cedar bark. I shall give here a few characteristic traditions of this kind. The first and the second were obtained from Xalai'te, the chief of the Naḡomkilis, a tribe of the Kwakiutl nation.

Two eagles and their young descended from heaven, and alighted in Qūm'qate (near Cape Scott). There they took off their bird-skins, and became men. The name of the father was Nā'laqōtau; that of the mother, Anḡā'layuḡa; and that of the young, Lē'laqa. They built a house, and continued to live in Qūm'qate. One day Lē'laqa went sealing in his boat. When he saw a number of seals on a cliff he cautiously approached, and when he had come near enough he thrust his harpoon into one of the sleeping animals. It dived at once, and pulled the boat far out into the ocean. There it was transformed into an immense squid, which dragged the boat down into the sea, and killed Lē'laqa. He, however, after a short while, awoke to new life. He rose from the bottom of the sea, and flew as an eagle up to heaven.

His parents believed that he was drowned, and mourned over him. They killed two slaves, and painted the posts of their house with their blood. Two others they tied up in front of the house. Then, all of a sudden, they saw an eagle soaring high in the air, and descending from the sun to their house. Soon they recognized their son, who carried a small box in his talons. He shook it, and they heard the rattling sound produced by the many things that were in

it. He wore a neck-ring made of red cedar bark. When he had alighted, he was transformed into the shape of a man, and the hearts of his parents rejoiced. They made a blazing fire, and he began to dance. Out of the box he took many whistles, with which he imitated the voice of the eagle, and he wore the large double mask Naqnakyakumtl (the inner face of which represents a man, while the outer represents an eagle). When the dance was finished, he invited all the neighboring tribes to a feast. He had a large dish, formed like a squid, which was constantly full of fish-oil, no matter how much was taken from it. Lē'laqa became the ancestor of the gens which bears his name.

The following story refers, also, to the ancestor of a gens of the Naḡomkilis:—

Hē'likilikila descended from heaven, wearing a neck-ring of red cedar bark. He built a house and lighted a large fire. When the house was completed, a woman called Lōtlemā'ḡa rose from under the ground. He spoke to her: "You shall be my sister, and live with me in my house." Henceforth they lived in two opposite corners of the house. One day Hē'likilikila asked his sister to follow him to a place in front of the house, where he wanted to show his strength. They sat down on two large stones, and he ordered his slave to bring a large boulder. He seized it, and flung it far into the sea. After a little while the boulder rose again, and swam on the water.

At night he invited many people, and he and Lōtlemā'ḡa performed a dance. He was the first to dance, while Lōtlemā'ḡa beat the time. He carried a short stick, which he flung upon his guests while dancing. It struck and killed ten people.

The Kwats'ē'noḡ (a tribe on the west coast of Vancouver Island, of Kwakiutl lineage) had heard of Hē'likilikila's neck-ring, and wished to have it. They launched their boats, and proceeded to Hē'likilikila's house. They hoped to take him by surprise, and arranged so as to arrive in the dark. They listened at the wall of the house, and found him asleep. Then a young man tried to enter the house and to steal the neck-ring; but scarcely had he opened the door when he fell down, and a magic spell compelled him to cry aloud and to run around the house. Hē'likilikila rose from his bed, stepped up to the door, and said: "Why do you come to steal my neck-ring? Ask me for it, and I shall give it you." Then the Kwats'ē'noḡ asked him: "Oh, have mercy on that young man. Do not kill him. We sent him out to steal your ring." Hē'likilikila went back, fetched the ring, and gave it to the young man, who was at once sound and well. The Kwats'ē'noḡ carried the ring home, and since that day they dance the winter dance, Tsctsē'ḡa.

Another day Lōtlema'ḡa began to dance, while Hē'likilikila beat the time. She wore the head of a mink as a head ornament. While dancing she suddenly exclaimed: "Mama, mama, mā'!" and Hē'likilikila fell down dead. Lōtlema'ḡa had killed him by her cry. Soon, however, she restored him to life, and Hē'likilikila began a dance in his turn, while Lōtlema'ḡa beat the time. He flung his stick upon her, and at once blood flew from her mouth and she died. After a short while, however, he restored her to life. Then he threw his stick so high into the air that it never returned.

In concluding this brief review of the lore of the Kwakiutl connected with their dances, we have to compare their customs and traditions with those of the neighboring tribes. The custom of the winter dances prevails, though in a modified form, among the Salish tribes of the Sound of Georgia. The ceremony of cannibalism is not practised by them, the Čatloltq (Comox) alone having adopted it from their neighbors, the Lekwiltōḡ, a tribe of Kwakiutl lineage, with whom they have intermarried. They call the cannibal even by its Kwakiutl name, Hām'ats'a. It is only among the tribes of Kwakiutl lineage, the Bilqula and Tsimpcian, that this cannibalism is practised to any great extent. Linguistic researches show that the Bilqula are of Salish lineage, and that they have separated from the tribes of the Sound of Georgia. As the latter do not practise this custom, it may safely be assumed that the Bilqula adopted it from the Kwakiutl. They call the Hām'ats'a *Elaqō'tla*, and the winter dance *Tsā'ēḡa Sisauky'*. I have not found the tradition of Baqbakuālanusī'uaē among them, but it is their custom to perform at the initiation of the young *Elaqō'tla* a very remarkable dance, which presents the legend of the Hām'aa, — or, as they call it, the S'ātlpst'a (from *atlp*, to eat), — a spirit with an enormous mouth and dilated nostrils, coming at the call of the *Elaqō'tla* out of the woods, and becoming his genius. The Tsimpcian, the northern neighbors of the Kwakiutl, have similar customs. They have the following legend regarding the origin of cannibalism:—

Once upon a time a man went mountain-goat hunting. On the mountains he met a white bear, and pursued it. After a long time he got near enough to fly his arrow and hit him in the side. The bear continued to run away from the hunter and at last he came to a steep rock, which opened and let him enter. After a short while a man came out of the rock and invited the hunter to follow him. In the mountain he found a large house, and he was led to a seat at the right hand of the entrance. He saw four groups of people in the house. In one corner were the Mē'itla; in the second the Nō'otlam, who devoured dogs; in the third the Wihalait', the cannibals; and in the fourth the Cimhalai'det. The Mē'itla and the Cimhalai'det were in

great fear of the other two groups. Three days the hunter stayed in the mountain, the three days were, however, three years for those living on earth. Then the man sent him back, and told him to do in his village as he had seen the people doing in the mountain. He was conveyed home, and on awaking found himself on the top of a tree. He saw the people of the village, and slid down from the tree on his back. He made a rush upon a man and devoured him; then he killed another one and tore him to pieces. At last, however, the people succeeded in taking hold of him, and they restored him to health by means of magic herbs. When he had recovered, he taught them the dances of the four groups of people whom he had seen in the mountain, and since that time the dances *Mē'itla*, *Nō'otlam*, *Wihalait'*, and *Cimhalai'det* are performed every winter by the Tsimpcian.

It is difficult to decide whether the Tsimpcian or the Kwakiutl were the first to practise this custom. To answer this question it would be necessary to study the folk-lore of the Tsimpcian of the interior. The custom is not practised by the Tlingit and Haida, but seems to obtain, to a certain extent, among the tribes of the west coast of Vancouver Island. Its origin and development are still obscure, but it is to be hoped that a further study of the folk-lore and language will clear up many doubtful points.

Franz Boas.

SONGS OF THE HEZUCKA SOCIETY.

THE Hezucka Society is composed of men who have distinguished themselves in war. Sometimes a boy is admitted to the society in the place of his father. It was in this way that Mr. Francis La Flèche became a member. He furnished the writer with several songs, and aided him in the revision of others.

There is often a difference between the words of the song as sung, and the same words as merely spoken. The alphabet used is that of the Bureau of Ethnology.

I. Song about the Hezucka feast.

♩ = 98. Moderato.

U'-haⁿ g'é-te ni^w-de go! U'-haⁿ g'é-te ni^w-de g'e!
 What is this collec- is done indeed What is this collec- is done indeed (?)
 boiled tion boiled tion

Hin-dá kú-ge, ni^w-de go! U'-haⁿ g'é-te ni^w-de go!
 See! my friend it is indeed What is boiled this collection is done indeed
 done

Há-ya-ha+ Hin-dá kú-ge ni^w-de go! Há-ya-ha+
 See! my friend it is indeed
 done

Three words differ from the spoken language: go, for aḡa u (?); g'e, probably the same; ku-ge, Omaha notation of the Winnebago tca-ko-ró, *my friend*.

II. Song dictated by Fred Merrick. Mr. Joseph La Flèche gave the theme, "When Wakanda says that I shall not be, I shall not be."

Aⁿ-ziñ'-ge e-há-ma (As spoken, Aⁿ-ziñ'-ge, é amá).

Aⁿ-ziñ'-ge e-há-ma,

Aⁿ-ziñ'-ge, e-há-ma,

Wa-kan'-da aⁿ-ziñ'-ge e-há-ma,

Aⁿ-ziñ'-ge.

E+ -za-he+ -zau+! (+ marks a prolonged sound.)

III. Song, given by Fred Merrick. Theme: "That one causes me to be known by Wakanda. Heqaga causes me to be known by Wakanda." Heqaga, or Elk, was a brave Omaha who had died with-

out fearing death. Through him Wakanda would hear about the singer.

1. Gá-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú That-unseen-one by-Wakanda.
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+! Causes-me-to-be-known!
 Cé-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú That-visible-one by-Wakanda.
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+!
 Cé-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+!
 Gá-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+!
 E+! wi+!
2. He-qá-ga ctī Wá-kan-daú Elk too by-Wakanda
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+! Causes-me-to-be-known!
 Cé-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+!
 Gá-ziⁿ Wá-kan-daú
 í-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-aⁿ-ze+!
 E+!

IV. Ki-cta-wa-gu's song. Dictated by Fred Merrick.

The idea of the first verse is, "Without any one to teach you bravery, you would fear to see (something)." And that of the second, "Do you say that you fear to look at the Dakotas because they gave me two horses?"

1. Wa-ga^{n'}-ze ẓiñ'-ge tě,
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi e-he+!
 Wa-ga^{n'}-ze ẓiñ'-ge tě',
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá'-bi e-he+!
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi, na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi,
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi, e-dé-ca-bi.
 He-e+ ẓo+!
2. Ca-a^{n'} ẓañ-ká cañ'-ge
 Na^{n'}-ba aⁿ-í-ba —
 Ca-a^{n'} ẓañ-ká cañ'-ge
 Na^{n'}-ba aⁿ-í-ba —
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi, na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi,
 Na^{n'}-ẓa-pá-bi, e-dé-ca-bi.
 He+e+ ẓo+!

V. Song of Wajide ẓiⁿ. Written by Frank La Flèche. Music by Professor Szemelenyi, to whom Frank La Flèche sung the song. It refers to one who was wounded in battle. He says:—

"I ⁿ dádi	ijáje	ẓadé	ma ⁿ ẓi ^{n'} i-gǎ!	Wajíde	ẓi ^{n'}	ijíñ'ge	éč
My father	his	pronouncing	walk ye	Something	he has	his son	it is he
	name	it		red			

há,	ecé tai.	Dadíha,	i ⁿ c'áge	amá	ẓigísiẓái	há."
	you shall say	O father	old men	the pl. subj.	they remem-	ber you



It is sung thus :—

1. Hi^{n'}-da-dí ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ga+ǵo! Hí-e-ǵe-e+!
 Hi^{n'}-da-dí ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ga+!
 Hi^{n'}-da-di ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ga+ǵo! Hí-e-ǵe-e+!
 Ǵa-dé ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ǵá! Hi^{n'}-da-di+, hi^{n'}-c'á-ge ha-má-ǵaⁿ
 Ǵi-ǵí-siǵ a-mé-e-ǵó! Hí-é o+-é!
2. Ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ge-ǵé. Hí-é-ǵe-e-ǵo+!
 Wa-jí-de a-ǵi^{n'}+ hí-ǵiǵ-ge+ hi^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}+ga-ba+daⁿ
 Hi^{n'}-da-di+ ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}+ge-ǵé. Hí-é+-ǵe-e+!
 Ǵa-de+ ma^{n'}-ǵi^{n'}-ǵá! Hi^{n'}-da-di+, hi^{n'}-c'á-ge ha-má-ǵaⁿ
 Ǵí-ǵi-i+-si-ǵé a+-me+-ǵo! He+-ǵe+-ǵo!

VI. Song in honor of Úhaⁿ-ǵaǵga. He was slain in a fight with the Dakotas, after he had joined the Hetucka. A survivor composed this song, of which the words in the spoken language are as follows :—

Agǵí tǵ uǵúama.
 Úhaⁿ-ǵaǵ'ga, iⁿ-c'áge amá
 Ǵigísizǵai (ǵí'ǵí) zǵ'e átiǵai.

I regret that I have come back (alive)
 O Úhaⁿ-ǵaǵga, the aged men,
 When they think of you, make a sudden uproar (calling your name),
 (Therefore) I regret that I have come back (instead of dying as you did).

(Ádaⁿ) agǵí tǵ uǵúama.

The same song, in singing notation :—

Há-ǵǵi té ǵú-a-mé! Ú-haⁿ-yaⁿ ǵaǵ'-ga, hiⁿ-c'á-ge a-má
 Há-ǵǵi té ǵú-a-mé! Ǵi-ǵí-si-ǵaí, zǵ'-e á-i-á-ti-a-ǵaí!
 Há-ǵǵi té ǵú-a-mé! E+á-ǵǵi té ǵú-a-mé!
 Há-ǵǵi té ǵú-a-mé! Hí-e ǵé-e-ó!
 Hí-e-ǵe-e+o+-é! (<, *crescendo*.)

Sung by Frank La Flèche. Recorded by Professor Szemelenyi.



VII. Supposed to be sung by a man who addresses his kindred and other friends. The words of this song, if spoken, would be as follows:—

Aⁿ'ba xéonaⁿ aŋgíʔaⁿbái-gǎ! See me, your kinsman, only for to-day!
 Hezúcka tē téqi édegaⁿ, The Hezúcka is a difficult thing,
 dáxe tá miŋke! but I will undertake it!
 Aⁿ'ba xéonaⁿ aŋgíʔaⁿbái-gǎ! See me, your kinsman, only for to-day!

The same song, in singing notation. The first line is sung by one man, then all join him in singing the rest.

1. Aⁿ'ba-xé-onaⁿ-yaⁿ' aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ'-ba-i-gá!
 Aⁿ'ba-xé-onaⁿ-yaⁿ' aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ'-ba-i-gá!
 Aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ' ba-i-gá!
 Aⁿ'ba-xé-onaⁿ-yaⁿ' aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ'-ba-i-gá!
 Hi-é xé-e-o-e!

2. Hé-xu-cká te té-qi é-de,dá-xe tá miŋ-ké!
 Aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ'-ba-i-gá!
 Aⁿ'ba-xé-onaⁿ-yaⁿ' aŋ'-gi-l' ʔaⁿ'-ba-i-gá!
 He+xo! He+xo!

J. Owen Dorsey.

A TETON DAKOTA GHOST STORY.

BY GEORGE BUSHOTTER.

Ehaŋ'ni	wicóti	ške.	Lená	oyáte	ʔin	wanáse	áya	canké
Long ago	many lodges	It is said	These	people	the	to surround the	they were	because
						buffalo, etc.,	going	
oyáte	ótapi.	Waná	ʔákəl	étipi	can	wicása	wanʔí	éyapáha
people	were many	Now	in that	they camped	when	man	one	proclaiming
			manner	there for a	night			

aú, ɣeyápi ške. Na, Thokáta pté otá kte lo + l
was coming they say that it is said And In future buffalo many will

Waktáya un pó, eyá iwáhowiçayápi. Na waná téhanl
On guard be ye " " he sent word to them about it And now far

yápi ɣin lehanl' koškálaɣa wan wikóškalaɣá lila wašté - la
they went the at this time young man one young woman very pretty small

na yúzin ktá cin ɣeyas' šun'kawakan' atkúku ɣin
and he take hold of will wished though horses her father the

kú šni ehanɣas yúzin kte šni ɣeyápi çan ké lila
he gave if thereafter he marry shall not they said that because very

čanťésicin na héktakiya kiglá. Yün'kan aké iglákapi
was dis- and back again he had gone back And again they broke up
pleased camp

na iyáyapi hčehan' šun'kawakan' lila waštéšte iyéwiçayápi
and they had just then horse very good ones he found them
gone

čan ké akan' yanɣin' na héččš ecěl' yá yanɣin' na waná
because on he sat and it happened so he was going (sit- and now
ting)

otiwotá ɣin el glí. Yün'kan típi wanžila éna han'
deserted camp- the there he came back And lodge one there stood
ing place

ča wanyan'ka tká waná maká iyákpaza áya çan ké "Itó,
and no he saw it but now earth dark on it it became because Well,
more

léna kčš munɣá yanɣé," ecin' na waná típi el
here though I lie perhaps (in thought) he and now lodge there
thought

ikhíyela ú. Yün'kan típi ɣin tiyópa wančin na titáhepiyá
near to it he was And lodge the door it had none and half-way up the
coming lodge

átaya maká onáspe ecé un akátapi çan ké jóka til yé šni
entire ground dug into only with it was covered because how into the he did
squares with dirt lodge not go

tká akčš' til iyáya. Yün'kan timáhěl çanžob' paslátapi
but again into the he had And within the lodge four posts were driven upright
lodge gone into the ground

tka táku ɣin slolyé šni tka wanɣanl' étünwe šni itókab
but what the he did not but up above he looked not before
know

wan'çag cėti na hehan' ožan'žan çan ké wanɣanl' étünwan.
suddenly he made and then it was light because up above he looked
a fire

Yün'kan wičágnakápi wan' han. Yün'kan ektá étünwan. Yün'kan
And a burial scaffold one stood And there he looked And

win'yan wan unɣhan' hišské čuwignaxá ũn' ča kúl ahtünwan.
woman one female elk teeth in rows around her chest and back she as (?) down she gazed

Yün'kan koškálaɣa ɣin wan'çag iyéɣiya. Na waná hěl téhan
And young man the suddenly he recognized And now there a long
her time

un'. Na waná ak'han̄te x̄in'íca čan̄ké lečín', "Itó, pté
he was And now he was starved to death almost because he thought this Well buffalo

óle blá yan̄xé," ečín'. Yŭn'kan wanági x̄in̄ hečíya, "Loyáčin
I I go perhaps (in thought) he thought And ghost the said as follows to him you are hungry

x̄ehé x̄in̄ heŭn' šŭn'kawakan' x̄in̄ akan' íglotax̄in̄ na heyátakiya
you said that the there-fore horse the on you sit on your own and back to the bluffs

lé x̄in̄han', tókša pté ejan' ěl niúpi x̄in̄han', óhan̄
you go when by and by buffalo some they come to you when among them

iyéničiyin' na tukté iyótan̄ wašté x̄in̄ hé yaó na ayáxé na han̄xé
put your- self and which exceedingly good the that you and you bring it and a piece hither

čeyáuñdin' na m̄iye tokéya wanági waémiyéčignax̄in' kte," eyá.
you roast on a stick and me first ghost you put it down for me shall said she

Čan̄ké ho wanaš' héčes iyáya. Yŭn'kan waná pahá okíksa
Because ¶ now it happened he had gone And now hill cut in two (= a valley)

han̄ wan̄ ěl ogná u. Yŭn'kan pté optáye wan̄ naŭng'
stood one there in he was coming And buffalo herd one running

aú čan̄ké éna inázin̄ x̄in̄ ičŭn'han̄ in'yan̄xápi x̄in̄ wičóhan̄
was coming (collective) because there he stood there the while they ran the among them

šŭng-in'yan̄kíye x̄in̄ ičŭn'han̄ éwačínksápa ča héčena wan'čag
he made his horse run the while he realized his situa- tion as so then suddenly

wan̄z̄l ó na phátin̄ na agl̄. Yŭn'kan win'yan̄ wanági x̄in̄
one he wounded and cut it up and took it home And woman ghost the

han̄xé čeŭm' si čan̄ké ečŭn'. Yŭn'kan win'yan̄ x̄in̄
part to roast commanded because he did it And woman the

makáta hú glehyéla glihéičiya, čan̄ké yus'in'yeyá
to the legs (with) leggins striped she made herself fall sud- therefore he was scared
ground with beads denly on her feet

tka wanági x̄in̄ hečíya, "Komákipe šn̄l," ečíya.
but ghost the said that (= the following) Fear me not she said it to him

Hehan'! nakun' tákečín' na eyé šni itókab, wanági x̄in̄ slolyá
Then also what he and he said not before ghost the she knew it
thought it

ške. Ho héčes waná hŭn'xu iyáyapi x̄in' ečěl' yápi ktá x̄eyápi
it is said ¶ It happened now their they had the so they go will they said that
mothers gone

tká wanági win'yan̄ x̄in̄ leyá, "An'pa čan̄ éun̄tí na
but ghost woman the she said this Day-time while we dwell in the lodge and
for a day

han̄hépi čan' igláká unyin' kte," ečíya čan̄ké héčes
night when striking the tent we go will she said to him because it happened
(or migrating)

hanhépi ehan' igláka yápi. Yŭn'kan win'yan xŭn
 night at that time striking the tent they went And woman the
 (or migrating)

pŭamáhĕl ecé mání na ȳohanŭni tákuni eyé šni, hú xŭn
 with covered always she and never nothing she said it not legs the
 head walked

tan'in' šni nainš' ħápe šni mání ške. Na wićáša xŭn
 visible not or making a noise not she walked it is said And man the

tanmáhĕl táku awáćin xŭn oyás'in wanági xŭn slolyá ške.
 within the body what he thought the all ghost the she knew it it is
 about said.

Ho heŭn' wanági xŭn táku oyás'in slolyápi ške. Hehanl' nakŭn
 ¶ Therefore ghost the what all they know it it is Then also
 said

tatéyanpá kta ćan' wanági xŭn slolyá ške, na mağázu nainš
 the wind blow will when ghost the knows it it is and rain or
 said

waxin'yan u kíyin ktá ćan slolyá ške. Na wanági xŭn ȳohanl'
 heavy thunder-clouds will when knows it it is said And ghost the at what time
 draw near

taté ćan'na lĭla wíyuskin' ške. Na héćĕl ománihan'pi tká
 wind when very is glad it is said And in that they were walking but
 manner about

oyáte xŭn iyéwićayápi šni ećĕl' wićáša xŭn inš' eyé wanági
 people the they did not find them so man the he too ghost

ićága. Ho héćĕl wanági xŭn inš eyá ȳókĕl unxun'pi xŭn léćĕl
 he became ¶ in that ghost the they too how we live the in this
 manner

un'pi ške.
 they live it is said.

NOTE.

The foregoing story has been edited by the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, in order to make the Dakota words conform as far as possible to the Riggs alphabet, as given in "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," vol. iv., 1852. The inverted letters, *đ*, *x*, *ȳ*, are "sonant-surds," described by Mr. Dorsey in his paper on Siouan Phonology in the Smithsonian Report for 1883.

TRANSLATION.

In the olden time there was once a large village. The people were many because they killed the buffalo. When they camped for the night, a man used to go through the camp as a crier, saying, "There will be many buffalo. Be on the alert!" When they had gone in this manner for a long time, there was a young man who wished to marry a beautiful young girl; but as they said that he should not marry her unless he gave her father some horses, he

became displeased and abandoned the tribe. Just as they struck the tents the next morning the young man found very fine horses, one of which he mounted, and thus he returned to the deserted camping site. He saw there a solitary lodge and, as night was coming on, he thought, "Well, perhaps I shall lie here, though (it is not exactly suitable?)."

He approached the lodge, but he found that it had no entrance, and it was covered half way up all around with square pieces of sod. By and by, he managed to get inside. Four posts had been driven into the ground. He lighted a fire, and looked up. A burial scaffold was there! On the scaffold was a woman, around whose chest and back were rows of teeth of the female elk. She looked down, and immediately the young man recognized her. He dwelt with her for a long time, as she became his wife. At length, when he had almost starved to death, he thought, "Well, I will go to hunt a buffalo."

He did not speak aloud. And the ghost said, "You said that you were hungry. Mount your horse and ride back to the bluffs. By and by, when you meet some buffalo, rush in among them and shoot the fattest one. Bring the meat home, roast a piece on a stick, and serve me with my share before you eat."

He departed according to her instructions. He reached a valley, where he met a herd of buffalo. He made his horse run among them, killed one, cut up the body, and carried it home. He roasted the piece, as he had been commanded. Then the woman slipped down from the scaffold, alighting on her feet. Her leggins had rows of beadwork on them. The young man was alarmed, but the ghost said, "Fear me not." The ghost knew what he thought before he could say a word.

Then they said that they would go just as their mothers had gone, but the ghost woman said to him, "Let us pitch the tent during the day, and travel by night." So they traveled at night. The woman walked with her head covered, never saying anything; her legs were invisible, and she made no noise as she walked. When the man thought about anything, the ghost knew all, though he did not speak of it.

Therefore the ghosts know all things. The ghost knows when the wind will blow, and when there will be rain or heavy thunder clouds. The ghost is very glad when there is going to be a wind.

And thus did the man and his ghost wife travel about, but the people did not find them; and finally the man himself became a ghost.

It is said that the ghosts also live (and act) just as we do.

J. Owen Dorsey.

PONKA STORIES, TOLD BY TIM POTTER, OR BIG GRIZZLY BEAR, IN 1872, AT PONKA AGENCY, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Prophecies. — At a time when the Ponkas had no food, Horse-with-yellow-hair prayed to Wakanda (the Great Mysterious Power) on the hill beyond Stony Butte,¹ and said, "There are many buffalo. Go and see. This is what Wakanda says." They departed, and only one man returned. He said, "All the Ponkas have been killed." Then Smoke-maker prayed and sang, prophesying, "To-morrow they will return. Wakanda says so." And his prophecy was fulfilled.

A man prophesied that the Dakotas would steal White Eagle's horse. Bare Legs had a presentiment of his death. He saw his spirit covered with blood upon a hill; and four days after, May 3, 1872, he was slain. Bird Head lost a brother, to whom Knows-the-land prophesied thus: "O friend, the Dakotas will kill you!" Smoke-maker had a drum. One summer day, when it was out-of-doors, it began to beat when no one was near it. So Smoke-maker meditated and prophesied, saying, "Twenty-two Pawnees shall be killed." In the fight that ensued, Big Head was wounded in the neck. The Pawnees were defeated, and the infant son of Smoke-maker was brought to the battle-field, where his feet were placed on the necks of two Pawnees: hence his name, Na^a-ba'wa-ta^w, *Trod on two*. This occurred in 1857.

Sleight of Hand. — One day Whip, a head chief, said, "I am going to make the sun blue." And he did so. Then he said, "I am going to pull out some of the hair of the man in the moon." He held up his hands to show that he had no hair in them. Then he began to sing. Suddenly he had some bloody hair in each hand. Ga-*ji'*-de ma^w-*gi*^a and a great many others were witnesses.

Once, when the Ponkas were destitute of food, Buffalo Bull, the father of Grizzly Bear's Ear, said, "I will use magic." His wife replied, "Please do so." So he made a pile of earth about two feet high, and shot four arrows into it. A large deer was then slain, furnishing them with plenty to eat.

J. Owen Dorsey.

¹ A prominent landmark, about seven miles back from the Missouri and the Agency.

ABSTRACTS OF OMAHA AND PONKA MYTHS.

THE author began these abstracts in a series of letters to "The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal" of Chicago. These myths were dictated to the author by the Indians in their own language, the *Čegiha*. They will be published by the Bureau of Ethnology in "Contributions to North American Ethnology. Vol. VI. The *Čegiha* Language. Part I. Myths, Stories, and Letters." The Rabbit myths were described in the "American Antiquarian," vol. viii. No. 5 (September, 1886), pp. 285, 286. These were followed by the Ictinike and Coyote myths, in vol. viii. No. 6 (November, 1886), pp. 366, 368.

The last article in vol. ix. No. 2 (March, 1887), pp. 95-97, contained accounts of The Orphan as a Rabbit, The Orphan and the Water Monster with Seven Heads, The Orphan and the Buffalo-woman, and The Corn-woman and the Buffalo-woman.

He who sticks a plume in his hair, or, *Hiⁿqpé-ágžě*, was the youngest son of a couple who had lost all their other sons in contests with some bad men who possessed magic power. The magic plume caused its wearer to avenge the deaths of his brothers. The first day, the contestants climbed poles. *Hiⁿqpé-ágžě* won, and killed the first bad man. The next day, they tried swings, and though the hero was assigned one with broken cords, he escaped falling by means of his plume; and the bad man who used the strong swing was killed by a fall. The third day, he won a race. Then only one bad man remained. As he did not appear on the next day, *Hiⁿqpé-ágžě* went in search of him.

On the way he met a beautiful woman, who was the bad man in another shape. She deceived the hero, making him recline with his head in her lap, and go to sleep. While he was asleep, she took hold of his ears and pulled them. Then she removed the magic plume. *Hiⁿqpé-ágžě* became a mangy dog. The bad man stuck the plume in his own hair, and took the dog to a large village. The man said that he was *Hiⁿqpé-ágžě*, and, as that hero had become famous, the chief gave him his eldest daughter for a wife. The chief's second daughter was kind to the dog, though her sister and the bad man wished the dog killed. The bad man was always unsuccessful in bringing game home; but the dog always killed one of the larger animals. On the removal of the village, the dog had the power of speech restored to him, and he told the girl to make a sweat-lodge for him. When the lodge was uncovered, behold, he was a handsome man. He married the girl, and when he reached the village where the bad man was he snatched the plume from him, and stuck it in his own

hair. When he kicked the bad man, the latter became a mangy dog, that was killed at once by order of the chief. The hero was very useful to the tribe, bringing in much game. Then the widow of the bad man said to her sister, "Let us have your husband together." But the wife reminded her of her former cruelty to him. After a while the hero returned with his wife to his own country. The elder sister followed them, though not invited. When they reached his father's lodge, behold, the parents were very poor, and the crows had picked out their eyes. The sister-in-law restored their sight, and was rewarded by being made the wife of Hiŋpé-ágǝ.

The Chief's Son and the Thunders. — The chief's son had been lazy, but he had a vision, which caused him to make up a war-party. They met an aged Thunder-man, whom they did not recognize, and who seemed very poor. He rewarded their kindness by giving the leader an otter-skin bag and a club that could make thunder. The leader sent out scouts each day, charging them not to molest any of their "Grandfathers" whom they might encounter. The first day, the men attacked a buffalo, and one of their number was killed. The second day they attacked a big wolf, with a like result. The third day a grizzly bear slew one of them. The fourth day they came to the End-of-the-Sky, where there was a chasm, into which the perpendicular sky descended and then ascended at very short intervals. All leaped across but one man, who was carried down into the chasm by the descending sky! By and by they came in sight of a mountain, on which was a dense cedar forest, and smoke issued from the summit. The scouts were four days in finding the cave near the top. As they entered they found an aged man, with a large head covered with white hair. This was a Thunder-man. He had three brothers. One had red hair, another had yellow hair, and the last one had green hair. They brought home a black bear, a buffalo bull, and a dead man. They gave the visitors the bear and buffalo for their dinner. After the meal, the first old man called on the young chief to tell his adventures.

As the young man demurred, the old man said that he would tell a myth. So he began telling about four old Thunder-men with large heads, to whom a party of Indians had come, referring to himself and his brothers. Then the young man said that he would tell a myth. So he told about a chief who had a lazy son, giving his own adventures up to the time when they entered the cave. After this all went to sleep. But the leader warned his followers to "sleep with one eye open." By and by, when all were thought to be sound asleep, the leader, peeping through a hole in his robe, saw the first old man rise slowly and peer towards the visitors. He had a club or some other

weapon in his hand, and just as he was about to attack the Indians their leader sprang to his feet, whirled his magic club around his head four times, making thunder, which killed all four of the Thunder-men! Then he ordered his men to take the four scalps entire, without marring them. On the way back he rescued the four men who had been killed by the End-of-the-Sky and the animals. All his warriors received garments made of human scalps. Finally, the young leader was made the head chief over several tribes.

The Chief's Son, the Snake-woman, and the Thunders.—The young man made three attempts to drink at a spring, but was scared away on seeing a snake appear above the surface of the water. The fourth time that he approached, he saw a beautiful woman, who married him. She was the Snake-woman. She gave him a ring, telling him to take his meals apart from the rest of his tribe, and before eating he should place the ring beside him, calling on her. When he did this she appeared; but after the meal she vanished. This was done four times. On the fourth day, she was discovered by one of her husband's family, and from that time she remained with him. Subsequently, on learning of his love for another woman, she disappeared. The husband traced her to the spring and beyond it. An aged man, who was "mysterious," gave the young man ragged clothing, a cap which rendered the wearer invisible, a "striking weapon," and a lame horse. He told him how to find his wife, and what to do to her and to others. Closing his eyes, the young man crossed a wide stream at one stride! There he found a lodge, where some bad Thunder-men lived. They preyed on the human race. The youth alarmed them by hitting them when invisible, then appearing and vanishing at will. Finally, he made them promise him to eat animals instead of people, under a severe penalty. When he reached the village where the Snake-woman was, he found that she had married again. So he killed her and all the people in the village by brandishing his magic weapon. Returning to the Thunder-men, he found that they still ate human beings. So he banished them from this earth, sending them into the upper world, where they serve men by sending cooling rains and storms in hot weather. On his return home he married the woman of whom his first wife had been jealous. He was killed during an attack on his village. But there is much more of the myth, which was forgotten by the informant.

Two-faces and the Twin Brothers.—A man's wife became *enceinte*. Her husband told her not to look at any visitor who came to the lodge in his absence; so when a two-faced being came, she sat with her face to the back of the lodge. She did so three days in succession. On the fourth day, as the Two-faces was departing, she turned

her head, and saw him. The sight killed her at once. Two-faces cut her open, extracted the twins, leaving one at the lodge and taking the other to the forest, to be raised by ground-mice. The brothers met when they were large enough to use the bow. They had several adventures. Their father told them not to visit a certain spring. As soon as he departed, the wild brother persuaded the other one to accompany him to the spring, where they found many rattlesnakes. They cut off the tails, made a bundle, and carried them home, where they put them around the entrance to the lodge. When the father returned, he made them restore the tails to the snakes. Then he told them not to go near a ravine. They disobeyed him, and found there an old woman, making pottery. This "Grandmother" resembled the "Old Man of the Sea," in Sindbad the Sailor's story. One of the boys took her on his back to carry her home. When they arrived, they could not get her off! They tickled her, but in vain. At last they hit her in the hollow of the back with a stone hammer. Their father, on his return, made them take the old woman back to the ravine. The third day, they went to a tree on a high point of land. It contained the nest of a Thunder-bird, in which were four young birds. One brother climbed the tree, and threw the birds down, after asking each one what its name was. When the fourth bird was thrown down, the tree shot up to a great height, carrying the youth almost out of hearing. The other brother struck the tree with a stone hammer, and pronounced certain magic words, causing the tree to resume its former size. The boys took the birds home, but the lightning in and around the lodge so alarmed the father that he made them restore the birds to the nest. The adventures of the fourth day were not obtained.

The Brothers, Sister, and Red Bird. — There were four brothers, who dwelt by themselves. Three went hunting one day, leaving the youngest to take care of the lodge. He hurt his foot with a splinter, which he drew out, and wrapped in some fine buffalo hair, laying the bundle at the side of the lodge. He then went for water. On his return, he heard a child crying in the lodge. It was the splinter, which had become a girl. The four brothers decided to adopt the girl; so she became their little sister. When she was grown, a Red Bird came to court her. He was a man when he ran away with her, but he was a bird when he returned to inform the brothers. The youngest brother saw the bird, and shot his arrows at it. All missed the bird. At last he shot a magic arrow, which the brothers prized. It wounded the bird, who flew off with the arrow. The fourth followed, wishing to recover the arrow. He had sundry adventures at four villages. At last he reached a great lake, at the bottom of which dwelt the Red Bird. The sister of the youth

emerged from the water, and persuaded him to accompany her beneath the surface. As he approached his sister the water separated, revealing a passage to the submarine village. There he was welcomed by the Red Bird, who restored the magic arrow. When he left, the Red Bird gave him four tiny boats, which had magic power. On reaching each of the four villages where he had been entertained, he put a boat into the water, and pronounced some words causing the boat to become very large, when it was filled with all the presents that the youth wished to give to the chief. Each chief gave him a daughter for a wife, but the youth kept three for his brothers, and married one whom he considered the kindest.

J. Owen Dorsey.

WASTE-BASKET OF WORDS.

COAST. — To descend a hill over the snow, on a sled, in winter. The word, in this sense, is not mentioned in England, and is even now not familiar in parts of New England, where the usual expression is to *slide*; and this seems the more proper and ancient phrase. When a boy from Maine, fifty years ago, came to Boston, and heard other boys talk of "coasting down hill," he did not know what they meant. Did the word originate among a seafaring people, as if skimming on a sled suggested the movement of a boat in coasting the shore? Was it only local? And how far is it now universal in the United States?

DELIGHTSOME. — This good old English word is still used in New England, as applicable to a pleasing landscape, etc.

DREEN. — On the island of Mount Desert, the ebb of the tide is spoken of as the *dreen*; the tide is said to *dreen* out, that is, drain out. Dreen for drain was formerly common in Maine and Massachusetts.

GIVE HIM JESSY. — When two American boys are fighting together and a crowd is watching the mill, a spectator will often encourage one of the contestants by crying, "Give him jessy!" In my own boyhood the expression was too familiar to seem worthy of note. Hearing it after many years, it seemed a subject fit for inquiry. It appears certain that this phrase is a remnant of the days when the language of falconry was familiar among the youths as that of horse-racing now is. The jess was a thong by which the bird was attached to the wrist, and when it retrieved badly it appears to have been the custom to punish it by the application of the thong. It is not unlikely that this convenient bit of leather may also have been used from time to time in arguments with boys. At any rate, the phrase is heard through all parts of the United States. I have not been able to find whether it exists at all in England. I think it likely it may have died out there, for several of my acquaintances who were bred in England do not remember to have heard it. — *N. S. Shaler, Cambridge, Mass.*

MAMMOCK. — This word, employed by Shakespeare and Milton, was

familiarly used in my father's family, at Plymouth, Mass. Thus it might be said in restraint of a boy's inclination to seize on a basket of cake at the supper table, Don't mamnock it, that is, as I understood, Don't paw it, or poke it over. — *John Bartlett, Cambridge, Mass.*

RESENT. — In 1772, Mr. Thomas Foster, Jr., being desirous to obtain a copy of Church's History of King Philip's War, wrote to the worthy members of the Old Colony Club, that he would "esteem it a very great favor if you in your wonted liberality would bestow one upon your petitioner, who will always gratefully resent the same." "Records of the Old Colony Club" (from the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society" for October 13, 1887). Dr. Charles Deane, the editor of these records, cites also a reply to an invitation to preach, which had been addressed, in 1773, to Rev. Charles Turner, the minister of Duxbury, Mass.: "The request you have been pleased to send me to preach on your next anniversary has been entertained with the most grateful resentments of the immerited honor you have done me thereby." Dr. Deane considers this as a survival of the old sense of *resent*, "to have a strong sense of," pointing out that Milton, in "Paradise Lost," employs the word in the modern signification, and that "immerited," in 1773, was also archaic.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE credit of originating the term "folk-lore" belongs to a correspondent of "The Athenæum," London, 22d August, 1846, who signed his article Ambrose Merton. The object of the communication was to urge the collection, to quote the writer's words, "of what we in England designate as Popular Antiquities, or Popular Literature (though by-the-bye, it is more a lore than a literature, and would be most aptly designated by a good Saxon compound, 'Folk-Lore,' the lore of the people)." He included under this name "manners, customs, observances, superstitions, ballads, proverbs," and claimed the honor of introducing into the language the word "folk-lore," as Disraeli had claimed the credit of introducing "fatherland." The latter term has not proved acceptable to English ears. But "folk-lore" has been successful, not only in the realm of English speech, but also in other tongues. The only English synonym which could be employed would be "popular traditions," the equivalent of the designation of the study in French and Italian; but the cumbrous phrase "Society of Popular Traditions" would by no means convey the same clear idea that is given by the expression "Folk-Lore Society."

In the year 1878 the "Folk-Lore Society" was organized in England, "for the preservation and publication of popular traditions, legends, ballads, local proverbial sayings, superstitions, and old customs (British and foreign), and all subjects relating to them." The rules of this society have served as the model of those adopted by the American Folk-Lore Society,

which must, therefore, in an especial sense, regard the British organization as its parent.

The publications of the Folk-Lore Society now amount in number to twenty volumes. "The Folk-Lore Record," which up to 1883 was annually published, was in that year superseded by the "Folk-Lore Journal," at present issued quarterly.¹

On the continent of Europe several publications are exclusively devoted to folk-lore. In France, the "Société des Traditions Populaires" publishes a monthly journal, "Revue des Traditions Populaires."² The journal "Mélusine," a review of mythology and popular tradition, is also issued monthly.³ In Italy, a quarterly journal, "Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari,"⁴ serves for the collection of Italian tradition. In Hungary, a monthly periodical of a similar character has been founded within a year.⁵ A very much larger number of periodicals, concerned with geography, ethnology, or language, regard folk-lore as coming within their province, and contain collections of popular traditions.

It is apparent that what distinguishes in common the numerous subjects included under the name "folk-lore" is their character of oral tradition. Lore must be understood as the complement of literature, as embracing all human knowledge handed down by word of mouth and preserved without the use of writing. Such knowledge is distinguished by certain characteristics, which make it desirable to have a special name for this vast region of human thought. The term "lore" has, therefore, during the last few years, undergone a specialization. Formerly applied to all knowledge, it is now becoming limited to such information as is orally transmitted from age to age. Since this knowledge is originally common to a whole people, and alike for all ranks of the nation, it is properly designated as *folk* lore. It

¹ The annual subscription to the Folk Lore Society is one guinea, which will entitle members to receive the publications of the society for the year. Persons who desire to join the society should address the Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. J. Foster, 36, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, London, N. W.

² The *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, now in its third year, contains 64 pages, 8vo, in each (monthly) issue, with several pieces of music, and a number of illustrations. It is conducted by M. Paul Sébillot, General Secretary of the society, with the assistance of an editorial committee. The society, which as 230 members, receives support from the Ministry of Public Instruction. It also publishes an *Annuaire* (see Bibliographical Notes, below). The subscription is 15 francs, entitling the subscriber to receive the *Revue* and the *Annuaire*. Applications for membership should be addressed to M. Paul Sébillot, No. 4, Rue de l'Odéon, Paris.

³ *Mélusine* was established in 1877 by MM. Henri Gaidoz and E. Rolland, and is now edited by M. H. Gaidoz, appearing on the 5th of each month, each issue containing 12 pages, 4to. The subscription is 12 francs per annum, by postal order, addressed to M. Emile Lechevalier, 39, Quai des Grands-Augustins, Paris.

⁴ The *Archivio* is edited by Sig. G. Pitre and S. Salamone-Mario. Each quarterly issue contains about 150 pages. The subscription is 17 francs. Palermo: L. P. Lauriel, publisher.

⁵ *Ethnologische Mittheilungen aus Ungarn*, Budapest, 1887. Edited by Dr. Anton Hermann.

does not appear either desirable or possible, in dealing with a primitive people, to include a part and exclude another part of its traditions. In dealing, therefore, with the Indian tribes of America, it is the intention of this journal to include the entirety of their oral traditions.

The field open to collectors of old English folk-lore has been already noticed in the introductory article. That field is far more extensive and interesting than is generally supposed. At the risk of repetition, it may be well to enumerate, in a general way, branches of this sort of lore, in regard to which the editors will be glad to receive and acknowledge correspondence:—

1. Quaint and ancient customs.
2. Superstitions.
3. Nursery tales, of the type of those recorded in Germany by the brothers Grimm.
4. Rhymes (only if they appear in themselves interesting, in virtue of quaintness, etc.).
5. Quaint sayings and proverbs.
6. Riddles (of an old-fashioned type).
7. Games of children (not in print).
8. Dialect, local phrases, etc.

Communications may be addressed to the General Editor of this journal, Cambridge, Mass.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION IN REGARD TO TERMS USED IN TALKING TO DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—The following circular letter will explain itself:

In controlling the movements of domestic animals by the voice, besides words of ordinary import, man uses a variety of peculiar terms, calls, and inarticulate sounds,—not to include whistling,—which vary in different localities. In driving yoked cattle and harnessed horses, teamsters cry, “get up,” “click click” (tongue against teeth), “gee,” “haw,” “whoa,” “whoosh,” “back,” etc., in English-speaking countries; “arre,” “arri,” “jüh,” “gio,” etc., in European countries.

In the United States “gee” directs the animals away from the driver, hence to the right; but in England (according to Webster’s dictionary) the same term has the opposite effect, because the driver walks on the right-hand side of his team. In Virginia, mule-drivers gee the animals with the cry “hep-yee-ee-a;” in Norfolk, England, “whoosh-wo;” in France, “hue” and “huhaut;” in Germany, “hott” and “hotte;” in some parts of Russia, “haitä,” serve the same purpose. To direct animals to the left another series of terms is used.

In calling cattle in the field the following cries are used in the localities given: “boss, boss” (Conn.); “sake, sake” (Conn.); “coo, coo” (Va.); “sook, sook,” also “sookey” (Md.); “sookow” (Ala.); “tloñ, tloñ” (Russia); and for calling horses, “kope, kope” (Md. and Ala.); for calling sheep, “konanny” (Md.); for calling hogs, “chee-oo-oo” (Va.).

The undersigned is desirous of collecting words and expressions (oaths

excepted) used in addressing domesticated animals in all parts of the United States and in foreign lands.

In particular he seeks information as to :—

1. The terms used to start, hasten, haw, gee, back, and stop horses, oxen, camels, and other animals in harness.
2. Terms used for calling in the field: cattle, horses, mules, asses, camels, sheep, goats, swine, poultry, and other animals.
3. Exclamations used in driving from the person, domestic animals.
4. Any expressions and inarticulate sounds used in addressing domestic animals for any purpose whatever (dogs and cats).
5. References to information in works of travel and general literature will be very welcome.

Persons willing to collect and forward the above-mentioned data will confer great obligations on the writer. He is already indebted to many correspondents for kind replies to his appeal for the "Counting-out Rhymes of Children," the results of which have been published in a volume with that title.

To indicate the value of vowels in English, please use the vowel signs of Webster's Unabridged, and in cases of difficulty spell phonetically.

All correspondence will be gratefully received, and materials used will be credited to the contributors.

Address, Prof. H. Carrington Bolton, University Club, New York, N. Y.

The volume above referred to, which has not been received in time for editorial notice, is entitled: "The Counting-out Rhymes of Children; their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution. A Study in Folk-Lore." By Henry Carrington Bolton. London: Elliot Stock. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Square 8vo, pp. xii, 123. \$2.50.

The second number of this journal, which will appear in July, is expected to contain "Notes on Local Names near Washington," by Mr. W. H. Babcock; an article on Louisiana folk-lore, by Prof. Alcée Fortier, of New Orleans; an article by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, now with the Hemenway Exploring Expedition in Arizona; and contributions of English and negro lore.

The addresses of Mr. W. W. Newell (General Editor) and of Prof. T. F. Crane are given on the first page. The address of Rev. J. Owen Dorsey is P. O. Box 591, Washington, D. C.; that of Dr. Franz Boas is "Science," No. 47 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y.

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH THE HUMAN HAND. — An interesting article by Professor Frank Baker, entitled "Anthropological Notes on the Human Hand," contained in the first number of the "American Anthropologist" (Washington), shows how much superstition is still to be found in the United States. Professor Baker finds that the practice of healing diseases by touching the part affected with the hand of the dead (especially of a pure young girl) is widely spread. This belief is not confined to any particular religious faith. In Washington, the graves of paupers are not unfrequently violated for the purpose of obtaining a hand or arm, the body being otherwise uninjured.

"Detached portions of the dead hand are quite commonly used, among the illiterate classes, for some supposed lucky influence that they bring. I have known them to be taken from dissecting-rooms for that purpose. Old negroes are very apt to have some superstition of this sort. This is a form of the belief that makes it lucky to carry the forepaw of an animal. It will be remembered that at the beginning of his administration President Cleveland had several fetiches of this kind sent him; notably a rabbit's paw from Florida, and a bear's paw from Canada. At least one United States Senator always carries a similar talisman about his person. Among the poor whites of North Carolina, a mole's paw, cut off while the animal is still living, is believed to be especially efficacious."

CONJURING IN ARKANSAS. — It goes without saying that we are superstitious, writes a correspondent from Arkansas. We plant our potatoes by the dark of the moon, and we know many charms for sickness better than medicine. The negroes are like their race everywhere. In Louisiana you are hoodooed, in Arkansas you are conjured. And do you know what a good conjurer can do to you? Of course he can blight your crops, kill your cattle, make a mess of your love affairs; but he can do more: he can throw lizards into you! Now if there is anything more disagreeable than lizards for internal companions, I don't know it; they are worse than a guilty conscience, and it is not surprising that they usually kill "conjured" persons in three months. Henry says: "Heap er folkses conjured on the yon side the creek. Ole man S——, he does it. He does it outen meanness. He 'longs to der Baptis' church, an' de pastor, he reasoned wid 'im 'bout it; but he 'lowed he got 'surance er salvation anyhow, and he would n't listen ter 'im!" — [From the "Boston Herald," May 29, 1887.]

NEGRO DANCES IN ARKANSAS. — "I was, in 1879, on a plantation on the banks of the Lower Mississippi, where, for three nights, the congregation of a colored church kept up fires and queer dances around the grave of their dead pastor, a negro elder, trying to bring him back to life by those same conjuring methods employed in the interior of Africa." — [From the Mexican correspondence of the "Boston Herald," May 7, 1887.]

THE FESTIVAL OF THE SACRIFICE OF THE WHITE DOG AS NOW PRACTISED AT THE ONONDAGA RESERVATION. — "This religious festival is usu-

ally 'called' during the first quarter of the moon in the month of January. It may be held on various days during that period, its special beginning being named by the sachems of each nation, and continues for six successive days, including in its various ceremonies nearly all the features of the Iroquois religion. In accordance with olden customs such feast was "called" last week by the Onondagas on their reservation near Syracuse. . . .

"On the first day of the 'new year jubilee' a white dog is selected and strangled. It must be, by the law, 'spotless and free from all blemish;' they are careful not to shed its blood nor break its bones. It is decorated with ribbons and red paint, and ornamented with feathers, and the very pious, who are taught that with each gift to the sacrifice a blessing is bestowed, hang upon its body trinkets and beads of wampum. Thus decorated, it is fixed to a cross-pole and suspended by the neck about eight feet from the ground. There it hangs until the fifth day, when it is taken down and carried by 'faith keepers' to the council-house, and laid out upon a bench, while the fire of the altar is kindling, while a priest, making speeches over it, relates the antiquity of this institution of their fathers, and its importance and solemnity, finally enjoining the people to direct their thoughts to the Great Spirit, concluding with a prayer of thanks that the lives of so many have been spared through another year. On this occasion, at 'noon by the sun,' twelve young warriors who were stationed at the northern corner of the council-house, firing their rifles, announced the procession as formed. Headed by four 'faith keepers,' who bore the sacrifice, and who were followed by the priests and matrons, and the old and young people, the procession slowly moved toward the main council-house, under which the remains of the celebrated prophet Ga-ne-o-di-yo (Handsome Lake) are buried. Passing through the building from the western to the eastern door outward, and around the council-house, reëntering it at the eastern door, they laid the sacrifice on the altar; and, as the flames surrounded it, a basket containing tobacco was thrown on the fire, its smoke rising as incense, as the priest, in a loud voice invoking the Great Spirit, chanted as follows: 'Hail, hail, hail! Thou who has created all things, who ruleth all things, and who givest laws to thy creatures, listen to our words. We now obey thy commands. That which thou hast made is returning unto thee. It is rising to thee and carrying to thee our words, which are faithful and true.'

"This was followed by the 'great thanking address' (given by the priest and people). . . . This concluded the religious rite, after which the people dispersed in various directions, to reassemble in the afternoon, attending the exciting and peculiarly Indian 'snow snake' game. The fifth being a day devoted to religion, there were no dances. The 'great father dance,' a religious one, was given the next afternoon, followed by the 'trotting,' 'berry,' 'fish,' and 'raccoon' dances. Previous to the sacrifice the 'cousin clans' were divided: the Wolf, Turtle, Snipe, and Bear sat in the new council-house; the Deer, Beaver, Eel, and Hawk were in the old council-house, from whence the procession formed. Sachem Ha-yu-wan-es (Daniel La-fort, Wolf), Oh-yah-do-ja-neh (Thomas Webster, Snipe), hereditary keeper

of the wampum belts, were masters of the religious ceremonies in which about two hundred Indians participated." — [Harriet Maxwell Converse, in the "Elmira Telegram," Elmira, N. Y., January 29, 1888.]

Mr. Edward Jack, in the "Fredericton Trade Review," Fredericton, N. B., gives in that paper, December 15, 1887, an account of the legend of Glooscap, as traditional among Abenakis on the St. John River. From this narration we can only take the following:—

WHY THE PORCUPINE AND TOAD HAVE NO NOSES. — "The turtle, who was Glooscap's uncle, becoming proud of his prowess, had induced the porcupine and toad to join in with him in opposition to Glooscap. To frustrate the doings of these councils, Glooscap turned himself into an old squaw. After entering the door, he saw another squaw in the shape of a porcupine sitting on one side, while another in the shape of a toad sat opposite. Turning to the porcupine, he said, 'What does all this mean?' To which the reply was made, 'that it was not worth while for him to know.' So, thrusting out his hand, with two of his fingers he took off the porcupine's nose. He then in a rage passed over to the toad, when, receiving the same reply, he treated her in a similar manner. This is the reason why you see no nose on either of these animals. So soon as Glooscap was gone the porcupine said to the toad, 'Where is your nose?' Whereupon the toad, looking at the porcupine, said, 'Where is yours?' Upon which they both concluded that it was Glooscap with whom they had been speaking."

HEROIC DEEDS OF GLOOSCAP. — "Glooscap, who seems to have been a spiritual knight-errant, found, on descending the St. John, that a beaver of enormous size and of bad disposition had built a dam across the river at the Falls. His pond included Kennebecasis Bay, where his house was. In order to put an end to his evil doings, Glooscap seized his handspike, 'Split Rock,' which is yet to be seen, broke down the dam, and killed the beaver and all of his family, with the exception of one which had escaped up river some hundreds of miles. He threw two rocks in the river to head him off. These are now known by the Indians as the 'Tobique Rocks.'"

"About half a mile below Boar's Head you will see in the cliff," said my Indian informant, "the form of a man's head surrounded by curly hair. This is Glooscap's image, and it was here that he first came to the St. John River, when he went down to destroy the beaver's dam. Not far from the mouth of the St. John, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, between Manawagonish and the mouth of the Musquash, Glooscap left his pack, and when he came back to look for it he found a sable gnawing at it. Now you can see this pack turned to a great rock, in which is the hole made by the sable. Glooscap also killed a great moose below Lubec, in the State of Maine, and you can yet see all of its entrails turned to stone."

"When I was a boy," said my Indian friend, "we used to go down the river in our canoes to Lepreau for cranberries, in the autumn, and as we were passing Glooscap's face and head we always threw tobacco into the water as an offering, so that we might have a calm time going and returning."

ARTICLE ON FOLK-LORE. — "Folk-Lore Studies," by L. J. Vance, in the "Open Court," Chicago, December 22, 1887, and January 5, 1888. The writer points out the theories which undertake to account for the resemblance of popular tradition in different countries, inclining to the hypothesis of separate invention.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS. Edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. Part V. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 4to, pp. 254.

With this number, Professor Child's work is more than half completed. Three more numbers will finish the series. The half volume before us contains the ballads relating to outlaws, especially Robin Hood, and that called "Sir Hugh, or The Jew's Daughter," versifying the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Of the latter ballad, three versions are given recorded in America. Two of these go back nearly to the beginning of the century, and serve to prove that the old song was traditionally current on this side of the Atlantic.

As the editor is the president of the American Folk-Lore Society, it would scarcely be proper, in the first number of this journal, to enter into a criticism which might appear a eulogy; but there can be no impropriety in citing the judgment of an eminent Italian, Prof. G. Pitre (in the "Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari," April, 1887): —

"The bibliographical history of the separate ballads and songs is, in the actual state of the study of popular poetry, a perfect work. Prepared by the labor of many years for this immense task, Professor Child has been able to follow closely the literary movement, not only of America and Europe, but also of Asia, in regard to the poetry and prose of different peoples. The fruits of such researches are here presented in pages full of comparisons and illustrations, found or conjectured in books of every class, collections of every nation, in various languages; . . . a work which will remain a monument of sagacity, critical intelligence, and learning."

As to the publishers' part in this sumptuous edition, it is only necessary to say that it is a pleasure to see American scholarship honored by a presentation so suitable and becoming.

W. W. N.

ANNUAIRE DES TRADITIONS POPULAIRES. Paris : Maisonneuve et Lechevalier. 1887. 8vo, pp. xxx, 180.

Properly speaking, this is the Annual of the French Society of Folk-Lore, a flourishing society of over two hundred members, with a quasi-governmental recognition in the shape of a subscription from the Minister of Public Instruction, and the assignment of offices in the Ethnographical Museum of the Trocadéro. The publications of the society are a monthly review and an annual containing the constitution of the society, list of members, bibliography, and a miscellany. The contents of the last Annual are as varied as possible : popular tales and songs, superstitions and customs, etc. The most valuable article, however, and one well worthy of translation in some of the future publications of our own society, is an elaborate series of instructions and questions relating to the collection of popular traditions, etc., by P. Sébillot. The instructions contain sections upon the art of collecting, classification of oral literature, and classification of objects of traditional ethnology. The questions embrace the physical world, the supernatural world, man and human life, the trades, traditions, and superstitions of a great city, folk-lore law, medical superstitions, legends, beliefs, and superstitions of the sea, and, finally, customs and beliefs of fishermen. In all of these departments extensive series of questions are suggested, which cannot fail to be of great use to collectors everywhere.

We do not see the name of a single American in the list of members, and yet everything relating to the folk-lore of France should be of interest in this country, where one of the most promising fields for collectors is precisely that settled by French emigrants.

T. F. C.

POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS: THEIR MIGRATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS. By W. A. CLOUSTON. London : William Blackwood & Sons ; New York : Scribner & Welford. 1887. 2 vols, post 8vo, pp. xiii, 485, 515.

We do not know of any book more calculated to awaken an interest in the comparative study of popular tales than Mr. Clouston's. We cannot imagine the most indifferent reader laying the book down without a desire to know more about the many interesting questions suggested by it. The author has not written his work to support a theory ; indeed, it does not appear that he has any very decided one, although in the main he inclines to that of Benfey, that popular tales have been introduced from India within historical times, and chiefly by literary vehicles. However, Mr. Clouston does not obtrude this view upon the reader, but allows him to draw his own conclusions from the documentary evidence he so abundantly presents. Much of the author's material is new, and gleaned from Oriental sources not accessible to the general reader. Even the professional student may find in these volumes many a parallel story that he has not seen before.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is the introduction, in which is given a brief account of the mode in which Oriental stories were brought into Europe and so widely spread. The sources and channels

there mentioned will explain the class of stories contained in the second volume ; they are now generally recognized as inadequate to account for the class in the first volume, namely, fairy tales.

While Mr. Clouston is very widely read in his subject, the chief value of his contribution depends upon the Oriental material which it contains.

T. F. C.

PERRAULT'S POPULAR TALES. Edited from the original editions, with introduction, etc., by ANDREW LANG, M. A. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1888. 8vo, pp. cxv, 153.

THE MOST PLEASANT AND DELECTABLE TALE OF THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE. Done into English by WILLIAM ADLINGTON, of University College in Oxford. With a discourse on the Fable, by ANDREW LANG, late of Merton College in Oxford. London. 1887. Published by David Nutt, in the Strand. 8vo, pp. lxxxvi, 65 ; two etchings, edition of 500 copies.

Mr. Lang's theory of popular tales is found in the last chapter of his work on "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (London, 1887), only in brief, and its detailed application must be sought in his introduction to Mrs. Hunt's translation of Grimm's "Household Tales" (London, C. Bell & Sons, 1884, 2 vols. — the only complete translation of Grimm with the notes of the author), and in the two works mentioned at the head of this notice. The theory put forward by the school of philological mythologists to explain popular tales was, they were simply the *detritus* of myths. Mr. Lang's theory should be that popular tales and myths were evolved out of the same early condition of human fancy, and hence their resemblance ; the important difference being that myths seek to explain something, while popular tales, or *märchen*, do not seem to have any *raison d'être*. We say this should be Mr. Lang's theory ; but while he can account for similarity of material, he is at a loss to account for the similarity of plot, and in his latest words on the subject, "Perrault's Tales," p. cxv, he confesses his inability to give any general answer to the sphinx of popular tales.

Although this is a very unsatisfactory conclusion, the steps by which Mr. Lang arrives at it lead his readers through a charming path. "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" is the immortal episode from Apuleius's "Golden Ass," the oldest fairy tale of Europe. We have not space to follow Mr. Lang in his ingenious treatment of this story in the light of anthropology and savage customs, but must rest with directing the attention of our readers to it as the most elaborate application yet made by Mr. Lang of his theory to any particular tale. The book is daintily printed, and illustrated with two charming etchings. The quaint version of Adlington (first published in 1566, and which may have been read by Shakespeare) will also be found delightful reading.

"Perrault's Tales," we may say first of all, are given in the original text, which Mr. Lang has taken infinite pains to reproduce from the first edition (Paris, 1697). The text is preceded by an elaborate introduction, in which Mr. Lang discusses in his usual charming manner Charles Perrault, his tales,

and fairies and ogres in general. Then follow notes on each tale, in which Mr. Lang applies his method to each separate story, making this edition of Perrault an introduction to the study of popular tales in general. The conclusions reached by the editor have been alluded to above, and it remains to call attention to the beautiful form in which the book is presented to its readers. It is a veritable *édition de luxe*, bound in half parchment, printed on hand-made paper with broad margins, a large-paper copy, in short, with two portraits of Perrault, — a book indispensable to the student of folk-tales, and attractive to the general reader and amateur of handsome printing.

T. F. C.

SELECT TALES FROM THE GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated from the Latin, with preliminary observations and notes, by Rev. C. SWAN. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. (Knickerbocker Nuggets.)

In 1824 the Rev. Charles Swan translated into English (using the Latin text printed by Henry Grau in Hagenau, 1508) the "Gesta Romanorum." Twenty-one years later, a certain G. B., unknown to the cataloguers of the British Museum, published a little book entitled "Evenings with the Old Story Tellers: Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum," etc. (edited by G. B., 1845. 12mo.) This selection of twenty-seven stories was reprinted by the enlightened firm of Wiley and Putnam, and now, after a lapse of forty-two years, Mr. Putnam's Sons have begun their charming series with this little volume, long out of print. The attention of students of popular tales has lately been directed almost wholly to modern folk-tales, and we hail with pleasure anything that will guide them into the broad field of mediæval fiction, where many a curious flower remains to be plucked. May this dainty little book guide some readers to Swan's complete work (in Bohn's Antiquarian Library), or to Oesterley's edition of the original (Berlin, 1872), with its copious references to sources and imitations.

T. F. C.

JOURNALS.

1. **The American Anthropologist.** Published under the auspices of the Anthropological Society of Washington. (Washington.) Vol. I. No. 1, January, 1888. Anthropological Notes on the Human Hand. FRANK BAKER. Pp. 51-74. (An account of superstitions surviving in the United States connected with the hand: touching with the dead hand for sickness, the "hand of glory," belief in the hand as an index of character, etc.)

2. **The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal.** (Chicago.) Vol. X. No. 1, January, 1888. A Strange Way of preserving Peace among Neighbors. JAMES DEANS. (Note on practice of deciding possession of food by pulling-match, among tribes on Queen Charlotte's Islands, B. C.)

3. **Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.** (New York.) December, 1887. A Year among the Eskimo. FRANZ BOAS. (The Sedna and Quadjaqduq legends.)

4. **Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.** (Philadelphia.) No. 126. Notes on the Ethnology of British Columbia. FRANZ BOAS.

5. **New Englander and Yale Review.** (New Haven.) No. 214, January, 1888. Anthropological Mythology. S. B. PLATNER. (Summary and favorable notice of Andrew Lang's book, "Myth, Ritual, and Religion.")

6. **Popular Science Monthly.** (New York.) Vol. XXXII. No. 4. The Moon and the Weather. JOHN WESTWOOD OLIVER. (From "Longman's Magazine.") — No. 5. The Indians of British Columbia. F. BOAS.

7. **Science.** (New York.) No. 259, January 20. The Snow-snake. W. M. BEAUCHAMP. (Note on a game of the Iroquois.) — No. 260, January 27. The Snow-snake. J. N. B. HEWITT. (Criticism of W. M. Beauchamp's paper.) — No. 262, February 10. The Snow-snake. W. M. BEAUCHAMP. — Calls for Domestic Animals. H. CARRINGTON BOLTON. (Circular letter asking for information.) — No. 264, February 24. Christmas Customs in Newfoundland. (The custom of Burying the Wren described by Rev. M. HARVEY: from the Montreal Gazette.) — No. 265, March 2. Irish Myths and Folk-Tales. (Abstract of a paper read before the Anthropological Society of Washington, February 12, by JEREMIAH CURTIN.) — Notes on the Kwakwiool of Vancouver Island. (Review of a paper by George M. Dawson, in the Trans. Roy. Soc. of Can., 1887; *vide infra*.) — Calls for Domestic Animals. F. BOAS. (Calls for dogs used by the Eskimo of Baffinland.)

8. **Proceedings of the Canadian Institute.** (Toronto.) Vol. XXII. 1887. The Mortuary Customs of the Blackfeet Indians. Rev. JOHN MCLEAN.

9. **Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.** (Montreal.) 1887. Notes on the Kwakwiool. GEORGE M. DAWSON. (Containing a brief abstract of the mythology of the nation, principally the important Kanikilak legend, as told by the Klaskanok.) — The Eskimo. FRANZ BOAS. (A comparison of the legends of the Central Eskimo with those of the Greenlanders.) — Some Wabanaki Songs. JOHN READE.

10. **Academy.** (London.) January 21. Superstitious Practices in Southern Italy. J. GONINO. — January 28. The Metaphysics of So-called Savages. F. MAX MULLER. (Stress laid on the necessity of linguistic research in mythological studies.) — February 4. Letter on the Myth of Cupid and Psyche. A. S. ATKINSON.

11. **Celtic Magazine.** (Inverness.) No. 147, January, 1888. Fishermen and Superstition. CATHEL KERR. (Omens, signs, charms, superstitions of various kinds of Scotch fishermen.)

12. **Folk-Lore Journal.** (London.) Vol. VI. No. 1, January-March, 1888. Aino Folk-Lore. B. H. CHAMBERLAIN. Pp. 1-51. (A collection of tales of this primitive people; also scraps of Aino folk-lore.) — Irish Folk-Lore. Reprinted from an account of Ireland by W. S. MASON, 1814-19. Traditions of the Mentra, or Aborigines of Malacca and the Adjoining States. D. F. A. HARVEY. (Account of mythology.) — Birth Ceremonies of the Prabhus. KIRTIKAR. Pp. 75-77. (Abstract of paper read before the Bombay Anthropological Society.) — Notes and Queries. — Notices and News.

13. **Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.** (London.) Vol. XVII. No. 3, February 8, 1888. The Lower Congo: a Sociological Study. R. C. PHILLIPS. (An examination of intellectual state, association of ideas, curiosity, belief in witchcraft, account of ordeals.)

14. **Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.** (London.) Vol. X., January, 1888. Explorations in British North Borneo. D. D. DALY. (Contains brief notes on current beliefs of the natives.)—February. An Exploration of the Rio Dôce and its Northern Tributaries. WM. JOHN STEAINS. (Notes on religious ideas of the Botocudo.)

15. **Calcutta Review.** (Calcutta.) No. 181, January, 1888. The Musheras of Centre and Upper India. J. C. NESFIELD. Part 1, 1-53. (The Mushera tribe: arts and industries, with incidental folk-lore.)

16. **The Indian Antiquary.** (Bombay.) No. 202, November, 1887. Folk-Lore in Southern India. NATESA SASTRI. (Tales.)—No. 24. Folk-Lore in Western India. D. H. WADIA. (Tales.)—No. 10. "Prince Sabar." Folk-lore in Salsette. G. F. D'PENHA. (Tales.) No. 1. (With part of the original text.)

17. **Mélusine.** (Paris.) Vol. IV. No. 1, January, 1888. Les Trois Clercs et le Chat. H. GAIDOZ. (Leg. from Irish book of Leinster, with Irish parallels to Hindoo practice of fasting at door of enemy, explained by animism.)—Le Suicide. H. GAIDOZ.—Les Rites de la Construction. Part 2. H. GAIDOZ. (Practice of interring human beings in foundation of edifices.) Bibliographie.—No. 2. February, 1888. La Fascination. J. TUCHMANN. (Personal peculiarities attributed by the people to those possessed of power of evil eye, etc.)—La Flèche de Nemrod. K. LEFÉBURE. (War of man against spirits in myth, etc.)

18. **Revue d'Ethnographie.** (Paris.) 1887. No. 3. Quelques Renseignements sur les Bobo. Dr. TAUTAIN. (Principally notes on cannibalism.)—No. 4. Les Sauvages du Pérou. OLIVIER ORDINAIRE.—Ethnogénie des Insulaires de Kunié (Île des Pins). M. GLAUMONT. (Several legends of the natives are given.)

19. **Revue des Patois.** (Paris.) Vol. I. No. 3, July-October, 1887. Contes en Patois de Germolles. COMBIER.—Contes de la Haute-Bretagne. P. SÉBILLOT.

20. **Revue des Traditions Populaires.** (Paris.) Vol. II. No. 12, December, 1887. Coutumes, Croyances et Superstitions de Noël. A. CERTEUX.—Contes Populaires Flamands. Pol de Mont.—Vol. III. No. 1, January, 1888. La Fête des Rois. PAUL SÉBILLOT. (Usages of this festival.)—L'Arbre qui monte au Ciel. (Tale.) R. M. LACUVE, MAD. DES-TRICHÉ.—Le Chat de Whittington. LOYS BRUEYRE. (Parallels of the story.)—Rites et Usages Funéraires. 1. La Mort en Basse-Bretagne. G. LE CALVEZ.—Bibliographie.

21. **Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari.** (Palermo.) Vol. VI. No. 2, April-June, 1887. Bibliografia Paremiologica Italiana. G. FUMAGALLI. (Bibliog. of Collections of Ital. Proverbs. Appendix.)—L'Antica Usanza del Ciocco Natalizio. C. CASATI. (Yule log in Milan.)

— Usanze e Pratiche Pop. Siciliane. G. PITRÈ. Pp. 201-219. (Usages of seedtime and harvest.) — Superstit. Pop. del alto Contado Milanese. F. CHERUBINI. Lo Sputo e la Saliva Nelle Trad. Pop. Ant. e Mod. J. W. CROMBIE, R. H. BUSK, and others. Pp. 250-254. — (Superstitions relative to spitting, etc.) — Rivista Bibliografica.

22. **Altpreussische Monatsschrift.** (Königsberg.) XXIV., October-December, 1887. Volksthümliches aus der Pflanzenwelt, besonders für Westpreussen. A. TREICHEL. Pp. 513-607. (A full account of popular uses, customs, beliefs, and superstitions relating to plants in Prussia. Arranged according to botanical names.)

23. **Deutsche Geographische Blätter.** (Bremen.) Vol. X. No. 4. Die Landschaft Dawan oder West-Timor. Ethnographische Mittheilungen von Dr. J. G. F. RIEDEL. (Continued from No. 3. Contains a succinct review of all we know about the inhabitants of Timor: their religious ideas, customs, and lore.)

24. **Globus.** (Brunswick.) Vol. LII. (1887), Nos. 18, 19, 20. Das Schamanenthum unter den Burjäten. — No. 19. Note on Customs and Superstitions in Northeastern New Guinea. — Nos. 21, 22, 23, 24. Die Bevölkerung der Azoren. H. SIMROTH. (Dialect, names, tales, songs.) — Nos. 21, 22. Skizzen aus dem Haussaland. ERNST HARTERT. (Customs, religion, superstitions, etc., of the Hausa.) — No. 23. Carvings from the Northwest Coast of America. F. BOAS. — No. 24. Notes on the Voguls. Vol. LIII. (1888), Nos. 1, 2. Kapitän Jacobsen's Reisen im Gebiete der Giljaken und auf der Insel Sachalin. OTTO GENEST. — No. 2. Im Lande der Campas. O. ORDINAIRE. (Translated.) — Nos. 4, 5, 6. Die Batakker auf Sumatra. W. KÖDDING. (Incidental notes on customs.) — No. 8. Die Mythologie der Nordwest-Amerikanischen Küstenvölker. F. BOAS.

25. **Mittheilungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien.** (Vienna.) 1887. Gebräuche bei Bauopfern. (Customs in Sleswick.) Miss J. METDORF. — Medizinische Zaubersprüche aus Slavonien, Bosnien, der Herzegovina und Dalmatien. F. S. KRAUSS. — Beiträge zur Ethnographie des Kongo. OSCAR BAUMANN. Pp. 160-181.

26. **Oesterreichische Monatsschrift für den Orient.** (Vienna.) December, 1887. Todtengebräuche der Asiatischen Völker. RICHARD FRITSCHKE. (Compilation of many beliefs regarding the dead.)

27. **Petermann's Mittheilungen.** (Gotha.) Vol. XXXIV. No. 1, 1888. Beobachtungen während meiner letzten Reisen in Ostafrika. JOACHIM GRAF PFEL. (Music of the Wasaguha.)

28. **Zeitschrift für Afrikanische Sprachen.** (Berlin.) Vol. I. 1887. Chuo cha utenzi. L. KRAPP. (Poems in old Suahili.) — Negersagen von der Goldküste, mitgetheilt und mit Sagen anderer afrikanischer Völker verglichen von J. G. CHRISTALLER. — Texte von Gesängen der Sotho. Dr. ENDEMANN.

29. **Zeitschrift für Ethnologie.** (Berlin.) Vol. XIX. No. 4. Tagalische Verskunst. — No. 5. JOSÉ RIZAL. Swinegel und Hase. RICHARD ANDREE. (The author traces the well-known tale all over Europe, Mo-

rocco, Kameroun, South Africa, and Brazil, whither it was carried by African slaves.)—Note on the Chameleon. PAUL ASCHERSON. (The chameleon used as an oracle by the tribes near the Suez Canal.)—Mohammedanische Bruderschaften in Algerien. TEN KATE. (Notes on customs and superstitions of the Mohammedans in Algeria.)—Ehelicher Communismus bei den alten Slaven. N. N. TSCHERNISCHEFF.—Zusammenleben der Brautleute auf Probe in Yorkshire. G. VON BUNSEN.

30. *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin*. Vol. XXIII., 1888. Die Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta und die Sierra de Perijá. WILHELM SIEVERS. (Brief note on a legend of the Arhuaco.)—Einige Mythen der Tlingit. F. BOAS. (Legends of the Raven, the Kustaka, and the life after death.)

31. *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. (Leipzig.) Vol. XLI. No. 3, August–October, 1887. Märchen des Siddhi-Kür in Siebenbürgen. H. v. WLISLOCKI. (Four tales, Gypsy, Roumanian, and Saxon, derived from the S.-K.)

32. *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie und Sprachwissenschaft*. (Leipzig.) Vol. XVII. No. 1. Ueber Gebräuche und Aberglauben beim Essen. G. HABERLAND. Part 2. Pp. 1–59.

33. *Ethnologische Mittheilungen aus Ungarn*. (Budapest.) Vol. I. No. 1. Als Vorwort. A. HERRMANN.—Allgemeine Charakteristik des Magyarischen Folk-Lore. L. KATONA.—Märchenhort. CHARLES G. LELAND. (Letter on gypsy tales.)—Beiträge zur Vergleichung der Volks-poesie. A. HERRMANN. (Hungarian popular songs, with comparisons.)—Zauber und Besprechungsformeln der Transilvanischen und Südungarischen Zeltzigeuner. H. v. WLISLOCKI.

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ciety of Kansas),	Topeka, "	William Preston Johnston,	" "
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MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEES.

THE Cherokees are undoubtedly the most important tribe in the United States, as well as one of the most interesting, being exceeded in point of numbers only by the Sioux, and possibly also by the Chippewas, while in regard to wealth, intelligence, and general adaptability to civilization they are far ahead of any other of our tribes. Their original home was the beautiful mountain region of the Southern Alleghanies, in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, with their settlements chiefly upon the head-waters of the Savannah and the Tennessee. They first came into collision with the advancing white population in 1760, and from that time their history is a constant record of wars and land cessions until the final treaty of New Echota in 1835, when the body of the tribe abandoned their homes and removed to the Indian Territory, where they are now known as the "Cherokee Nation," and number about seventeen thousand, besides several thousand adopted Indians, whites, and negroes. By the terms of the treaty a few hundred were allowed to remain behind, on individual grants, while a much larger number managed to elude the clutches of the soldiers in the general round-up, and fled to the mountains. Through the efforts of William H. Thomas, an influential trader among them, most of these were afterward concentrated on adjacent tracts in Western North Carolina. They are now known as the "Eastern Band of Cherokees," and number in all about two thousand, of whom twelve hundred are settled on a reservation in Swain and Jackson counties; three hundred are at Cheowah, some thirty miles farther west; while the remainder are scattered mixed-bloods, retaining but few of the Indian characteristics. Excepting these last, very few know enough English to converse intelligently. Remaining in their native mountains, away from railroads and progressive white civilization, they retain many customs and traditions which have been lost by those who removed to the West. They still keep up their old dances and ball-plays, — although these have sadly degenerated, — their medicine-men, con-

juring, songs, and legends. The Cherokee syllabary, invented by one of the tribe about sixty years ago, has enabled them to preserve in a written form much which in other tribes depends upon oral tradition, and soon disappears before the pressure of civilization. The fact that many of these legends are connected with mountains, streams, and water-falls with which they have been familiar from childhood also goes a long way toward keeping the stories fresh in memory.

The following stories are specimens of a number collected, together with other material, for the Bureau of Ethnology, in the summer of 1887. The first is one of the best known of the Cherokee myths of a sacred character, and in the old times any one who heard it, with all the explanation, was obliged to "go to water" after the recital; that is, to bathe in the running stream at daybreak, before eating, while the medicine-man went through his mystic ceremonies on the bank. I heard the story in its entirety from two of the best story-tellers, one of whom is a medicine-man, and the other is supposed to be skilled in all their hunting secrets. Neither of them speak English. In addition, so many beliefs and customs turn upon this story of Kanati that I probably heard each of the principal incidents at least half a dozen times. There is a sequel to the story, which goes on to tell how, after the departure of Kanati and his sons, the people were nearly starving because they could find no game, until they sent for the boys, who came and taught them the songs and ceremonies with which to call up the deer. These songs are also among my notes. They taught the people no bear-songs, because the bear was still a man. The heroes of this story are in some way connected with the thunder, and are sometimes confounded with the Thunder Boys, who defeated a celebrated gambler known as *Ū^{tsaiy}'* or "Brass," but, until more information is at hand, I prefer to treat them as distinct characters. In the Cherokee words the vowels have the Latin sound, as in the alphabet of the Bureau of Ethnology: *ɔ̃* is pronounced as in but, *ɔ̃* as in law, *aⁿ* and *uⁿ* nasal, and *d* and *g* almost like *t* and *k*.

KANATI AND SELU: THE ORIGIN OF CORN AND GAME.

When I was a boy, this is what the old men told me they had heard when they were boys.

Long ages ago, soon after the world was made, a hunter and his wife lived at Looking-glass Mountain,¹ with their only child, a little

¹ Called by the Cherokees *Tsúwá'teldú'í* or *Tsuwá'téldă*, in Transylvania County, North Carolina, near Brevard. The peculiar appearance of this mountain, with its precipitous face seamed by vertical strata of various colors, has caused a number of strange ideas and stories to centre about the location.

boy. The father's name was Kǎnátl, "The Lucky Hunter," and his wife was called Sélu, "Corn." No matter when Kanati went into the woods, he never failed to bring back a load of game, which his wife cut up and prepared, washing the blood from the meat in the river near the house. The little boy used to play down by the river every day, and one morning the old people thought they heard laughing and talking in the bushes, as though there were two children there. When the boy came home at night, his parents asked who had been playing with him all day. "He comes out of the water," said the boy, "and he calls himself my elder brother. He says his mother was cruel to him, and threw him into the river." Then they knew that the strange boy had sprung from the blood of the game which Selu had washed off at the river's edge.

Every day, when the little boy went out to play, the other would join him; but, as he always went back into the water, the old people never had a chance to see him. At last, one evening, Kanati said to his son, "To-morrow, when the other boy comes to play with you, get him to wrestle with you, and when you have your arms around him hold on to him and call for us." The boy promised to do as he was told; so the next day, as soon as his playmate appeared, he challenged him to a wrestling-match. The other agreed at once, but as soon as they had their arms around each other Kanati's boy began to scream for his father. The old folks at once came running down, and when the wild boy saw them he struggled to free himself, and cried out, "Let me go! You threw me away!" But his brother held on until his parents reached the spot, when they seized the wild boy and took him home with them. They kept him in the house until they had tamed him, but he was always wild and artful in his disposition, and was the leader of his brother in every mischief. Before long the old people discovered that he was one of those persons endowed with magic powers (*addweht*), and they called him *Ínǎgē Uíásúhí*, "He who grew up Wild."

Whenever Kanati went into the mountains he always brought back a fat buck or doe, or may be a couple of turkeys. One day the wild boy said to his brother, "I wonder where our father gets all that game; let's follow him next time, and find out." A few days afterward, Kanati took a bow and some feathers in his hand, and started off. The boys waited a little while, and then started after him, keeping out of sight, until they saw their father go into a swamp where there were a great many of the reeds (*wǎtíkē*) that hunters use to make arrow-shafts. Then the wild boy changed himself into a puff of bird's down (*atsí'lá*), which the wind took up and carried until it alighted upon Kanati's shoulder just as he entered the swamp, but Kanati knew nothing about it. The hunter then cut

reeds, fitted the feathers to them, and made some arrows, and the wild boy—in his other shape—thought, “I wonder what those things are for.” When Kanati had his arrows finished, he came out of the swamp and went on again. The wind blew the down from his shoulder; it fell in the woods, when the wild boy took his right shape again, and went back and told his brother what he had seen. Keeping out of sight of their father, they followed him up the mountain until he stopped at a certain place and lifted up a large rock. At once a buck came running out, which Kanati shot, and then, lifting it upon his back, he started home again. “Oho!” said the boys, “he keeps all the deer shut up in that hole, and whenever he wants venison he just lets one out, and kills it with those things he made in the swamp.” They hurried and reached home before their father, who had the heavy deer to carry, so that he did not know they had followed him.

A few days after, the boys went back to the swamp, cut some reeds and made seven arrows, and then started up the mountain to where their father kept the game. When they got to the place they lifted up the rock, and a deer came running out. Just as they drew back to shoot it, another came out, and then another, and another, until the boys got confused and forgot what they were about. In those days all the deer had their tails hanging down, like other animals, but, as a buck was running past, the wild boy struck its tail with his arrow so that it stood straight out behind. This pleased the boys, and when the next one ran by, the other brother struck his tail so that it pointed upward. The boys thought this was good sport, and when the next one ran past, the wild boy struck his tail so that it stood straight up, and his brother struck the next one so hard with his arrow that the deer’s tail was curled over his back. The boys thought this was very pretty, and ever since the deer has carried his tail over his back.

The deer continued to pass until the last one had come out of the hole and escaped into the forest. Then followed droves of raccoons, rabbits, and all the other four-footed animals. Last came great flocks of turkeys, pigeons, and partridges that darkened the air like a cloud, and made such a noise with their wings that Kanati, sitting at home, heard the sound like distant thunder on the mountains, and said to himself, “My bad boys have got into trouble. I must go and see what they are doing.”

So Kanati went up the mountain, and when he came to the place where he kept the game he found the two boys standing by the rock, and all the birds and animals were gone. He was furious, but, without saying a word, he went down into the cave and kicked the covers off four jars in one corner, when out swarmed bed-bugs, fleas,

lice, and gnats (*kālúyāstl*, *tsu'kál*, *tínál* *dastl*-*'nú*), and got all over the boys. They screamed with pain and terror, and tried to beat off the insects; but the thousands of insects crawled over them, and bit and stung them, until both dropped down nearly dead from exhaustion. Kanati stood looking on until he thought they had been punished enough, when he brushed off the vermin, and proceeded to give the boys a lecture. "Now, you rascals," said he, "you have always had plenty to eat, and never had to work for it. Whenever you were hungry, all I had to do was to come up here and get a deer or a turkey, and bring it home for your mother to cook. But now you have let out all the animals, and after this, when you want a deer to eat, you will have to hunt all over the woods for it, and then may be not find one. Go home now to your mother, while I see if I can find something to eat for supper."

When the boys reached home again they were very tired and hungry, and asked their mother for something to eat. "There is no meat," said Selu, "but wait a little while, and I will get you something." So she took a basket and started out to the provision-house (*á'wátá'ít*). This provision-house was built upon poles high up from the ground, to keep it out of the reach of animals, and had a ladder to climb up by, and one door, but no other opening. Every day, when Selu got ready to cook the dinner, she would go out to the provision-house with a basket, and bring it back full of corn and beans. The boys had never been inside the provision-house, and wondered where all the corn and beans could come from, as the house was not a very large one; so, as soon as Selu went out of the door, the wild boy said to his brother, "Let's go and see what she does." They ran around and climbed up at the back of the provision-house, and pulled out a piece of clay from between the logs, so that they could look in. There they saw Selu standing in the middle of the room, with the basket in front of her on the floor. Leaning over the basket, she rubbed her stomach — *so* — and the basket was half-full of corn. Then she rubbed under her arm-pits — *so* — and the basket was full to the top with beans.¹ The brothers looked at each other, and said, "This will never do; our mother is a witch. If we eat any of that it will poison us. We must kill her."

When the boys came back into the house, Selu knew their thoughts before they spoke.² "So you are going to kill me!" said Selu. "Yes," said the boys; "you are a witch." "Well," said their mother, "when you have killed me, clear a large piece of ground in front of the house, and drag my body seven times around the circle.

¹ This rubbing the body to procure provisions appears also in another Cherokee story, "The Bear Man."

² This mind-reading is also common in Cherokee and other Indian stories.



Then drag me seven times over the ground inside the circle, and stay up all night and watch, and in the morning you will have plenty of corn." Then the boys killed her with their clubs, and cut off her head, and put it up on the roof of the house, and told it to look for her husband. Then they set to work to clear the ground in front of the house, but, instead of clearing the whole piece, they cleared only seven little spots. This is the reason why corn now grows only in a few places instead of over the whole world. Then they dragged the body of Selu around the circles, and wherever her blood fell on the ground the corn sprang up. But, instead of dragging her body seven times across the ground, they did this only twice, which is the reason why the Indians still work their crop but twice. The two brothers sat up and watched their corn all night, and in the morning it was fully grown and ripe.

When Kanati came home at last, he looked around, but could not see Selu anywhere, so he asked the boys where their mother was. "She was a witch, and we killed her," said the boys; "there is her head up there on top of the house." When Kanati saw his wife's head on the roof he was very angry, and said, "I won't stay with you any longer. I am going to the Wă'hăyă [Wolf] people." So he started off, but, before he had gone far, the wild boy changed himself again to a tuft of down, which fell on Kanati's shoulder. When Kanati reached the settlement of the Wolf people, they were holding a council in the town-house (*â's[î] égwā*). He went in and sat down, with the tuft of bird's down on his shoulder. When the Wolf chief asked him his business, he said, "I have two bad boys at home, and I want you to go in seven days from now and play against them." Kanati spoke as though he wanted them to play a game of ball, but the wolves knew that he meant for them to come and kill the two boys. The wolves promised to go. Then the bird's down blew off from Kanati's shoulder, and the smoke carried it up through the hole in the roof of the town-house. When it came down on the ground outside, the wild boy took his right shape again, and went home and told his brother all that he had heard in the town-house. When Kanati left the Wolf people, he did not return home, but went on farther.

The boys then began to get ready for the wolves, and the wild boy — the magician — told his brother what to do. They ran around the house in a wide circle until they had made a trail all around it, excepting on the side from which the wolves would come, where they left a small open space.¹ Then they made four large bundles

¹ When the conjurer, by his magic spells, coils the great serpent around the house of a sick man, to keep off the witches, he is always careful to leave a small open space between the head and tail of the snake, so that the members of the family can go down to the spring to get water.

of arrows, and placed them at four different points on the outside of the circle, after which they hid themselves in the woods and waited for the wolves. On the appointed day a whole army of wolves came and surrounded the house, to kill the boys. The wolves did not notice the trail around the house, because they came in where the boys had left the opening, but the moment they were inside the circle the trail changed to a high fence, and shut them in. Then the boys on the outside took their arrows and began shooting them down, and, as the wolves could not jump over the fence, they were all killed excepting a few, which escaped through the opening into a great swamp close by. Then the boys ran around the swamp, and a circle of fire sprang up in their tracks, and set fire to the grass and bushes, and burned up nearly all the other wolves. Only two or three got away, and these were all the wolves which were left in the whole world.¹

Soon afterward some strangers from a distance, who heard that the brothers had a wonderful grain from which they made bread, came to ask for some; for none but Selu and her family had ever known corn before. The boys gave them seven grains of corn, which they told them to plant the next night on their way home, sitting up all night to watch the corn, which would have seven ripe ears in the morning. These they were to plant the next night, and watch in the same way; and so on every night until they reached home, when they would have corn enough to supply the whole people. The strangers lived seven days' journey away. They took the seven grains of corn, and started home again. That night they planted the seven grains, and watched all through the darkness until morning, when they saw seven tall stalks, each stalk bearing a ripened ear. They gathered the ears with gladness, and went on their way. The next night they planted all their corn, and guarded it with wakeful care until daybreak, when they found an abundant increase. But the way was long and the sun was hot, and the people grew tired. On the last night before reaching home they fell asleep, and in the morning the corn they had planted had not even sprouted. They brought with them to their settlement what corn they had left, and planted it, and with care and attention were able to raise a crop. But ever since the corn must be watched and tended through half the year, which before would grow and ripen in a night.

As Kanati did not return, the boys at last concluded to go and see if they could find him. The wild boy got a wheel (*ikwālelū*), and rolled it toward the direction where it is always night.² In a little

¹ In Cherokee mythology, the wolf is the watch-dog and servant of Kanati, and no hunter who holds to the old ways would ever dare to kill one.

² *Usūhfiy*: the common word is *wudeligh*, "where it sets." These archaic

while the wheel came rolling back, and the boys knew their father was not there. Then the wild boy rolled it to the south and to the north, and each time the wheel came back to him, and they knew their father was not there. Then he rolled it toward the Sun Land, (another archaic name), and it did not return. "Our father is there," said the wild boy, "let us go and find him." So the two brothers set off toward the east, and after travelling a long time they came upon Kanati, walking along, with a little dog by his side. "You bad boys," said their father, "have you come here?" "Yes," they answered; "we always accomplish what we start out to do, — we are men!" "This dog overtook me four days ago," then said Kanati; but the boys knew that the dog was the wheel which they had sent after him to find him. "Well," said Kanati, "as you have found me, we may as well travel together, but I will take the lead."¹

Soon they came to a swamp, and Kanati told them there was a dangerous thing there, and they must keep away from it. Then he went on ahead, but as soon as he was out of sight the wild boy said to his brother, "Come and let us see what is in the swamp." They went in together, and in the middle of the swamp they found a large panther, asleep. The wild boy got out an arrow, and shot the panther in the side of the head. The panther turned his head, and the other boy shot him on that side. He turned his head away again, and the two brothers shot together, — *tust, kust, kust!* But the panther was not hurt by the arrows, and paid no more attention to the boys. They came out of the swamp, and soon overtook Kanati, waiting for them. "Did you find it?" asked Kanati. "Yes," said the boys, "we found it, but it never hurt us. We are men!" Kanati was surprised, but said nothing, and they went on again.

After a while Kanati turned to them, and said, "Now you must be careful. We are coming to a tribe called the *Ūndātāskē*, 'Cookers' [*i. e.* Cannibals], and if they get you they will put you in a pot and feast on you." Then he went on ahead. Soon the boys came to a tree which had been struck by lightning, and the wild boy directed his brother to gather some of the splinters from the tree, and told him what to do with them.² In a little while they came to the set-

expressions give a peculiar beauty to the stories, which is lost in the translation. As the interpreter said when he called my attention to it, "I love to hear these old words."

¹ In another version the wheel is an arrow, which the wild boy shoots toward the four cardinal points, and finally straight up, when it comes back no more. When they get above the sky they find Kanati and Selu sitting together, with the arrow sticking in the ground in front of them.

² The medicine-men claim to do wonderful things by means of the wood of a tree which has been struck by lightning. Some of the splinters are also buried in the ground in the fields, to make the corn grow.

tlement of the cannibals, who, as soon as they saw the boys, came running out, crying, "Good! Here are two nice, fat strangers. Now we'll have a grand feast!" They caught the boys and dragged them into the town-house, and sent word to all the people of the settlement to come to the feast. They made up a great fire, filled a large pot with water and set it to boiling, and then seized the wild boy and threw him into the pot, and put the lid on it. His brother was not frightened in the least, and made no attempt to escape, but quietly knelt down and began putting the splinters into the fire, as if to make it burn better. When the cannibals thought the meat was about ready, they lifted the lid from the pot, and that instant a blinding light filled the town-house, and the lightning began to dart from one side to the other, *beating down* the cannibals until not one of them was left alive. Then the lightning went up through the smoke-hole, and the next moment there were the two boys standing outside the town-house as though nothing had happened. They went on, and soon met Kanati, who seemed much surprised to see them, and said, "What! are you here again?" "Oh, yes, we never give up. We are great men!" "What did the cannibals do to you?" "We met them, and they brought us to their town-house, but they never hurt us." Kanati said nothing more, and they went on.

Kanati soon got out of sight of the boys, but they kept on until they came to the end of the world, where the sun comes out. The sky was just coming down when they got there, but they waited until it went up again, and then they went through and climbed up on the other side.¹ There they found Kanati and Selu sitting together. The old folks received them kindly, and were glad to see them, and told them they might stay there a while, but then they must go to live where the sun goes down. The boys stayed with their parents seven days, and then went on toward the sunset land, where they are still living.

A number of the incidents in this story have parallels in the

¹ The earth is a flat surface, and the sky is an arch of solid rock suspended above it. This arch rises and falls continually, so that the space at the point of juncture is constantly opening and closing, like a pair of scissors. The sun is a man (some say a woman), so bright that no one can look at him long enough to see his exact shape, who comes through the eastern opening every morning, travels across the heavens, and disappears through the western opening, returning by night to the starting-point. This was discovered by seven young men who started out to find where the sun rises. They succeeded in passing through the eastern opening, but on their return one was crushed by the descending rock, and only six got back alive to tell the story. Mr. J. Owen Dorsey has found the same theory of the sun and horizon among the Omahas and Ponkas.

Omaha and Ponka myths collected by Mr. J. Owen Dorsey, of the Bureau of Ethnology, which will appear in the forthcoming Volume VI. Part I., of "Contributions to North American Ethnology." In one of these stories, "The Rabbit and the Grizzly Bear," the rabbit makes a boy, who proves to be a magician, out of the clotted blood of the game which he has killed. The same idea appears in the Dakota myth, "The Blood-Clots Boy" (published in the "Iapi Oaye" [Word Carrier], Chicago, April and May, 1881). In the Omaha story of "Two-faces and the Twin Brothers," the wild boy is caught by stratagem by his father and brother, but ever afterward is constantly enticing his brother into mischief. The magician, who changes himself into a feather, and allows himself to be blown about by the wind, in order to accomplish his purposes, appears also in "The Corn Woman and the Buffalo Woman." The underground abode of the animals figures in the story of "Ictinike, the Brothers and Sister," while there are several minor coincidences which are of interest as showing similar habits of thought among widely separated tribes.

The next story belongs to a cycle of animal myths, chiefly of an amusing character, in which the rabbit is the principal hero and the author of all the mischief. They resemble the Uncle Remus stories, which I hope yet to prove are of Indian origin. The animals of the Cherokee stories had chiefs and town-houses, could talk and sing and play ball, held dances and councils, and went to war. They were of gigantic size, and finally left the earth and "went up." The degenerate specimens that we are accustomed to see are but poor counterfeits, which came on the stage at a later period.

HOW THE DEER OBTAINED HIS HORNS.

In the old days the animals were fond of amusement, and were constantly getting up grand meetings and contests of various kinds, with prizes for the winner. On one occasion a prize was offered to the animal with the finest coat, and although the otter deserved to win it, the rabbit stole his coat, and nearly got the prize for himself. After a while the animals got together again, and made a large pair of horns, to be given to the best runner. The race was to be through a thicket, and the one who made the best time, with the horns on his head, was to get them. Everybody knew from the first that either the deer or the rabbit would be the winner, but bets were high on the rabbit, who was a great runner and a general favorite. But the rabbit had no tail, and always went by jumps, and his friends were afraid that the horns would make him fall over in the bushes unless he had something to balance them, so they fixed up a tail for him with a stick and some bird's down.

"Now," says the rabbit, "let me look over the ground where I am to run."

So he went into the thicket, and was gone so long that at last one of the animals went to see what had become of him, and there he found the rabbit hard at work gnawing down bushes and cutting off the hanging limbs of the trees, and making a road for himself clear through to the other side of the swamp. The messenger did not let the rabbit see him, but came back quietly and told his story to the others. Pretty soon the rabbit came out again, ready to put on the horns and begin the race, but several of the animals said that he had been gone so long that it looked as if he must have been cutting a road through the bushes. The rabbit denied it up and down, but they all went into the thicket, and there was the open road, sure enough. Then the chief got very angry, and said to the rabbit, "Since you are so fond of the business, you may spend the rest of your life gnawing twigs and bushes," and so the rabbit does to this day. The other animals would not allow the rabbit to run at all now, so they put the horns on the deer, who plunged into the worst part of the thicket, and made his way out to the other side, then turned round and came back again on a different track, in such fine style that every one said he had won the horns. But the rabbit felt sore about it, and resolved to get even with him.

One day, soon after the contest for the horns, the rabbit stretched a large grape-vine across the trail, and gnawed it nearly in two in the middle. Then he went back a piece, took a good run, and jumped up at the vine. He kept on running and jumping up at the vine, until the deer came along and asked him what he was doing.

"Don't you see?" says the rabbit. "I'm so strong that I can bite through that grape-vine at one jump."

The deer could hardly believe this, and wanted to see it done. So the rabbit ran back, made a tremendous spring, and bit through the vine where he had gnawed it before. The deer, when he saw that, said, "Well, I can do it if you can." So the rabbit stretched a larger grape-vine across the trail, but without gnawing it in the middle. Then the deer ran back as he had seen the rabbit do, made a powerful spring, and struck the grape-vine right in the centre; but it only flew back, and threw him over on his head. He tried again and again, until he was all bruised and bleeding.

"Let me see your teeth," at last said the rabbit. So the deer showed him his teeth, which were long and sharp, like a wolf's teeth.

"No wonder you can't do it," says the rabbit; "your teeth are too blunt to bite anything. Let me sharpen them for you, like mine. My teeth are so sharp that I can cut through a stick just like a knife." And he showed him a black-locust twig, of which rabbits

gnaw the young shoots, which he had shaved off as well as a knife could do it, just in rabbit fashion.

The deer thought that was just the thing. So the rabbit got a hard stone, with rough edges, and filed and filed away at the deer's teeth, until they were filed down almost to the gums.

"Now try it," says the rabbit. So the deer tried again, but this time he could n't bite at all.

"Now you've paid for your horns," said the rabbit, as he laughed and started home through the bushes. Ever since then the deer's teeth are so blunt that he cannot chew anything but grass and leaves.

James Mooney.

LEGEND OF THE SNAKE ORDER OF THE MOQUIS,
AS TOLD BY OUTSIDERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11, 1888.

To the General Editor of the Journal of American Folk-Lore:

DEAR SIR,—The accompanying "Legend of the Snake Order of the Moquis" was shown to me some years ago by Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Keam's Cañon, Arizona, who gave me permission to copy it, but gave no instructions in regard to its publication. Finding in the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE a suitable medium for its publication, I take the liberty of offering it without further consultation with the writer, feeling confident that my action will meet with his approval.

As for its authenticity, I will say that Mr. Stephen has lived for years in the neighborhood of the Moquis, meeting members of the tribe almost daily, and that he is a conscientious and painstaking student of Indian lore. He expressed to me some doubts as to the genuine antiquity of certain meteorological imagery in the story, and even went so far as to put interrogation points after those passages which allude to "liquid light," robes of "moonbeams," etc.; but having found in the myths of other Pueblo Indians, and in the myths of the neighboring Navajos, — a less civilized race than the Moquis, — analogous fancies, I had no hesitation in striking out his question-marks.

In his title, Mr. Stephen admits this to be the tale as told by those who do not belong to the sacred order. In its general form and much of its detail, it closely resembles rite-myths of the Navajos, and, judging from my knowledge of the latter, I am inclined to believe that the only important point in which it would be found to differ from the tale as told by the initiated would be in its omission of the strictly esoteric part; that is, in the account of the mysteries which the Snake people are supposed to have imparted to the prophet White-Corn. That such mysteries were taught is only hinted at in the legend. What the nature of the mysteries is may be surmised by reading Capt. John G. Bourke's work on the "Snake-Dance of the Moquis," where the awful ceremonies of the Snake Order are so graphically described.

Very truly yours,

WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

MANY years ago, when the people were greatly scattered over the land, there lived in a house seven brothers, who were said to be the best of all men then living, for they did not of nights interfere with others, nor did they dwell with women. They were named Red-Corn, Blue-Corn, Yellow-Corn, White-Corn, Green-Corn, Spotted-Corn, and Black-Corn. None of them married until the youngest, Black-Corn, had attained the age of manhood. He was then told by his older brothers to take a wife. This displeased him, for among all the women of his tribe there was none he liked. He grew sad, and said he would go away, and not return until after he had found a wife. He started upon his journey, taking with him only four plume-sticks and a bag of sacred meal. After journeying many days, until nearly dead with hunger and thirst, he came to a large lake which lay to the west of his own house. He did not drink from

this lake, but from a stream of water which issued from a hill at a little distance from the lake. Next day, when he awoke, he went down to the side of the water, and said to Daw-wa, the sun-chief: "Oh, Daw-wa! father! I have been sent from my home, and my heart is heavy. I am weary, father; give me rest, give me a home, where my heart will once more be filled with the joyous song of the lark,¹ and not with the sad song of the dove."

Daw-wa heard his prayer, and told him to tie his four sticks together and place them on the water, which done the sticks became great logs and the feathers a shade (after the manner of an umbrella). He was then directed to gather certain roots, after eating which he would not be hungry for a long while. He was told that in four days he was to sail away upon this raft, and after he started he was not to land until asked to come ashore by a snake, whose name was Wapa Tcua (Big Rattlesnake). On the fourth morning, before sunrise, he was awakened by the rocking motion of his raft, and after the sun had risen he looked around, but could see no land. He was afraid, but Oman comforted him, assuring him of safety. At sunset, one evening, after his voyage had continued several days, a buzzard came and told him that in two or three days he would see land, and cautioned him not to be frightened at anything he should see or hear. At the end of three days land came in view. He sailed two days in sight of land, and at sunset on the fourth day the raft was thrown upon the shore. It began to grow small, compelling him to get ashore. In the morning, Daw-wa told him to pick up his plume-sticks, which had now assumed their natural size. Daw-wa then directed him to travel to the south and west, telling him that he would be met by an old man, who would guide him to a running stream where the Big Snake kept watch, to whom he should give the plume-sticks and pouch of meal. He began his journey at noon, and night came on while he was climbing a mountain. He continued his journey in the early morning as soon as the star rose, and when the sun rose a very old man, leaning on a stick, came from behind a rock. This old man had eyes and ears, but had neither mouth nor nose; he could not speak, but with his stick, which was shaped like a crook, he seized the young man by the neck, and led him along, stopping at intervals to let his companion rest, for the old man almost ran, so fast was his gait. At sunset he stopped, and by signs told the young man that on the morrow his part of the journey would be done; that he had been a long time awaiting the young man's arrival. The old man said he was glad of his arrival, for now he (the old man) could go home and die in peace. While the old man was making signs, he was struck by a flash of lightning and rendered unconscious.

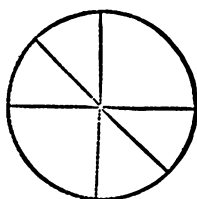
¹ Probably the Western meadow-lark.

The young man's name was Kwe-teat-ri-yi, White-Corn.¹ White-Corn was afraid, and started to run away, but the old man opened his eyes, and called him by name, telling him to get a piece of black rock, lying near, and with it cut the skin on his (the old man's) face, beginning at a point between the eyes, and cutting downward the length of one of the plume-sticks, then cutting across the face the same distance. White-Corn did as he was directed, and immediately the old man became a young man. In the morning they resumed their journey in high glee, singing and telling each other of their homes. At noon they stopped to rest, and the young old man dug a hole in the sand, and, placing one of White-Corn's plume-sticks in it, he began to sing and dance, and the hole filled with water, from which they drank, and then resumed their journey. At sunset they came to the top of a hill, from which White-Corn saw the long-expected stream; so, when he spoke of it, he turned to look at his companion, but the latter had vanished. During the night White-Corn was afraid. At daylight he resumed his march, and got to the stream before sunrise. He sprinkled meal upon the water, and, hearing a peculiar sound in the grass, he turned round and saw a tremendous snake coming toward him, with head raised several feet above ground, its skin shining like beautiful rocks [gems?]. The snake halted at a little distance from him, and began to talk, making inquiry as to where he came from and where he was going, but especially questioning to ascertain whether he was trustworthy. By the direction of the snake, he again threw his remaining plume-sticks into the stream, and, as before, they immediately became a raft. He was directed to get upon the raft, and remain until noon of the fourth day. After this four days' voyage he would reach a hill, which he was to climb, and would then receive further instructions. He accordingly got upon the raft, and it at once began to move rapidly off, much faster than a horse could run; he was frightened, and longed to jump off upon the river bank, but he feared injury: so he sat still and gazed in wonder until night, when he watched the stars. In this way he continued until noon of the fourth day.

He was startled on the fourth day by seeing an immense rock in front, blocking up the entire passage of the river. While he was yet thinking how he could save himself, his raft was suddenly lifted by the roaring water, and he and it were thrown high up on the hill, beside the rock. He lay there, bruised and trembling, for a long while, and pondering over what course to pursue, until he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the sun was well up, and he hastened to climb the hill, the summit of which he reached at sunset. He stood looking at a rock partly buried in the sand, and as he continued to ob-

¹ The name changes without explanation.

serve it a snake's head protruded from beneath. He sprinkled sacred meal, and placed his plume-sticks before the snake, which coiled around them, and breathed upon each separate feather. The snake then returned beneath the rock, and directed him to proceed with certain ceremonies. As directed, White-Corn placed the plume-sticks in front of the snake, then sprinkled corn-meal in such a manner as to describe a circle, then in the area of this circle he sprinkled meal in three straight lines, as shown here. These three lines he named the points whence the rain and winds come.



The snake was well pleased with this conduct, and he concluded not to wait for morning, but to take White-Corn at once into the presence of the great snake-chief, and let him see what the young man did. The rock was suddenly lifted up, and a large opening was exposed. The snake told him to follow quickly, as it was growing dark and cold, and that, although the path was short, it was very rough, and in the dark would be attended by many falls. White-Corn immediately followed the snake, and in a little while after getting into this cavern a mighty noise like thunder was heard. The snake told him not to fear, as the noise was caused by rocks falling down to close up the entrance through which they had just come. This was to prevent any one gaining entrance except those selected, and to prevent the escape of those who had entered. They went on until they heard the sound of falling water and beautiful music, filling the heart full of dreams of beautiful women bathing in streams of liquid light. Suddenly his eyes were dazzled by a great light, which disclosed, standing against the sides of a spacious cavern, men and women, clad on their right with sunbeams, and on their left with moonbeams. In the centre were many maidens, dancing and tying each other with ribbons of fleecy clouds; these were clothed with the stolen rays of the stars and the spray of dashing waters. In the midst of the throng sat an old man, looking angrily at White-Corn.

While enjoying the scene, he was suddenly interrupted, and all of his happy thoughts spread like snow before the gale. The old man addressed him, saying that for many days he and his children had been watching in the east for the approach of him who was to break apart the rocks which held them from the sight of the sun and the beautiful world; for the approach of him who was to impart to them a new life, but who was to go through the ordeal of the Snake Order before being released or releasing others from the dark and lonely life. After many things had been told him, he was led by a snake up to the falling water; the snake then directed him to cast his clothing

aside and bathe in it. After bathing, he was moving off from the water, but his foot was drawn back; then he noticed for the first time that all of the others had a peculiar skin, like a snake's skin, and that he himself was being enveloped with a similar covering. He was then brought before the old man again, and told to get something to eat, and to choose a maiden for a sweetheart. He was unable to make a choice, and asked the old man to select one for him. The old man, reaching back, took hold of a cloudy substance, and began pulling, when there emerged from it a beautiful girl called "Bright Eyes," who was given to White-Corn for his wife. As directed, he followed her and got food. It is unknown how long he stayed in this house, but it was long enough for him to learn all the songs and ceremonials pertaining to the Snake Order.

One day, while all the people were present before the old man, White-Corn told them that he had been with them for a long while, and the time had now come for him to return to his own people; that his people were calling for him; that, while he was enjoying plenty, his brothers were doubtless suffering: hence he proposed to take his wife and start for his home. The people all laughed at him, but he said, "Never mind; the same god that brought me will show me the return path." All the inhabitants of the cave were sad except White-Corn and the old man, who were together oftener than formerly, and were in very secret confidences. One day (how they distinguished day from night is not told) White-Corn was seen to take a bunch of feathers from a long rope hanging from the ceiling. He tied the feathers to a short stick. From a peg in the wall he took a stick with two feathers fastened to it. He gave the bunch of feathers to his wife. He bade good-bye to all the people, and the old man took him by a secret path to the earth's surface. The old man, wishing White-Corn a speedy journey, returned to his cave. White-Corn asked his wife if she could tell him the direction in which his home lay; she said that when the sun came up she would be able to tell, as one of the *Fits-ki*, or rays, pointed directly to the home of his people. Next day, at sunrise, she pointed to a large mound, and said that from the top of it the mountains that were near his home could be seen. He ran to the top of this mound, so glad was he to get away from the constant glare of the magical light, and to think that in a few days he would again see his brothers and friends. They travelled fast for four days; on the fifth day the road led through such rough hills they were forced to turn toward the south. They found a well-travelled trail leading to water, around which were houses and places to keep sheep or horses, — peculiar houses, too, almost round and very high, in which were found many strange vessels and other utensils made of clay and horn; also fun-

nel-shaped baskets, designed to be carried on the back. They made but a short halt in these places, fearing that the people who built them might return and harm or kill them. So they kept going, until one morning, having ascended a very high mountain, the smoke of fires was seen in the valley. Telling his wife to keep a little way behind, White-Corn went towards the fires, the first of which he reached at sunset. He found there his uncle and cousin, who had been searching for him, but, deeming him lost forever, were now on their return home. White-Corn told his adventures, and brought his wife to them. After a few days' travel they all reached home.

At this time there was a great drought prevailing, and it was observed that whenever Tcua-wuti (White-Corn's wife) came before the altar and sprinkled meal rain was sure to follow. So they called upon her husband to give them soup, whereby they, too, might invoke the rain-god of his wife's country. But she said No: not until a son was born to her could the altar of her rain-god be raised in a strange land. After there had been a severe storm, it was observed that Tcua-wuti was with child, and this caused great rejoicing among the people, for they wished her to bear a boy who would become their rain-chief. When the time came for her to bear her child, White-Corn went away with her to a high mesa on the west of the village. After an absence of seven days they returned to the villages, bringing with them her offspring, consisting of five snakes. This enraged the people so that they would have killed them all, but an old man, who was standing by, said, "No, I will be their father; come and live with me." He took them to his home, and that night the people were startled by loud and strange cries coming from this old man's house; a great smoke issued from the doorway and other rents, where people on the outside could look in. No one but the old man, his wife, and one son, beside White-Corn, knew what took place in that house during the night, for the next day the old man went off to the valley. In three days, Tcua-wuti took her snake children and the old man, and went into the valley. In the afternoon the old man came back alone, but Tcua-wuti has never been seen again.

The Mi-shong-i-ni-vi legend differs from this, in that, instead of the plume-sticks becoming a raft, White-Corn takes eight willow branches and ties them together with grass, while the plume-sticks become a guide and sail to his unwieldy craft.

All of the Moki villages have the Snake Order, but, unlike the other secret organizations, there are no fraternal feelings.

A. M. Stephen.

GLIMPSES OF CHILD-LIFE AMONG THE OMAHA TRIBE OF INDIANS.

THE Indian child is born in an atmosphere charged with the myths of his ancestors. The ceremonies connected with his infancy, his name, and, later on, his dress and games, are more or less emblematic of the visible forms of the powers which lie around man and beyond his volition. This early training makes easy the beliefs and practices of the adult, even to the extravagances indulged in by the so-called medicine-men.

The Omaha tribe is divided into ten gentes. Until within less than a score of years the various ceremonies pertaining to the different gentes were performed. Even now, when the people have left their villages and are scattered upon their individual farms, many of the customs which were purely social remain in force, and the distinctions of the gentes are still preserved.

The tribe used to camp in a circle, and each gens had its permanent place. When moving out on the annual hunt, the opening of the circle was always in the direction in which the tribe was going. The five gentes which formed the northern or Instasunda half of the tribal circle were always in the same relative position to the northern end of the opening. The same was true of the southern or Hungacheynu half. It was as though the circle, with its opening, was laid over either to the east or the west, without disturbing the divisions. Therefore, although the tribe might camp in different localities, the unchanged relative position of each gens gave a fixity to the home of the child and determined his playmates, as boys of one side of the circle played against those of the other side.

Each gens had its mythical ancestor or patron, to whom all the names given to its members referred. The name was bestowed by the father or grandfather on the fourth day after birth. Sometimes the occasion was marked by a feast or some ceremony, such as painting the child in a symbolic manner. These observances, however, were frequently omitted.

When the child can walk steadily, about the third year, it is taken by the parents to the tent of an old man of the Instasunda gens, to have its hair cut for the first time, and moccasins put on its feet. Hitherto it had run about barefoot. When the child is presented, the old man gathers up the hair on the top of its head and binds it in a tuft, then severs it with a knife, and lays the bunch away in a pack. Then a new pair of moccasins are put on the child, and the old man lifts the little one by the arms and turns it round, following the sun, letting its feet touch the ground at the four points of

the compass. When the east is reached, the child is urged forward, and bade to "walk forth on the path of life." Upon reaching home, the father of the child cuts its hair after the manner which symbolizes the mythical patron of the gens in which the child is born. This cutting of the hair in a symbolic style is repeated every year, after the first thunder, when the grass has begun to be green, until the child is about seven or eight years old. The boy is taken to the old man only once. The father always cuts the hair symbolically, as among the Omahas the child belongs to the gens of its father.

The following are the different modes of cutting the hair of Omaha children. Beginning with the Waejinste gens, situated at the southern end of the opening, we will take up the gentes in their consecutive order in passing around the tribal circle, until we reach the Instasundae gens, at the northern end of the opening.

I. Waejinste : Cut off all the child's hair from its head, leaving a tuft in front and a long lock behind ; typical of the elk's head and tail.

II. Inkaesabbae : The head made bare, all but a front tuft, a short lock behind, and a lock on each side the crown ; symbolizing the head, tail, and horns of the buffalo.

III. Hunga : The head shorn, all but a ridge of hair, about two inches wide, from the forehead to the neck ; representing the back of the buffalo.

IV. Thatada : This gens is peculiar, as its subdivisions have different mythical patrons, and the child's hair is cut according to the sub-gens in which he is born. *a.* The Wazhingaetaze (bird sub-gens) : Shear the head, leaving a fringe around the base of the skull, a short lock in front, and a broad lock behind. Sometimes, as among the Eagle people, broad locks are left on the sides. These represent the wings ; the fringe, the body feathers ; the other locks, the head and tail of the bird. *b.* The Kae-in (turtle sub-gens) : Make the head bare, leaving a short lock at the front and nape of the neck, and two short locks on each side of the head ; symbolizing the shell of the turtle, with his head, tail, and four legs visible. *c.* The Wasabbae etaze (black bear sub-gens) have the head bare, with a broad lock over the forehead, to indicate the bear's head.

V. Kan-ze : In cutting the hair, leave a tuft over the forehead, one at the neck, one on each side, and from each of these four tufts, representing the four points of the compass, a narrow line of hair runs up to a round tuft on the top of the head. This cut is emblematic of the four winds.

VI. Ma-thin-ka-ga-hae : Cut off the hair from one side of the head, and leave that on the other side long. This style is sometimes used by men who have had certain dreams or visions, but this is distinct in its significance from the manner of cutting the child's hair. This cut, for the child, typifies the wolf.

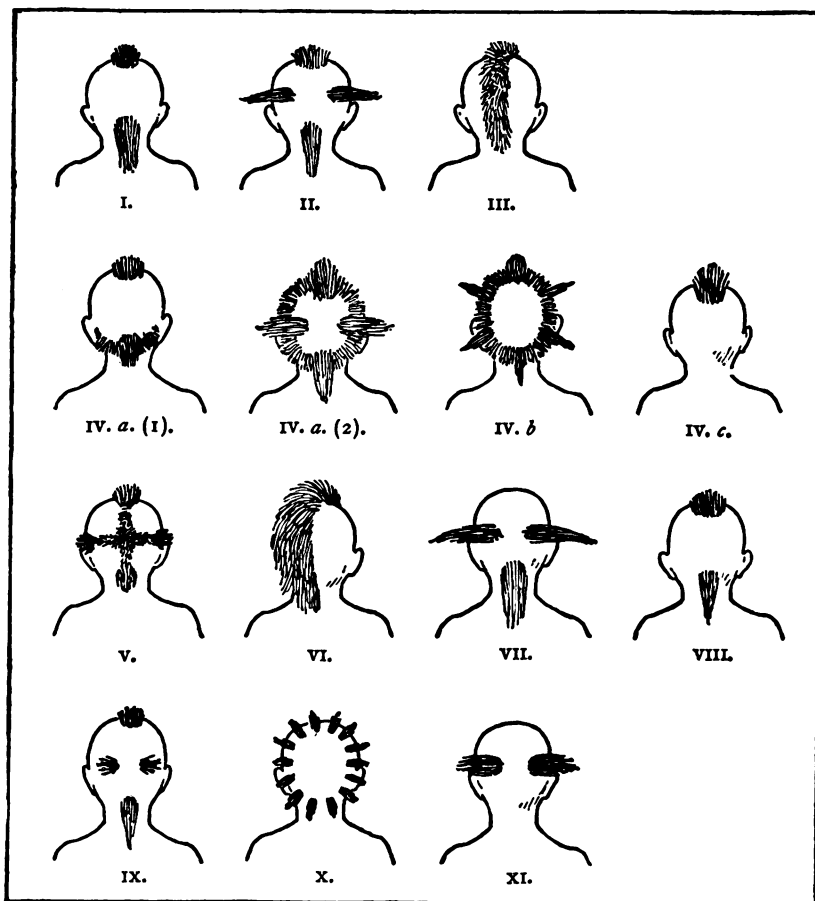
VII. Tae-thin-dae: Make the head bare, with the exception of one long lock behind, and one short one on each side of the crown; indicating the buffalo horns and tail.

VIII. Ta-pa: All the hair is cut but a small bunch over the forehead and a long, thin lock behind; representing the head and tail of the deer.

IX. Ingrezhe-dae: Leave only a small lock in front, a similar one behind, and a tuft each side of the crown; representing the head and tail, and the knobs indicating the growing horns of the buffalo calf.

X. Instasunda: The head left entirely bare, or else a few thin and short locks around the bare head. The last symbolizes reptile teeth, the former the hairless body of snakes and creeping things. This is a thunder gens.

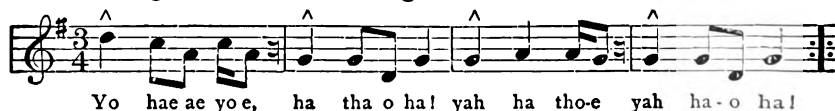
In seven of the gentes there is a Ne-ne-ba-tan sub-gens. These



refer to the duties connected with the tribal pipes. The children born in these subdivisions have their hair cut in the manner peculiar to this sub-gentes rather than in the style emblematic of the gens patron. The Ne-ne-ba-tan children (see IX. in the cut) have the head bare, except a lock each side of the crown ; indicating horns.

During the most impressionable years the children are accustomed to look upon the queerly symbolic heads of their playmates, and they never forget in after life the picture their comrades presented, nor its significance.

One of the favorite games of children from five to ten years of age is called "Ou-hae-ba-shun-shun," the crooked path. Fancy some ten or twenty youngsters, the boys under eight naked all but a string tied about their bulging little bodies, the girls in a short smock ; the heads of the boys cropped after the manner of their birth gens, the breezes catching the odd locks, representing wings and tails, and waving them about. The leader, one of the older boys, sizes his crew, putting the smallest at the end of the Indian file. Each child grasps with its right hand the belt-cord of the one in front. At the word of the leader all start off at a shuffling trot, keeping time to the following tune,¹ which all sing :—



Under no circumstances must one break from the line unless so ordered, and all must follow the leader and do exactly as he does. Off they go, bent on mischief, winding around trees, bushes, tufts of grass, through puddles, and among the tents. If an old woman chances to be pounding corn, the line circles about her, and each little left hand will seize some corn, until at last, with exhausted patience, she rises to chastise the imps. But they are too quick for her, having, at the word, scattered like partridges to cover. Should any one have hung his corn to dry on a frame low enough for this singing file of children to reach, each child will break off an ear, and the company make their way, singing and trotting on their crooked path, to some sheltered nook, where they halt, kindle a fire, roast the captured ears, and merrily eat the same.

There is a similar game, played by older boys, and even young men, called "Wa-tha-dae,"—to call upon one. The leader of the game orders one of the party to go and do some deed, generally mischievous in character. Witnesses are sent to see that the act is committed. If the youth fails to accomplish the commission, he is dipped in a stream, or punished in some way. This game usually makes much sport for the youths and the elders of the tribe.

¹ The words are musical syllables having no meaning.

Still another game of like nature is played, the "Ou-nae-the-ga-he,"—to make a fireplace. The youths build a fire outside the camp, and the oldest becomes the leader. He takes a stick and thrusts it in the ground before one of the party, saying, "We will have so and so to eat." The one challenged takes up the stick, throws it back to the leader, and starts in search of the food. He is not always particular as to the manner of obtaining it. When the youth returns, he hands the article secured to the leader, who proceeds to cook it. When all is ready, the company approach the leader, two by two, to receive their portion of the feast. The leader hands it over, crossing his arms so that the one opposite the leader's right hand gets the food held in the left, and the one opposite the left hand receives what the leader holds in his right. If any portion remains after all are served, there is a general scramble to get it away from the leader. The youth with the longest hair is placed at the end of the circle, and his companions wipe their greasy fingers on his locks!

There are many games played by children which mimic the occupations of mature life. Going on the hunt, with all the stir of preparation; taking down and putting up tents, the tall stalks of the sunflower serving as poles; the attack of enemies; the meeting of friendly tribes and their entertainments,—all these furnish incidents for days and days of play. Deft-fingered children make toys out of clay, modelling men and animals, and also any articles they may have seen white people use, even to the fashioning of houses after those seen at the agency or mission.

There are silent games, as well as noisy ones. Two persons will sit and stare at one another, to see who will laugh first. Sometimes boys and girls play at the following game, which is called "Ke-tum-bae-ah-ke-ke-tha,"—contending with the eyes by looking.

A number of young folk may be together, when suddenly one of the number will call out, "Tha-ka!" whereupon all must repeat the word, beginning at one end of the circle round to the other. After this word is spoken silence must be maintained; no one must even smile. Whoever breaks the spell is punished. Water is poured over the offender, or his head snapped with fingers. Sometimes children play this game after they are put to bed, and many a sober face with dancing eyes peers over the covers, until sleep comes, and morning breaks the spell.

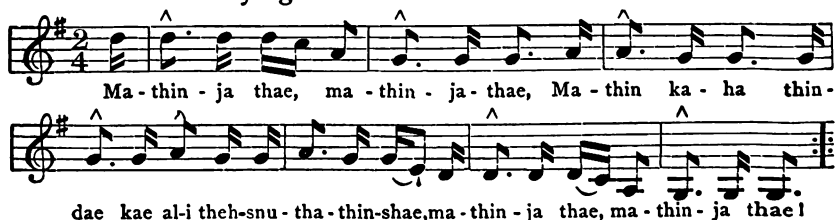
One might come upon a group of boys all intent in watching one of their number. He is holding a stick a foot or more long, one edge of which is full of little cuts. His right-hand forefinger touches every cut, beginning at the end held in his left hand, and with each touch of a cut he repeats "Duah." The game is to see which boy

can touch the most cuts on the stick, and say "Duah" without taking a breath. It is a most absorbing game for the time being.

The songs sung by mothers to their children are generally the scraps that occur in myths. Story-telling is an important part of home life, and winter is the favored season; the children, however, carry the songs out among the summer blossoms, and the snakes do them no harm.¹

There is much of the picturesque in the old circular earth-lodge, with the fire burning brightly in the centre; the inner circle is made smaller by hanging skins or blankets between the row of posts, to shut out the chilling draught. The children sit on the hard ground about the fire, or on the ends of the long logs that feed the flames, unwilling to go to bed, and teasing for a story, a story, while the women clear away the remains of the evening meal, and the young mother dances her baby in her arms. Finally the grandfather yields to the children's importunities, and tells the following:—

"Long ago the muskrat had a long, broad tail. It was very useful, and gave the muskrat much pleasure. The beavers, who had no tails at that time, used to watch the muskrat build dams and dwellings, and they were filled with envy. They saw how the muskrat enjoyed himself when he sat upon his tail and slid down the hills. So the beavers lay in wait for the muskrat. Suddenly they seized him. Some of the beavers took the muskrat by the head, while others caught hold of his tail and pulled. Finally the broad tail came out, and left the muskrat with only a thin little stem of a tail. The victorious beavers put on the broad tail, and were able to do all that the muskrat had done.² The muskrat was desolate. He wandered over the country, wailing for the loss of his tail. The animals he met offered him such tails as they had, but he despised their offers, and gave them hard words in return. It was the gopher that sang this song, and all the other animals repeated it to the muskrat as he went about crying:"³—



¹ There is a superstition which prevents the telling of stories in the summer season, as the snakes may hear and do mischief.

² The fact of many beavers putting on the tail of one muskrat never troubled the Indians, nor did they ever care to answer my too prying and mathematical questions on this subject.

³ A variant of this story among the Dakotas makes the beaver steal the muskrat's tail to appear fine at a dance.

(The meaning the words may be rendered : "Ground-tail, Ground-tail, you who dragged your tail over the ground ; Ground-tail, Ground-tail !")

As the grandfather sings, slapping his thigh to keep the time, up jump the children and begin to dance, bending their knees and bringing down their brown feet with a thud on the ground. The baby crows and jumps, and the old man sings the song over and over again, until finally the dancers flag, and sleep comes easily to the tired children.

Among the stories told to children by their mother, or one of the older members of the family, the following is a favorite. The writer has heard it told many times, with much dramatic action. It relates to one of the characters under which the rabbit appears in the myths.

"Wa-han-the-she-gae (the orphan) lived with his grandmother. They were both very poor. One day he went out to dig roots. A flock of turkeys were also out walking. He was about to pass them, when one called out, 'There goes Wa-han-the-she-gae ; let us call to him and ask him to sing for us, that we may dance.' Whereupon one of the turkeys hailed Wa-han-the-she-gae, and he advanced toward them. Then the spokesman turkey said, 'We have no one to sing for us, and we want to dance.' Wa-han-the-she-gae told the turkeys to stand two by two in a circle. He sat down at one side, placing near him the bag he had brought to carry the roots in. The turkeys made themselves ready ; they crooked their necks, made their wattles red, drooped their wings, spread their feathers and tails, and moved their feet uneasily, in anticipation of the dance. Then said Wa-han-the-she-gae, 'You must all shut your eyes as you dance ; for whichever one of you looks will always have red eyes !' So he began to sing, and the turkeys to dance.



(The words may be rendered : "He who looks will have red eyes ; will have red eyes. Spread your tails ; spread your tails !")

"Soon he called out, 'Tun-gae gan machey agaha egaha ; tungae-gan mashe agaha egaha !' (You who are larger dance outside ; you who are larger dance outside !) The turkeys obeyed the order. As a fine,

plump turkey passed him in the dance, he would seize it and thrust it in the bag, singing all the while, to keep the dance going. By and by one of the turkeys peeped a little bit, and saw Wa-han-the-she-gae in the act of bagging a turkey! He shouted, 'Wa-hoi! Na-thu-hakchee chey nu-ah-wa-the a-thae-ah-ka-ha!' (Wa-hoi! He has already nearly exterminated us!) Then all the turkeys opened their eyes and saw it was true, — but few were left! So they spread their wings and flew away over the trees, but their eyes became red as they flew. Wa-han-the-she-gae called out, as they rose in the air, 'You may go, but hereafter you shall be called "Zee-zee-ka!"' (the name for turkey). Then Wa-han-the-she-gae rose, shouldered his bag, and went home. Entering his tent, he tied the bag securely, laid it away, and called for his grandmother. Soon she came, and he said: 'Grandmother, you must not open this bag. I am going away for a little while, and you must let the bag alone.' He went out. While he was gone the grandmother became curious about the bag. She looked at it, then felt of it; it was full of lumps that kept moving. 'This is very queer,' she said, feeling it all over. 'I will just peep in; there will be no harm in that.' So she untied the string, and tried to hold it as she opened it a very, very little. All of a sudden the bag shook in her hands; there was a whirr, a dash of feathers over her face, and the tent was full of turkeys, flying through the opening and beating about, trying to get out. The old woman was frightened out of her wits. When she came to her senses, she slipped off her smock, and began running after the sole remaining gobbler, whipping him as she ran. At last she caught him, and put him back in the bag. Just then Wa-han-the-she-gae returned, and, seeing what had happened, began to scold, telling his grandmother she 'had no ears,' for he had told her not to open the bag. More words passed between them, and then he bade her go out-doors and sit with her head covered, for he was going to make a feast for some Pawnees.¹ She went out, and did as she was bidden. Wa-han-the-she-gae cooked the turkey, and dished it in a wooden bowl. When this was done, he went quietly out of the tent, made a great rattling of buffalo-ropes, and, lifting the tent-door flap and letting it drop with a loud noise, would call out, 'Now-ah! See-thae-muc-ca thae-sha-thu!' (Hail! Rabbit-chief!) He repeated these actions and greetings several times. And the old grandmother, sitting outside, said under her covers: 'Oh, my grandson! how well he is known by the great men of the Pawnees!' Then Wa-han-the-she-gae began to eat the turkey, keeping up the while a lively talk in Pawnee all by himself. He ate and ate, until nothing was left but the bones!"

¹ The name of some friendly tribe would be here introduced: of late years the Pawnees are mentioned.

Many a group of children may be seen under the trees, in summer, playing "Im-bae the-an-jae."¹ Putting their small robes or blankets about them, drawing the ends back with their arms, which they cross behind under the fall of the robe, spreading their hands and fingers beneath the robe, and flapping them, in imitation of the turkey's tails; then, hopping and jumping, they sing the song of Wa-han-the-she-gae, and dance the dance of the turkeys.

Alice C. Fletcher.

WHAT BEFELL THE SLAVE-SEEKERS.

A STORY OF THE HAIDAHS ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND, B. C.

FROM time immemorial until the year 1875, or perhaps even later, every native tribe on the northwest coast of America not only used to keep slaves, but often made raids on other tribes, especially on those with whom they were not on friendly terms, and kidnapped all persons on whom they could lay their hands, in order to obtain slaves for domestic use and also for selling to others.

Early in the present century, a large party of these Haidahs embarked in one of their large canoes, which hold from twenty-five to thirty warriors, for the purpose of making a raid on the Kittamats, a tribe living opposite the Queen Charlotte's Islands, on the mainland of British Columbia, upon the north arm of Gardner's Canal. Though their absence was prolonged, their wives and relatives, who expected them to be absent from five to six weeks, were not greatly disturbed. When weeks turned into months, their friends became alarmed, and strong search parties were sent forth in all directions. After visiting many islands, and seeking far and wide, these tired of the fruitless search, and gave up the wanderers as lost.

The slave-raiders had intended to go to Kittamat. Had the search proceeded thither, such a course, under the existing conditions, would have been equivalent to a declaration of war. Pride and ignorance of the languages of their neighbors were the principal cause of the wars and ill-feeling between the various nations: for example, some ill-timed joke would, through ignorance on the part of the members of another tribe, be construed into an insult, which their pride would not allow to go unpunished. On other parts of this coast the traders found it necessary to create a trade language or jargon, the Chinook, than which I know nothing that has done so

¹ The children have coined this word to be the name of this particular game. The word is used only by them.

much to civilize our native races. It stimulated friendly intercourse between tribes, by enabling them to converse with each other, whence sworn foes became lasting friends; and when meeting at any of the Hudson Bay Company's trading-posts, they would converse for hours of relatives who disappeared and never were heard of again. A few years ago the Haidahs and their ancient foes, the Kittamats, met and settled old feuds in a friendly manner. Among other topics, the conversation turned on the raid mentioned, when the following facts were elicited:—

A long while ago, a large party of Kittamats were on a hunting and fishing expedition, and, having reached a little island, in which there was a good harbor, they hauled up their canoes. One of the party, during their stay, happening to go into the long grass and the bushes, found concealed a large canoe. This they hastily launched and departed, taking the canoe and everything in it away with them, well knowing it to be a Haidah canoe, and that its owners in all probability were not far off. When they reached home they told how they had taken the canoe, and left the Haidahs to perish. Some time after, when they thought that the party on the island would be in a starving condition, and consequently glad to accept any terms, a large party of Kittamats went to look for them. Sailing cautiously round the island, they were seen by the Haidahs, who gladly hailed them. Going on shore, the latter presented a pitiable appearance, and seemed ready to accept anything in preference to death from starvation. The Kittamats demanded what they were doing there. In answer they said they came to hunt, and that in their absence their canoe had been stolen, and they expressed their desire to get away. The visitors told them to come on board, and they would see what could be done.

These terms the sufferers disliked, but there was no choice. As soon as all were aboard, sail was made by their captors for the Kittamat village, where all the prisoners were made slaves. Some were kept for a time in the village, while others were sold to distant tribes; and, at the time of the interview, nothing was known, even to their captors, as to the whereabouts of any of them, if alive. So much is certain, that none of them ever returned to their native village. And thus it happened that the slave-raiders were themselves made slaves.

James Deans.

VICTORIA, B. C.

FOLK-LORE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

I.

BEFORE describing the customs, folk-medicine, and folk-lore of the Pennsylvania Germans, it will be necessary to present a brief sketch of the people to which they relate, and to explain the origin of the dialect generally, though erroneously, denominated "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Swedish settlers appeared at Tinicum Island, on the Delaware River, about the year 1638, where they held possession until 1655, when they were displaced by the Dutch, who in turn (in 1664) were compelled to give way to the English. A few adventurers had already arrived and established themselves where Chester now stands, a year before the arrival of Penn in 1682. Previous to this, numbers of Germans from the Palatinate — Rhenish Bavaria — had been induced to come to England upon the invitation of Queen Anne, the object of the English authorities being the rapid colonization of the new possessions in America; therefore many of the immigrants who came with Penn, and during the following years, were retained for a greater or less period of time to indemnify that government for the expense of transportation and maintenance. Some sold themselves to settlers from the interior, for whom they worked for a specified time. Numbers of these German colonists were transported to Georgia and to New York, but most of them ultimately made their way to Pennsylvania, where their friends had previously settled.

During the years 1683 and 1684 the immigration steadily increased, and was represented chiefly by Welsh, English, a few Dutch, and, above all, by Palatines. According to Proud, some of these lodged in the woods, in hollow trees, and in caves and dug-outs made along the banks of the Delaware and the Wissahickon, while others hastily erected rude huts.

Thousands of new arrivals flocked in between the years 1708 and 1720, these being chiefly Palatines, with a few natives of Würtemberg and Darmstadt. Franconia, Baden, and Saxony were also represented at various intervals. Irish, from the north of Ireland, began to arrive about the year 1719, and the Welsh had been among the first to purchase land of Penn, selecting that on the west bank of the Schuylkill. Previous to 1692, the latter settled six townships in Chester County. The Irish, on the contrary, established themselves on the Lehigh, at a point between the present sites of Bethlehem and Allentown, which was long known as "Craig's Settlement." North of the Blue Mountains, near the Delaware, a few Dutch fam-

ilies from New Jersey and New York took up land, as did also a number of French and Spanish.

Philadelphia County was established in 1682, and on account of the number of Germans at the northern extremity of the settlement that spot received the name of "Germantown," which it still retains. From this point north and west the country was rapidly penetrated and clearings were made, so that during the eighteenth century all that portion of the State east of the Blue Mountains, from the Delaware to Maryland, contained thriving settlements and the beginnings of future cities.

Intermarriage between the various German immigrants, among whom the dialects of the Palatinate, Franconia, etc., predominated, has resulted in the formation of a dialect which is known as "Pennsylvania German." This more strongly resembles some of the Bavarian dialects than any other of the German, as was recognized by the present writer during his service as staff-surgeon in the Prussian army during the war of 1870-71. Although Pennsylvanians read German newspapers and books, they are generally unable to converse in that language, and experience great difficulty in understanding a recent German immigrant, whom they regard in the light of a foreigner, as much as do people of English descent.

German names were gradually Anglicized, so that few original forms, comparatively speaking, are now found. Some could not be satisfactorily treated in this manner, and were allowed to survive, such as Knappenberger, Lichtenwalner, Fenstermacher, Nunnemacher, Oberholtzer, Lautenschläger, Katzenmoyer, Trockenmüller, Himmelreich (= Kingdom of Heaven), etc. Others are found to-day, both the German and the English equivalent, possessed by different branches of the same family, as the following will illustrate :—

Schreiner	=	<i>Carpenter.</i>	Buss (= Busch)	=	<i>Wood.</i>
Schreiber	=	{ <i>Scribner,</i>	Rothstein	=	<i>Redstone.</i>
		{ <i>Writer.</i>	Klein	=	<i>Small.</i>
Dreher	=	<i>Turner.</i>	Jerk (= Georg)	=	<i>George.</i>
Schwarz	=	<i>Black.</i>	Hön	=	<i>Hain.</i>
Vogel	=	<i>Bird.</i>	Zimmerman	=	<i>Cooper.</i>
Vögel	=	<i>Fegley.</i>	Becker	=	<i>Baker.</i>
Rothrock	=	<i>Redcoat.</i>	Ox (= Ochs)	=	<i>Oaks.</i>
Jung	=	<i>Young.</i>	Schneider	=	{ <i>Cutter,</i>
Haas	=	<i>Hare.</i>			{ <i>Taylor.</i>
Yeager,	=	{ <i>Hunter,</i>	Heffner	=	<i>Potter.</i>
		{ <i>Yeager,</i>	Herzog	=	<i>Duke.</i>
		{ <i>Faeger.</i> ¹			

¹ Of two brothers, one retained the original form, another changed to *Faeger*.

Another change is discernible in quite a number of names, *i. e.*, a change of spelling to simplify pronunciation, or to disguise or conceal ideas apparently absurd, as Wetherhold, from Wedderholtz; Balliet, from Pollyard; Hendershott, from Hinnershitz; Sheetz, from Schitz, etc.

Although impracticable, in the present paper, to treat of the philologic peculiarities of this dialect, it is necessary to submit a short scheme to facilitate in the proper pronunciation of such words and phrases as may be given from time to time. Consonants are sounded as in English; vowels are short, unless indicated by a line over the vowel prolonged in sound.

a, as in *far*, *tar*.

ä, as in *hat*.

â, as in *law*.

ai, as *ai* in *aisle*.

âi, as *oi* in *oil*.

e, as in *net*.

ē, as *a* in *ale*.

ch, as in German *nicht*.

gh, as the soft sound of *g* in *Tagen*, *schlagen*.

z is represented by *ts*.

c " " by *k* or *s*.

′, the acute accent, is used to indicate accented syllables.

ⁿ, the superior *n* indicates a nasalized sound of the letter to which it is attached. This sound appears to be one of the most striking peculiarities of the dialect, and resembles the nasalized *n* of the French language. The final *en* of all German words becomes *a* or *ä*, as *schlagen* (to strike) = *shla'gha*; *essen* (to eat) = *es'sä*.

It is extremely difficult for people of the rural districts to acquire the proper sound of *j* and *g*, as in the words *James* and *gem*, the usual result being *tsh*, as *ch* in *Charles*; words beginning with *ch* are sounded like the English *j*, and the final *th* becomes *s*, while the same sound as initial, in *this*, becomes *d*.

This dialect is still in common use, particularly in the country and small villages, though through the agency of public schools the English language is rapidly replacing it. As pronounced and spoken by the country folk, the dialect is frequently very amusing to those speaking it in the cities, as the former have a peculiar drawl or prolonged intonation not often heard in business communities, where everything is done with promptness and dispatch. There are marked differences, too, in words and phrases, so that one who is familiar with this dialect can readily distinguish whether the speaker be from Lancaster, or Berks, or Lehigh County.

The descendants of the early German colonists, after having

received during several generations the benefits of education and mingling in cultured society, cannot be distinguished from the offspring of other nationalities, and it is only in the rural districts, and in what is frequently termed the "backwoods," that we find the ruder and more primitive customs and superstitions surviving.

The country folks (*bush/lait*) are very averse to the adoption of the usages of polite society, and consequently adhere to many curious customs and manners with great tenacity. A common response, when questioned in regard to this, is, "As my father did, so I do" (*Wi dër fádër gedûr hôt, so du ich d*).

Occasional newspaper articles have appeared from time to time purporting to present accounts of the customs and superstitions of this people; but as the writers were generally not of the people, and in addition many were unfamiliar with the dialect, the accuracy of such descriptions may reasonably be questioned.

Many of the customs and superstitions are the remnants of what were imported into this country at the time of the first settlements, and it is only natural, therefore, to expect parallels in various portions of Great Britain and on the Continent. Still, the colonists had invariably to adapt themselves to their new environment; and as most of them had no money wherewith to secure the comforts of civilization, they began life *de novo*. Houses of moderate size were erected upon the clearings, usually having two rooms, sometimes three; the chimney being erected on the inside, as was also the oven. Windows consisted of small square openings, with a sliding board on the inner side, to serve as a shutter. Furniture of all descriptions was home-made and of the most primitive patterns. All clothing was made by the women, and they frequently resorted to buckskin skirts when working in the fields. Squirrel-skin moccasins were considered a luxury, and when the young women went to church on Sunday, in order to make them last as long as possible, they walked barefoot until within sight of the building before putting them on. In time, however, the condition of things and persons improved, so that the account which follows pertains chiefly to the early and middle portion of the present century.

Nearly every farmer raised sufficient flax or hemp for home consumption. The preparation of this, so that the spun fibre could be delivered to the weaver, entailed much labor and time, as many well remember. Wool was also prepared, dyed, and woven for garments and bed-covers. Dyes were made from the bark of trees and from plants. Sassafras bark produced a substantial yellow for woollen materials; a decoction of the bark of the red maple was employed, though a quantity of copperas had to be added. The bark of both the hickory and the oak were employed, chiefly for linen goods, and

the loose skins of old onions produced a light yellow. As a substitute for alum, urine was employed, and this was carefully poured into large vessels, until sufficient had accumulated for the desired purpose.

Barns, were then, as now, always larger and frequently more comfortable than the dwelling-house. The ground floor is divided into compartments for the stabling of horses and cattle, one end being left open as a driveway, where farm implements are placed during inclement weather. The main floor, extending over all, is usually from ten to twelve feet above the ground, and is divided into three parts. The middle third is reserved for threshing and the temporary storage of carriages and wagons, while upon either side are located the granaries, above which is stored the hay or straw. The roofs are of shingles. According to an old superstition, the shingles must be nailed on during the waning of the moon, or they will soon curl up and split. It is a common sight to find a horse-shoe nailed upon the lintels of the stable doors, to insure good luck and safety to the animals, and it is still better if the horse-shoe be one that was found upon the highway.

The writer is inclined to believe that this custom had its origin at a time more remote than the superstitions relating to "thirteen at a table" and the "spilling of salt," both of which are generally conceded to have originated at or with the Lord's Supper and consequent events. The Romans drove nails into the walls of cottages, as an antidote against the plague: for this reason L. Manlius, A. U. C. 390, was named dictator to drive the nail (Brand's "Antiq.," 1882, iii. 18). In Jerusalem, a rough representation of a hand is marked by the natives on the wall of every house whilst in building (Lt. Condor, "Palestine Explor. Fund," January, 1873, p. 16). The Moors generally, and especially the Arabs of Kairwan, employ the marks on their houses as prophylactics, and similar hand-prints are found in El Baird, near Petra.

That these practices and the later use of the horse-shoe originated with the rite of the Passover is probable. The blood upon the door-posts and upon the lintel (Exodus xii. 7) formed the chief points of an arch, and when the horse-shoe was invented it was naturally adopted by the superstitious as conforming to the shape, or outline, upon the primitive doorway, and in time it became the symbol of luck, or "safety to those residing under its protection."

The fence around the barn-yard, as well as others upon the farm, is also made during the waxing of the moon, or the posts will sink and soon rot away (Fayette County). In the eastern part of the State, fences must be made when the horns are turned up, when they will remain; if built when the horns of the moon are directed

downward, the posts will sink until the bottom rail touches the ground. So also with the planting of vegetables, etc. Peas, beans, and other plants growing as vines are planted when the horns of the moon are turned up, so that they may grow vigorously. If planted when the horns of the moon are turned down, they will remain low and stunted.¹

Potatoes are planted in the new moon, so that they will have sufficient light and all strike root; "the sign of the moon must be in the feet" (Mr. Brown, Fayette County). The same authority also says that corn should be planted during the new moon, "when the sign is in the head," so that it may all go to ear. In Lehigh County, the first day of May was the day set apart for planting corn.

Cabbage should be planted on the seventeenth day of March, to insure its heading well.

Cucumbers must be planted in the morning, before sunrise, as otherwise they would be destroyed by bugs.

Wheat must not be cut before full moon, as it will not be fully ripe; "and if Ember-days are high [*sic*] one may expect to obtain a good price therefor." This last is from Mr. L. W. Brown, of Fayette County, but the description is not clear.

A curious belief is still extant in Lehigh County respecting the transplanting of parsley. Should any one obtain one or more plants, and replant them in his own garden, it is believed that such person's death will soon follow.²

It is but a few years ago that hogs were slaughtered during the waxing of the moon, as at any other time the meat would shrink and not be as good.³

It is still confidently asserted, in many localities, that the cattle kneel and low at midnight before Christmas.

To kill a toad or a barn-swallow will cause the cows to give bloody milk.

In Fayette County, according to my informant, Mr. L. W. Brown, "when a colt opens its mouth for the first time, it drops what is

¹ That a similar belief obtained in Great Britain is observed from the following passage in Tusser's *Poems* (printed 1744), quoted by Mr. Folkard in his *Plant Lore, Legends, and Lyrics* (London, 1884), p. 168, viz.: "It must be granted the moon is an excellent clock, and, if not the cause of many surprising accidents, gives a just indication of them, whereof this Pease and Beans may be one instance; for Pease and Beans sown during the increase do run more to hawm and straw, and during the declension more to cod, according to the common consent of countrymen."

² A similar belief obtains in Devonshire, England. Parsley was regarded by the Greeks as a funeral herb, and they frequently strewed the tombs of their dead with it.

³ "Do not kill your pig until full moon, or the pork will be ruined," is a West Sussex superstition. *The Folk-Lore Record*, 1878, i. 11.

usually called a 'false tongue;' this should be picked up and suspended in the stable, when the colt will always be easily caught when out in pasture."

As counter-charms, the following are still believed in. When corn and beans are reserved for the next year's planting, the cobs, husks, and vines are carefully carried out into a field or upon the highway, that they may be quickly destroyed. Should they be burned, the next crop of corn and beans will be attacked by "black fungus" (*bräut*).

To exterminate briars and alders, cut them when the waning moon is in the "sign of the heart."

One will frequently observe, even at this day, the bodies of birds of prey, with outstretched wings, nailed against the gable ends of barns. Birds of this kind, shot upon the farm, were thus exposed to keep away others. A quarter of a century ago it was the custom for the young men to organize a party and shoot all obnoxious birds, and frequently those beneficial to the farmer, on Ascension Day. The origin of this custom, and the reason why that particular day should be selected, is not known.

Corn-husking parties and the merriment incident thereto is well known and indulged in even at this time, but there were also gatherings in the fields at night, after the husking had been completed, one of which the writer witnessed some years ago in Monroe County. In making a journey across the Blue Mountains, the summit was not reached until near midnight, and, just as the country beyond was dimly outlined in the moonlight, occasional strains of music and laughter could be detected floating up from below. Presently large fires were seen, and around them the rapidly moving bodies of the merry-makers. The husking had been completed, and a dance was in progress, — "a genuine jig," as it is termed in that region. The fiddler was seated upon a stump, while the couple who had the "floor" were stationed *vis-à-vis*, and in this position danced out the set, after which their places were taken by another couple. After several rounds, the whole party would promenade round the fire, which served both for illuminating the grounds and to furnish warmth, as it was late in the month of October.

When dances were held in the barn, light was afforded by lanterns and tallow candles. Husking parties (*husk'in mats'h'es*) were then held during the day, and the finding of a red ear of corn entitled the finder to kiss any one of the girls present; if a girl found such an ear, and wished to avoid being kissed, she would hide it quickly as possible, though, if discovered, the first of the young men to reach her was entitled to the kiss.

That curious custom of courting termed bundling still survives

in a few isolated localities along the eastern foothills of the Blue Mountains. It was rather common during the early portion of the present century, and survived and was considered a not improper practice even until the outbreak of the late war. It is more than probable that the young men discovered the absurdity and indecency of the custom during their enlistment, when they came in contact with more enlightened people, to whom such practice no doubt seemed criminal.

Among the uncultured this form of courtship was conducted with propriety and sincerity, but by the educated classes the proceedings were looked upon as decidedly immodest. No young man was esteemed a desirable beau unless he possessed at least a horse and buggy, so as to be enabled to take his sweetheart to local gatherings on holidays, and to church on Sunday.

Saturday evening was considered the proper time for courting (*shpär'iya*), though this delightful pastime often extended over the whole of Sunday. As before stated, houses were limited as to rooms; and as the distance travelled by the lover was often too great for him to return home late Saturday night, and to be at the command of his *fiancée* on Sunday morning, the matter was compromised by his remaining and sharing her bed. At sunset, the old folks were wont to retire, both to rest from the labors of the day and to save the unnecessary burning of tallow candles, which were home-made and a luxury.

The custom of bundling was, in early times, not confined to Pennsylvania alone, but extended into the New England States, as the following quotation will illustrate. William Smith, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1747, p. 211), says: "It must be noted that it is the custom in this country [New England] for young persons between whom there is a courtship, or treaty of marriage, to lye together, the woman having her petticoats on, and the man his breeches; and afterwards, if they do no fall out, they confess the covenant at the church, in the midst of the congregation, and to the minister, who declares the marriage legal; and if anything criminal has been acted, orders a punishment accordingly, sometimes of forty stripes save one."

In Pennsylvania, however, superfluous clothing was frequently dispensed with, and, if a like rule had existed, it would have been rarely found necessary to inflict such punishment.

That bundling received judicial recognition by the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania is evident in the case of *Kenderline v. Phelin*, about the year 1852. This was on appeal from the case tried before Chief Justice Gibson, holding court at nisi prius in Philadelphia, who, in a decision on a point of evidence, ruled "that in that part of the country where the custom was known to prevail, that the

female being in bed with a man, or different men, was not conclusive evidence as to her want of chastity ;" and, on appeal, the decision was sustained.¹

Another case, tried at Allentown, resulted in favor of the defendant, for the reason shown in the following extract from "The Pennsylvania Law Journal" (v. 1846, p. 30) : "In an action brought to recover damages for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter, it appeared that the defendant and the daughter slept together on the occasion of the seduction, according to a *custom* which prevailed in the part of the country where they resided (known as bundling), and with the knowledge of the plaintiff : Held, that the knowledge of the plaintiff amounted to connivance, and he could not therefore recover damages." ²

Thirty years ago it was common, at church, to see all the marriageable girls — or at least those who had lovers — wearing white scarfs or handkerchiefs around their necks, to hide the scarlet blotches caused by the kisses and "love bites" of the preceding evening. When visiting the larger towns, numbers of young couples would stroll along the streets with clasped hands or linked fingers, like children, totally oblivious to all comment from the amused lookers-on, and the writer distinctly remembers seeing such visitors sitting upon the butcher's block, in the public market-place, clasped in each other's arms and sound asleep ! — this, too, in the midst of a multitude of people who had been attracted to the town on account of a public demonstration.

The marriage ceremony was generally performed at the minister's residence, and it was he, also, who furnished refreshments, consisting of home-made wine and small cakes. The bride and groom, sometimes attended by friends, usually went on horseback, and wedding trips were unknown to most people. Upon the return of the party to the temporary or future home of the newly wedded couple, dancing and other festivities were indulged in until long after midnight.

It was the custom for the bride to furnish the household linen, bedding, etc., the husband being supposed to have secured a house and plat of ground, either by purchase or renting. The habit was never to take an old broom into a new house, as bad luck was sure to follow.³ It must be a new broom, and first carried across the meadow, to avert any evil consequences.

¹ This information, not published in the Reports *in extenso*, was given to the writer by a gentleman present at the trial and practising before the court.

² Hollis v. Wells, opinion by Judge Banks, Common Pleas of Lehigh County, August Term, 1845.

³ A New England saying, noted in the *London Folk-Lore Journal* (1884, ii. 24), is, "He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom."

Both at wedding feasts and upon other occasions it was usual, when dancing, to "dance for flax;" that is, the higher the feet were raised from the floor, the higher would be the host's crop of flax at the next harvest.¹

The young wife, in the absence of farm help, often lent a helping hand in the heavy work of farming, such as plowing, threshing grain, clearing the fields of large stones, etc. From spring until autumn it was her duty, to gather the various herbs, barks, roots, and flowers supposed to contain medicinal properties, which were subsequently employed in domestic practice, as occasion required. Garden-seeds were also selected for the next year's planting, and, altogether, these various packages and bags, suspended from the rafters of the loft or garret of the house, formed quite an important and interesting collection. The subject of folk-medicine and the superstitions relating thereto will be presented later on.

"Quiltings" and apple-butter parties were looked forward to by the young folks with much interest. At the former the young women assisted in finishing bed-quilts, which consisted of many-colored patches of calico, and sometimes silks, the evening terminating with a dance and a supper; while, at the latter, much of the day was spent in boiling down cider and paring apples, which were subsequently reduced therein to the proper consistency. As this required constant stirring to avoid burning, the labors sometimes extended far into the night, and were then followed by a dance.

In some localities it is believed that if vinegar be disturbed while the apple-trees bloom it will again turn to cider.

With the exception of very few articles, nearly every variety of food was of farm production. Such as was obtained at the country stores was received in exchange for butter and eggs.

The housewife sometimes found difficulty in butter-making, the "spell" being believed to be the work of a witch, as every locality boasted of such a personage. The remedy was to plunge a red-hot poker into the contents of the churn, when the spell was broken, and the butter immediately began to form.

To refuse a witch any request was sure to be followed by misfortune. The following incident was related to the writer by Mr. A. F. Berlin, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, who received it at first hand. A farmer who lives at Alburtis, Lehigh County, had two cows. One

¹ In one part of Germany it is customary "for the bride to place flax in her shoes, that she may never come to want" (*Flowers and Flower-Lore*, by Hilderic Friend, i. 134). Another custom, from the same authority, is to the effect that a bride will "tie a string of flax around her left leg, in the belief that she will thereby enjoy the full blessing of the married state."

"Flax is the symbol of free and abundant vegetable life" (*Mythologie des Plantes*, by Count A. de Gubernatis, ii. 199).

day an old woman, who lived but a short distance away, and who was suspected of being a witch, came to the house, and, during the course of conversation, asked which of the two cows gave the greater quantity of milk. The one which was indicated was then with calf. Upon the following day the two cows were driven, as usual, into the fields to pasture, but on attempting to drive them home, later in the day, the milch cow was found lying helpless upon the ground. The farmer, upon hearing of this, went into the field with his sons, to endeavor to get the animal upon her feet. The sons took hold of the horns, while the father grasped the tail, but all attempts to move the cow were ineffectual. The father then directed the boys to gather some wood to make a fire, which was to be placed near the cow. During all this time the witch was standing on the portico of the farmer's house, watching the proceedings; but the instant she saw that fire was to be kindled, she came forward, and inquired after the purpose of the proceedings. The farmer accused her of bewitching the cow, but this she denied most vigorously. The witch then bade the farmer call his wife, who, upon her arrival, was told to take hold of the cow's tail while the witch went to the head. After a few caresses and the utterance of some words of endearment and encouragement, the cow rose from the ground, and walked away as if nothing had occurred.

W. F. Hoffman, M. D.

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS IN LOUISIANA.

In order to understand fully the customs of a past age and of plantation life before the war, we must bear in mind that the planters lived in the greatest opulence and possessed many slaves. These were, as a rule, well treated by their masters, and, in spite of their slavery, they were contented and happy. Not having any of the responsibilities of life, they were less serious than the present freedmen, and more inclined to take advantage of all opportunities to amuse themselves.

New Year's Day on the plantations was an occasion of great merriment and pleasure for the slaves. Its observance gave rise to scenes so characteristic of old times that I shall endeavor to describe them.

At daylight, on the 1st of January, the rejoicing began on the plantation; everything was in an uproar, and all the negroes, old and young, were running about, shaking hands and exchanging wishes for the new year. The servants employed at the house came to awaken the master and mistress and the children. The nurses came to our beds to present their *souhairs*. To the boys it was always, "Mo souhaité ké vou bon garçon, fé plein l'argent é ké vou bienheureux;" to the girls, "Mo souhaité ké vou bon fîe, ké vou gagnin ein mari riche é plein piti."

Even the very old and infirm, who had not left the hospital for months, came to the house with the rest of *l'atelier* for their gifts. These they were sure to get, each person receiving a piece of an ox killed expressly for them, several pounds of flour, and a new tin pan and spoon. The men received, besides, a new jean or cottonade suit of clothes, and the women a dress and a most gaudy headkerchief or *tignon*, the redder the better. Each woman that had had a child during the year received two dresses instead of one. After the *souhairs* were presented to the masters, and the gifts were made, the dancing and singing began. The scene was indeed striking, interesting, and weird. Two or three hundred men and women were there in front of the house, wild with joy and most boisterous, although always respectful.

Their musical instruments were, first, a barrel with one end covered with an ox-hide, — this was the drum; then two sticks and the jawbone of a mule, with the teeth still on it, — this was the violin. The principal musician bestrode the barrel and began to beat on the hide, singing as loud as he could. He beat with his hands, with his feet, and sometimes, when quite carried away by his enthusiasm, with his head also. The second musician took the sticks and beat on the wood of the barrel, while the third made a dreadful music by

rattling the teeth of the jawbone with a stick. Five or six men stood around the musicians and sang without stopping. All this produced a most strange and savage music, but, withal, not disagreeable, as the negroes have a very good ear for music, and keep a pleasant rhythm in their songs. These dancing-songs generally consisted of one phrase, repeated for hours on the same air.

In the dance called *carabiné*, and which was quite graceful, the man took his *danseuse* by the hand, and made her turn around very rapidly for more than an hour, the woman waving a red handkerchief over her head, and every one singing, —

“Madame Gobar, en tant di bal,
Madame Gobar, tiyon li tombé.”

The other dance, called *pilé Chactas*, was not as graceful as the *carabiné*, but was more strange. The woman had to dance almost without moving her feet. It was the man who did all the work : turning around her, kneeling down, making the most grotesque and extraordinary faces, writhing like a serpent, while the woman was almost immovable. After a little while, however, she began to get excited, and untying her neckerchief, she waved it around gracefully, and finally ended by wiping off the perspiration from the face of her *danseur*, and also from the faces of the musicians who played the barrel and the jawbone, an act which must have been gratefully received by those sweltering individuals.

The ball, for such it was, lasted for several hours, and was a great amusement to us children. It must have been less entertaining to our parents, but they never interfered, as they considered that, by a well-established custom, New Year's Day was one of mirth and pleasure for the childlike slaves. Very different is this scene from those described in “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” for the slaves were certainly not unhappy on the plantations. The proof of this is, that, although our equals politically and citizens of the United States, they often refer to the time of slavery, and speak willingly of those bygone days.

Another custom which was quite interesting was the cutting of the last cane for grinding. When the hands had reached the last rows left standing, the foreman (*commandeur*) chose the tallest cane, and the best laborer (*le meilleur couteau*) came to the cane chosen, which was the only one in the field left uncut. Then the whole gang congregated around the spot, with the overseer and foreman, and the latter, taking a blue ribbon, tied it to the cane, and, brandishing his knife in the air, sang to the cane as if it were a person, and danced around it several times before cutting it. When this was done, all the laborers, men, women, and children, mounted in the empty carts, carrying the last cane in triumph, waving colored

handkerchiefs in the air, and singing as loud as they could. The procession went to the house of the master, who gave a drink to every negro, and the day ended with a ball, amid general rejoicing.

Shooting at the *papegai* was another great popular amusement. A rude bird representing a rooster was made of wood, and was placed on a high pole to be shot at. A calf or an ox was killed, and every part of the wooden bird represented a similar portion of the animal. All who wanted to shoot had to pay a certain amount for each chance. This sport is still a favorite one in the country, both with the whites and the blacks, but not as much so as before the war.

The negroes, as all ignorant people, are very superstitious. The celebrated sect of the Voudoux, of which so much has been said, was the best proof of the credulity and superstition of the blacks, as well as of the barbarity of their nature.

The idea of incantation and of charms for good or evil is as old as the world. In Virgil's eighth eclogue we all remember the words of Alphesibœus :—

"Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore
Licia circumdo, terque hæc altaria circum
Effigiem duco; numero deus impare gaudet."

In the Middle Ages astrology was considered a science, and sorcery was admitted. It is well known that when John the Fearless of Burgundy killed Louis of Orleans, the celebrated theologian Jean Petit proved to the poor Charles VI. that John had rendered him a great service in killing his brother, as the latter had conjured the two devils, Hermas and Astramon, to harm the king, and they would have caused his death had not the Duke of Burgundy, like a devoted subject, saved his liege lord.

The religion of the Voudoux was based on sorcery, and, being practised by very ignorant people, was, of course, most immoral and hideous. It is, fortunately, fast disappearing, the negroes becoming more civilized. The dances of the Voudoux have often been described, and were, according to the accounts, perfect bacchanalia. They usually took place at some retired spot on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain or of Bayou St. John.

Although this sect is nearly extinct, the negroes are still very much afraid of their witchcraft. The Voudoux, however, do not always succeed in their enchantments, as is evidenced by the following amusing incident. One of my friends, returning home from his work quite late one evening, saw on a doorstep two little candles, lit, and between them four nickels, placed as a cross. Feeling quite anxious as to the dreadful fate which was to befall the inhabitants of the house, the gentleman blew out the candles, threw them in the gutter, put the nickels in his pocket, and walked off with the proud

satisfaction of having saved a whole family from great calamities. This is how the Creoles fear the Voudoux !

The negroes are also very much afraid of the will-o'-the-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*. They believe that on a dark night it leads its victim, who is obliged to follow, either in the river, where he is drowned, or in bushes of thorns, which tear him to pieces, the Jack-a-lantern exclaiming all the time, "*Aïe, aïe, mo gagnin toi,*" — "Aïe, aïe, I have you."

The old negro who was speaking to me of the *ignis fatuus* told me that he was born with a caul, and that he saw ghosts on All Saints' Day. He also added he often saw a woman without a head, and he had the gift of prophecy.

There are a great many superstitions among the common people in Louisiana, but as I believe that they are general to all countries, I shall not mention them all. Here are a few : —

A person must come out of a room by the same door through which he came in ; otherwise there will be a misfortune.

Put nails in shape of a cross in the nest of a goose, that thunder should not spoil the eggs and prevent them from hatching.

When a woman whistles, it makes the Virgin Mary weep.

When little children in their sleep put their arms on their heads, we must put them down, for they are calling misfortune on their heads.

When the palate falls, we must tie very tight a lock of hair in the middle of the head, and the palate will resume its natural position.

The crows, coming to eat pecans, cry : " Paul, Paul, *a ti gra ? a ti gra ?* *Necque* [only] *la po, necque la po.*"

When roosters crow, the negroes pretend that the big ones say, " Piti coq bon pou fé bouillon," and the little ones reply, " Popa aussite."

The following is a game for winning pecans : One person holds several pecans in his hand, and says, " Ti zozo dan boi." The other replies, " Tiré li." " Combien coups ? " "*Dé, trois, cate,*" etc. If the player has guessed right, he wins the pecans ; otherwise he must give the same number of nuts to his adversary.

In the Attakapas, an Acadian once told me the following riddle, which I had found ridiculous : " Quel est l'animal qui a quatre tirants, deux vire-chiens, et un vire-mouches ? " " Une vache."

I was lately quite astonished to find in M. Rolland's " Faune Populaire de la France," vol. v. p. 113, almost the same *devinette*, namely : —

Cuatro andantes
Cuatro mamantes
Un quita — moscas

Y dos apuntantes

— Vaca.

Espagnol, Demofilo, Adivinanzas, p. 286.

Dos punxents

Dos lluent

Cuatro tups, tups

Y un ventador de mosques

— Le bou.

Iles Baléares, Demofilo, p. 363.

Alcée Fortier.

LOUISIANIAN NURSERY-TALES.

I.

LA GRAISSE.

YAVÉ eune madame ki té gagnin cate filles. Yé té si joli, ké tout mouné té oulé marié avec yé. Yé té pélé yé : La Graisse, Dépomme, Banane, et Pacane. La Graisse té pli joli, mais li té jamin sorti dans soleil pasqué yé té pér li va fonne. La Graisse té sorti tou les jou dans eune bel carosse en or. Fi léroi té oua li tou les jou, mais La Graisse té si joli et carosse li té si apé brillé¹ ké so zié té fait li mal ; li té gagnin pou frotté yé pou oua clair. Fi léroi té limmin La Graisse : li couri chez moman la pou mandé li pou marié avec La Graisse, mais moman la ki té connin La Graisse té pli joli li té oulé marié les otes avant.

Li pélé Dépomme : “Dépomme oh ! orimomo, orimomo !” Dépomme vini, mais michié la gardé li ben, li dit c'est pas cila là mo oulé, li sré gaté trop vite.

Moman pélé : “Banane oh ! orimomo, orimomo !” Banane vini, Michié té pas oulé, li dit la connin pourri trop vite.

Moman pélé : “Pacane oh ! orimomo, orimomo !” Pacane vini. Michié dit pacane va vini rance.

Enfin moman pélé La Graisse : “La Graisse oh ! orimomo, orimomo.” La Graisse vini. Sito li oua La Graisse, li prend li et ménin li dans so bel la maison, et li marié li.

Fi léroi té couri la chasse tou les jou : pendant li té pas la, domestiques té fait la Graisse tout plein la misère. Li té pér dit so mari, et li té fait tout ça yé oulé.

Eune jou kisinière la dit, li vé pas fait dinin. I faut La Graisse fait li. Pauvre La Graisse li crié, li crié, mais yé forcé li pour resté coté di fé : mais li tapé fonne fonne. A la fin yavé pli qué La

¹ *Li té apé brillé.* A peculiar expression and genuine patois. From the French, *Il était après (à) briller.*

Graisse partout, la kisine la té tout plein. Piti zozo La Graisse oua ça, li trempé so zaile dans La Graisse.¹ Li volé dans bois coté michié la, si batte so zaile dans so figuire.

Michié la oua La Graisse ki té on so zaile, li pensé so chère La Graisse, li galopé chez li, li trouvé so femme tout fonne par terre. Li té si chagrin, li ramassé tout La Graisse, et metté li dans vié baignoire, et quand La Graisse la vini frêt, li té eune femme encor. Mais li té jamin si jolie com avant, pasqué la terre té mélé avé li,² et li té tout jaune et sale. So mari té pli limmin li et renvoyé li coté so moman.

[*Translation.*]

There was once a lady who had four daughters. They were so pretty that everybody wanted to marry them. They were called La Graisse, Dépomme, Banane, and Pacane. La Graisse was the prettiest, but she never went out in the sun, because they were afraid that she would melt. La Graisse used to go out every day in a beautiful golden carriage. The son of the king saw her every day, but La Graisse was so pretty and the carriage shone so much that it dazzled his eyes, and he had to rub them in order to be able to see. The king's son was in love with La Graisse. He ran to the mother to ask her to let him marry her; but the mother, who knew that La Graisse was the prettiest of her daughters, wanted to marry the others first. She called Dépomme: "Dépomme oh! orimomo, orimomo!" Dépomme came, but the gentleman looked at her well, and said that it was not the one he wanted; she would spoil too quickly. The mother called: "Banane oh! orimomo, orimomo!" Banane came. The gentleman did not want her; she would rot too quickly.

The mother called: "Pacane oh! orimomo, orimomo!" Pacane came. The gentleman said Pacane would become rancid. At last the mother called: "La Graisse oh! orimomo, orimomo!" La Graisse came. As soon as he saw her he took her, and led her to his beautiful house and married her.

The king's son went hunting every day. While he was not there, the servants tormented La Graisse. She was afraid to tell her husband, and she did all they wanted. One day the cook told her that she did not want to cook the dinner; that La Graisse had to do it herself. Poor La Graisse! she cried and cried, but they forced her to stay by the fire. But she was melting and melting: in the end,

¹ *Piti zozo trempé so zaile dans La Graisse.* A quaint idea, but very pretty: the little bird which dips its wings into the melted princess, and brings the sad tidings to the prince.

² *La terre té mélé avé li.* A strange idea, but quite philosophical. Alas! poor La Graisse was no longer pretty, and she was repudiated by her husband. Such is the inconstancy of man!

there was nothing but La Graisse (grease) everywhere; the kitchen was full of it.

The little bird of La Graisse saw that. It dipped its wings into the grease; it flew in the wood to the gentleman; it flapped its wings in his face. The gentleman saw the grease which was on the wings; he thought of his dear La Graisse; he galloped home; he found his wife all melted on the floor. He was so sorry that he picked up all the grease and put it in an old bath-tub, and when the grease was cold it became a woman again. But she was never as pretty as before; for the earth had mixed with the grease, and she was all yellow and dirty. Her husband did not love her any more, and sent her back to her mother.

II.

DÉZEF KI PARLÉ.¹

Yavé eune foi eune madame ki té gagnin dé fille yé té péle Rose et Blanche. Rose té méchant, é Blanche té bon. Moman la té limmin mié Rose quand minme li té méchant, pasqué li té tou craché so moman.² Li té fé Blanche fé tou l'ouvrage, pendan ké Rose té assite apé bercé.³ Eune jour li voyé Blanche coté pi cherché dolo dans eune baquet. Quand Blanche rivé là, li oua eune vié fame ki di li: "Tan pri, mo piti, donne moin enne pé dolo, mo ben soif."

"Oui, tante," dit Blanche, "ala dolo," é Blanche rincé so baquet é donnin li bon dolo fraiche pou li boi.

"Merci, mo piti, to eune bon fille, bon Djé va béni toi."

Kèke jou après ça, moman la ti si mauvais pou Blanche ké li chappé dans bois. Li té apé crié, pas connin où pou couri pasqué li té pér tournin chez li, quand li oua minme vié femme ki té apé marché devant li.

"Ah! mo piti, cofer ta pé crié, ki ça ki fé toi mal?"

"Ah! mo tante, moman batte moin et mo pér couri dans cabane."

"Eh bien, mo piti, vini avé moin, ma donne toi soupé et couché. Mais faut to prometté moin to va fai tout ça mo va di toi et to va pas ri arien to va oua."

Li prend la main Blanche. Yé commencé marché dans bois; a misire yé vancé, zéronce té apé tchoulé devant yé et fermin apé derrière yé dos. Eune pé pli loin, Blanche oua dé la hache ki tapé batte ensemb. Li trouvé ça ben drole, mais li pas di arien.

¹ This is an interesting story, founded, probably, on one of Perrault's tales, but with many characteristic negro expressions and incidents. I see in *Mélusine* of January 20, 1877, a story recorded by M. Loys Brueyre, "Les Trois Oeufs," which resembles somewhat our Louisiana tale.

² *Li té tou craché so moman.* "She was the very picture of her mother." A very common saying, and quite correct, in spite of its vulgarity.

³ *Assite apé bercé.* The height of laziness, to sit down in a rocking-chair (*berceuse*), and to do nothing.

Yé marché pli loin, tiens cété dé bras qu' apé batte ensemb ; eune pé pli loin, dé zambes : enfin li oua dé la tête qui apé batte ensemb, ki di Blanche, "Bon jou, mo piti, bon Djé va idé toi."

Enfin yé rivé dans cabane vié fame la, qui di Blanche, "Fé di fé mo piti, pou tchoui soupé ;" et li assite coté la chimnin et li oté so la tête, li metté li en haut so ginou et li commencé cherché dépou.¹

Blanche trouvé ca ben drole, li té pér, mais li pas di arien. Vié fame remette so la tête en place é donne Blanche eune gros dézo pou mette en haut di fé pou yé soupé, Blanche metté dézo dans chaudière, tiens, dans eune piti moment, chaudière té plein bon la vianne.

Li donnin Blanche eune graine di riz pou pilé dan pilon, voila pilon ki vini plein di riz.

Après yé té soupé, vié fame dit : "Blanche, tan pri, mo piti, gratté mo dos." Blanche gratté so dos, mais so la main té tout coupé, vié fame la té gagnin verre bouteille en ho so dos.² Quand li voir la main Blanche apé saignin, li jiste soufflé en ho là, la main guéri. Quand Blanche lèvé, lendimin matin vié fame la dit : "As ter faut to couri chez toi, mais comme toi cé eune bon fille, mo oulé fé toi cadeau dézef ki parlé. Couri dans poulailler, tout dézef qui va di to prend moin, il faut to prend yé, tout dézef qui va di pas prend moin, faut pas prend yé. Quand to va dans chimin to va jété dézef yé derrière to la tête pou cassé yé."

A mesure Blanche marché li cassé dézef : voila tout plein joli kichoge ki sorti dan dézef layé : diamant, l'or, bel voiture, belle la robe. Quand li rivé chez so moman, li té gagnin tant belle kichoge, ça té rempli la maison ; aussite so moman té ben content oua li.

Lendimin li dit Rose, faut to couri dans bois cherché pou minme vié fame là, i faut to gagnin plein belle robe comme Blanche. Rose couri dans bois, li rencontré vié fame la qui di li vini dans so cabane, mais quand li oua la hache ki apé batte, la zambe ki apé batte, la tête ki apé batte, vié fame ki oté so la tête pou gratté so dépou, li commencé ri et moqué tout ça li té oua, aussite vié fame la dit li : "Ah ! mo piti, to pas bon fille, bon Djé va pini toi."

Mais lendimin matin, li dit li, "mo vé pas renvoyé toi sans arien, couri dans poulailler, et prend dézef ki va dit prend moi, faut pas to prend cilayé ki dit va pas prend moin."

Rose couri dans poulailler, tous dézef commencé crié : "Prend moin, pas prend moin." Rose té si méchant li dit : "Ah ouï, vouz

¹ *Li commencé cherché dépou.* She placed her head on her knees, and began to look for lice. This sentence proves that the story, whatever may have been its origin, was considerably modified by the negroes. Looking for lice in the heads of their children was one of the favorite occupations of negro mothers.

² *Vié fame la té gagnin verre bouteille en ho so dos.* This incident is exactly the same in M. Brueyre's tale. It is strange how the same idea may originate in different countries, among people of the same race.

ote dit, pas prend moin, mais c'est jiste ca moin mo oulé. Li prend tou dézef qui dit 'pas prend moin' et li parti avé yé. A mesure li marché li cassé dézef, voila eune tas serpent, crapaud, gournouille, ki commencé gallopé derrier li yé ti gagnin minme plein fouet qui té ape taillé li raide comme tout. Rose galopé, apé poussé décri. Li rivé chez so moman, li té si lasse li pas capab parlé. Quand so moman oua tout bête et tout fouet qui té apé suive li, li té si colère, li renvoyé li, comme chien, et dit li couri resté dans bois.

[*Translation.*]

THE TALKING EGGS.

There was once a lady who had two daughters; they were called Rose and Blanche. Rose was bad, and Blanche was good; but the mother liked Rose better, although she was bad, because she was her very picture. She would compel Blanche to do all the work, while Rose was seated in her rocking-chair. One day she sent Blanche to the well to get some water in a bucket. When Blanche arrived at the well, she saw an old woman, who said to her: "Pray, my little one, give me some water; I am very thirsty." "Yes, aunt," said Blanche, "here is some water;" and Blanche rinsed her bucket, and gave her good fresh water to drink. "Thank you, my child, you are a good girl; God will bless you."

A few days after, the mother was so bad to Blanche that she ran away into the woods. She cried, and knew not where to go, because she was afraid to return home. She saw the same old woman, who was walking in front of her. "Ah! my child, why are you crying? What hurts you?" "Ah, aunt, mamma has beaten me, and I am afraid to return to the cabin." "Well, my child, come with me; I will give you supper and a bed; but you must promise me not to laugh at anything which you will see." She took Blanche's hand, and they began to walk in the wood. As they advanced, the bushes of thorns opened before them, and closed behind their backs. A little farther on, Blanche saw two axes, which were fighting; she found that very strange, but she said nothing. They walked farther, and behold! it was two arms which were fighting; a little farther, two legs; at last, she saw two heads which were fighting, and which said: "Blanche, good-morning, my child; God will help you." At last they arrived at the cabin of the old woman, who said to Blanche: "Make some fire, my child, to cook the supper;" and she sat down near the fireplace, and took off her head. She placed it on her knees, and began to louse herself. Blanche found that very strange; she was afraid, but she said nothing. The old woman put back her head in its place, and gave Blanche a large bone to put

on the fire for their supper. Blanche put the bone in the pot. Lo! in a moment the pot was full of good meat.

She gave Blanche a grain of rice to pound with the pestle, and thereupon the mortar became full of rice. After they had taken their supper, the old woman said to Blanche: "Pray, my child, scratch my back." Blanche scratched her back, but her hand was all cut, because the old woman's back was covered with broken glass. When she saw that Blanche's hand was bleeding, she only blew on it, and the hand was cured.

When Blanche got up the next morning, the old woman said to her: "You must go home now, but as you are a good girl I want to make you a present of the talking eggs. Go to the chicken-house; all the eggs which say 'Take me,' you must take them; all those which will say 'Do not take me,' you must not take. When you will be on the road, throw the eggs behind your back to break them."

As Blanche walked, she broke the eggs. Many pretty things came out of those eggs. It was now diamonds, now gold, a beautiful carriage, beautiful dresses. When she arrived at her mother's, she had so many fine things that the house was full of them. Therefore her mother was very glad to see her. The next day, she said to Rose: "You must go to the woods to look for this same old woman; you must have fine dresses like Blanche."

Rose went to the woods, and she met the old woman, who told her to come to her cabin; but when she saw the axes, the arms, the legs, the heads, fighting, and the old woman taking off her head to louse herself, she began to laugh and to ridicule everything she saw. Therefore the old woman said: "Ah! my child, you are not a good girl; God will punish you." The next day she said to Rose: "I don't want to send you back with nothing: go to the chicken-house, and take the eggs which say 'Do not take me.'"

Rose went to the chicken-house. All the eggs began to say: "Take me," "Don't take me;" "Take me," "Don't take me." Rose was so bad that she said: "Ah, yes, you say 'Don't take me,' but you are precisely those I want." She took all the eggs which said "Don't take me," and she went away with them.

As she walked, she broke the eggs, and there came out a quantity of snakes, toads, frogs, which began to run after her. There were even a quantity of whips, which whipped her. Rose ran and shrieked. She arrived at her mother's so tired that she was not able to speak. When her mother saw all the beasts and the whips which were chasing her, she was so angry that she sent her away like a dog, and told her to go to live in the woods.

Alcde Fortier.

NOTES ON LOCAL NAMES NEAR WASHINGTON.

BESIDE the kinds of tradition usually included under the name folk-lore, there are sundry collateral topics which well deserve investigation and record. The most urgent of these, and the most neglected, is local nomenclature. Every village, every stream, every spot of any kind, has a name, and these names are changing about us under a variety of influences. What were they originally, and why were they so? In how far do their transformations agree with those which elsewhere show themselves in language, giving us usually mere distortion, but also, it is said, now and then a veritable myth? Beside a very great mass of material for minor history, we shall get side-lights on all kinds of traditional study.

To illustrate. I had long known a certain landing on the Anacostia River, where a spring beloved of picnickers issues from the base of a bluff by the name of "Lincoln Banks." Mentioning it to an old resident of the neighborhood as probably commemorative of the great war president, he replied that that could hardly be; he remembered it as far back as his boyhood by the name of "Lickin Banks." At that time the emancipator was, of course, unknown to fame, and the transition from lick-in bank, I take it, had already begun. It is impossible to prove the first step. But when Bladensburg was a border village, noted for its tobacco and its mineral spring, the runnel half-way to the Potomac would be the lick in the bank, where boatmen bound for Belhaven (now Alexandria) or Welby (now dead) would halt for a minute of rest and shade and a mouthful of cool water. Indeed, the word is still in use some distance farther up this same valley of the Potomac. I have vivid memories of lying out amid the mosquitoes, beside a "deer lick" near Cacapon, not quite fourteen years ago.

Taking a different direction, we find Seneca Creek, a little above the Great Falls, on every recent map, and never pronounced otherwise by living tongues. But it was not always so. The older maps bear very plain testimony. "Sinigar" they have it. The classic name has been too much for the aboriginal one.

Mount Calvert is said to be the site of the earliest settlement in the neighboring county of Prince George. I doubt this; but at all events it is very old, and nothing now remains but an estate (with one dwelling upon it) bearing the historic name. Firmly rooted as the latter might seem to be, it is not quite out of danger, for I find Mount Calvary usurping its place on a map put forth with one of the official bulletins of the National Museum. Probably this was the error of a compositor, — a bit of unconscious religious cerebration.

Tee Bee illustrates a fourth cause of modification, which would not readily be suspected. At first glance it is pretty good Indian for a neighborhood which owns the undoubted Aquasco and Matta-woman. I write to the postmaster, and learn that it should be T. B. ; that these letters were found, long ago, on a stone or a tree ; that they are supposed to stand for an early owner of the soil, one Thomas Blandford. The Post Office Department has Indianized them for the sake of euphony, to the confusion of speech.

Indeed, that institution is a great sinner in this regard. Not far away, I find the very individual adherent name of Long Old Fields displaced in the official nomenclature and on the recent maps by the cheap, jerky conventionality of Forestville. Now, the former had a meaning, and embodied, if I mistake not, an item of local history which might as well be preserved in its name. Civilization flowed in two streams up the valleys of the Patuxent and the Potomac. The former was the greater, as having the richer rooting and the broader base. Its outpost was on the crest of the rough ridge which separates them, for the most part a wilderness to this day. Here long fields beside the road were cleared at an early date ; and, as time went on, they grew old as well. The travel from valley to valley halted here as at a half-way house ; it does so now. When the rain fell, it ran both ways from the village street. For generations it was the spot of long old fields, the first break in the stony woodlands, when one went over toward the fertile "forest of Prince George." Now it is Forestville, and commemorates nothing.

We have here, then, as factors of name-changing, the hero-worshipping bias, the educational bias, the religious bias, the aboriginal bias, and the bias of prettiness. No doubt a more exhaustive search would discover many others ; but surely these will suffice to show how desirable it is that we should get the originals everywhere on record without delay. Not all are to be found on old maps or in old documents ; and these are little better than burial-places, in any case.

W. H. Babcock.

BRER RABBIT AND BRER FOX.

HOW BRER RABBIT WAS ALLOWED TO CHOOSE HIS DEATH.

ONE time Brer Fox he make a gyarden, an' plant out whole lot er cabbage. Brer Rabbit he come 'long and eat dat cabbage ebry night. Den Brer Fox he make high brush fence all roun' de gyarden; but Brer Rabbit pay no 'tention to fence—jest come 'long ebry night an' eat cabbage same as ebber.

So den Brer Fox he sot traps; but Brer Rabbit he too sharp git cotch dat a-way, an' keep on a-eatin' cabbage. Brer Fox he min' de loss of dat cabbage, an' he git awful mad; but dat don't make no sorter diffe'nce wid Brer Rabbit.

Last, one time Brer Rabbit he done git keerless 'cause he have good luck so long, an' git himself cotched in de trap; an' dar he was.

In de mo'nin' 'long come Brer Fox, see if so be Brer Rabbit mightier got cotched; an' sho 'nuff, dar he were in de trap. Den Brer Fox he feel mighty good; but Brer Rabbit done t'ink his time was come, an' he beg powerful. "Oh, you t'ievin' rascal, I done got you at last, is I? What for you steal my cabbage?" "Oh, please, good Brer Fox, I won't do so no mo'." "No, I know dat you won't, 'cause I'se gwine to kill you." "Oh, please, good Brer Fox, lemme go dis time, an' I cross my heart I nebber steal no mo' cabbage." "Brer Rabbit, 'tain't no use you a-talkin'. I'se gwine to kill you." "Oh, please"—But Brer Fox he don't pay no 'tention, and pretty soon he say: "Brer Rabbit, dey's just one t'ing I'se gwine to 'low you, and dat is I won't kill you by de way dat is hardest for you to die; if you tell me what dat is, I take some other way."

So Brer Rabbit he 'low it was mighty hard to die any way, but dat de hardest way was for Brer Fox to take him home and keep him in nice warm place, and feed him a heap, till he git jes' as fat as he could waller; and den, when he was in dat fix, turn him loose out doors in de deep snow on de fust cold mo'nin'. Den Brer Fox he say: "Brer Rabbit, dat's jes' what I'se gwine to do." Brer Rabbit he beg hard, and 'min' Brer Fox he done promise he won't kill him dat way; but Brer Fox he say dat he jes' leadin' him on, an' now he know what de wust is, he gwine do him dat way.

So he take Brer Rabbit home, and shut him up in tight pen, an' feed him all he could eat; an' he git so fat his eyes stick out. Purty soon, one cold mo'nin', Brer Fox he say: "Brer Rabbit, dis cold enough?" An' Brer Rabbit he say: "No, dis here ain't *half*

cold enough yet." An' so it go on; but Brer Rabbit he nebber find de mo'nin' cold enough. Brer Fox he 'gin to git sorter uneasy like, 'cause Brer Rabbit eat a powerful sight, and his cabbage purty near run out. Last, dey come one mighty cold mo'nin', and Brer Fox he say: "Brer Rabbit, dis here cold enough?" Den Brer Rabbit he begin to beg, and say he don't want to die yet; but Brer Fox say he got to. So den Brer Rabbit he say dat he t'ink it cold enough, and he 'fraid he die a mighty hard death out dar.

So Brer Fox he open de pen an' take Brer Rabbit out, an' put him down on de snow, an' den he sot down on de doorstep see him die; but Brer Rabbit he ain't got no notion dyin' jes' den, so he say: "Oh, you great big fool, dis here jes' what I been use to all de days of my life." An' he go off through the bushes lickety split. Brer Fox he feel awful bad, but could n't help hisself, 'cause de snow so deep he can't run; so Brer Rabbit he got off scot-free.

Gerard Fowke.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY, CUSTOMS, AND BELIEFS
OF THE MISSISSAGUA INDIANS.

Messisaga Avenue, in the town of Parkdale, Old Fort *Mississauga*, at the mouth of the river Niagara, *Mississauga* River, in the district of Algoma, and *Mississauga* Strait, between Cockburn and Manitoulin islands, preserve the name of an Indian tribe who, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, occupied a considerable portion of what is now the province of Ontario, and whose descendants still exist at the *Mississagua* settlement of the New Credit, and on the reservations at Alnwick (since 1830), Rice Lake (since 1818), Chemong Lake (since 1829), and Scugog Lake (since 1842).

In the "Jesuit Relations" for the years 1670-71 are mentioned the *Mississagués*, who dwelt on the river Mississauga, and were then distinguished from other branches of the Algonkin stock on the north shore of Lake Huron. Subsequently they appear to have gradually moved eastward and southward, and to have extended themselves over a great part of Upper Canada.

With regard to the relations between the Missisaguas and Iroquois, the Rev. Allen Salt, of Parry Island, a member of the Mississagua tribe of Alnwick, makes the following statement:—

The Indian way of pronouncing the word (*missisaga*) is *minzeagee* (plural, *minzeageeg*), and signifies, in the plural, persons who inhabit the country where there are many mouths of rivers, as the Trent, Moira, Shannon, Napanee, Kingston River, and Gananoque. The Missisagas are regarded as descendants of the Ojebways, who in 1759 conquered the Iroquois, after a long war of a hundred years. According to tradition, the Ojebways of Lake Superior came in bark canoes to Georgia Bay, and destroyed the Iroquois, as the latter had done the Hurons. At the same time the Northern Ojebways followed the course of the rivers running southerly, destroying their enemies. The Mohawks, who were at Cataraqui, escaped to the other side of Lake Ontario, but in course of years returned, asked for peace, and obtained a tract of land extending from the Shannon River to the Napanee, and some distance back of the bay (as far as the report of a gun can be heard), where they are now living. The Iroquois on the south shore of Lake Ontario also asked the Missisagas of the north shore for a tract of land, and obtained that on the Grand River, where they are now established.

When the Credit chiefs, Missisagas, were on their way to the west to see the land reserved, they stopped at the Grand River. The Six Nation chiefs asked them: "Where are you going?" "We are going west to look for a better land for our people." The

reply was: "You need not go farther. We remember the time when we did the same, and you gave us this land. We also give you a portion of this land." There the Credit Missisagias are now living. Such is the account of Mr. Salt, who adds that the traditions he heard as a boy are the same as those told by the Ojebways of Georgian Bay, Lake Superior, and Rainy Lake.

Travellers of the present century agree that the Missisagias, prior to their conversion, were drunken, worthless, and lazy savages, wandering, half-starved, and even at times forced to subsist on bark. But the missionary (*makahitawek*, the black-coat man) came among them, told them of the love of God (*kezhemunedoo*), and endeavored to benefit them temporarily as well as spiritually. Instead of the rude camping-station by the river-side, reeking with filth, were seen tidy wigwams of bark and the first signs of a settled life. In 1824 the first Indian church (Methodist) rose on the banks of the Credit. In 1850, all the Missisagias, with individual exceptions, were reckoned as converted. That this has been to their infinite benefit is beyond doubt. They have almost entirely given up their passion for whiskey (*scoutéwabo*); their dress, their dwellings, their mode of life, have greatly improved, and they may well exclaim, as did the Indians of Rice Lake years ago: "*O kezhamunedo mequaichsah warwaneh weentahma kooyong mahmin keteketoomenun; wetookahweshenom sah checalgeentenamong*" (O thou great, good spirit, we thank thee for hearing thy words; help us to hold them fast).

In 1847 the Indians of the Credit removed to the Six Nation reservation near the city of Brantford, where they founded the New Credit settlement. These are the most advanced in civilization of the Missisagias. The returns for 1887 (*i. e.* up to December, 1886) give the total number of the Missisagias as 756 (at the New Credit, 239; Alnwick, 229; Chemong (*i. e.* Canoe) Lake, 154; Rice Lake, 90; Scugog, 44), showing a slight increase over the numbers of seven years ago. This increase, however, is only apparent, as the death-rate exceeds the birth-rate; it is caused by adoptions and admissions by marriage. At the New Credit settlement illegitimates have long been excluded from the tribal enumeration, and the Government Report for 1884 states that this reform has lately been adopted by the Six Nations. The number of Indians of pure blood on the Mississagua reservations is said to be greater in proportion to the total number than that of any other Indian tribe in Ontario.

Since their conversion, they have abandoned all their idolatrous and many of their innocent practices; even their legends and stories are to a great extent forgotten, mere fragments only remaining. They have also, especially those of the Credit, been influenced greatly by the Ojebways proper, in whose language their religious

books are compiled. In what respects the *Mississagua* differed from the *Chippewa* is not known exactly. The manuscript vocabulary referred to below is closely related to La Hontan's Old Algonkin, and would lead one to suppose that the *Mississagua* was a purer form of Algonkin speech than the *Chippewa*.

In the later years of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, the *Mississaguas* are frequently styled clan or tribe of *Hurons*, no doubt owing to their alliance with the Six Nations in 1746. Thus a manuscript French-Indian vocabulary (for a copy of which I am indebted to Mr. James Bain, Jr., the obliging chief of the Toronto Public Library), collected about 1800-5, from the Indians in the neighborhood of York (most probably *Mississaguas*), thus enumerates the "totaims or tribes of the *Huron* savages:" *Niguic couasquidzi*, Otter tribe; *Passinassi*, Crane tribe; *Atayétagami*, Caribou tribe; *Oupapinassi*, Pike tribe; *Ouasce souanan*, Birch-bark tribe; *Missigomidzi*, White Oak tribe; *Mississaguc*, Eagle tribe. By travellers the *Mississaguas* are frequently cited as the *Eagle* tribe of the *Chippewa* nation. The Rev. Peter Jones says: "The clan or tribe with whom I have been brought up is called *Messissauga*, which signifies the Eagle tribe; their ensign or toödaim being that of the eagle." He cites the other tribes of the *Ojebways* as Reindeer, Otter, Bear, Buffalo, Beaver, Catfish, Pike, Birch-bark, White Oak, Bear's Liver, etc. Not all the Indians on the *Mississagua* reservations belong to the Eagle tribe, there having been admissions from *Chippewa* clans, and even *Mohawks*. At Alnwick, in 1885, three strangers were admitted by vote; in 1887, three; at the New Credit settlement, in 1885-86, eight were admitted by marriage. Amongst the *Mississaguas* of the Credit, the favorite family and personal names appear to have been Eagle, Otter, Crane, Pike, Bear, Wild Goose, Reindeer, Catfish, Beaver, Birch-bark; with those at Grape Island, Pigeon, Beaver, Deer, Skunk, Bird, Snake; at Scugog Lake, Goose, Pigeon, Magpie.

Names were given to children either from some being or object of nature, or from some characteristic of birth or of personal appearance. In early times a feast was held, at which the young Indian was named and committed to the care of some guardian spirit. The Rev. Peter Jones was thus named *Kalikewaquonaby* (sacred waving feathers), and placed under the protection of the thunder-god. He was given a war-club and a bunch of eagle feathers, symbolic of the might and swiftness of the eagle-god of thunder. When these were lost, the power of which they were the symbol was thought to depart from the possessor. He was also given a little model of a canoe, betokening success in hunting. At the naming of the Rev. Peter Jones, his maternal grandfather, *Wabuno* (the morning light),

officialated ; the name was inherited from the Eagle tribe, to which the mother belonged. The Indian name of Joseph Sawyer, who in 1830 succeeded *Ajatance* as chief of the Credit tribe, was *Nahwah-jekeshewgaby* (the sky that slopes) ; that of David Sawyer, his son and successor, was *Kezhigkowinene* (the man of the sky). Besides these two, the chief men of the Credit band in 1837 were : *Manoonooding* (the pleasant wind), *Pipoonahba* (ruler of the winter), *Saswayahsega* (the scattering light), *Mahyahwegezehigwaby* (the upright sky), *Oominewahjeweene* (the pleasant stream), *Kanahwahbahnind* (he who is looked upon), *Ahghawahnahquahdwaby* (the cloud that rolls beyond), *Naningahseya* (the sparkling light), *Kahwahquayahsega* (the brightly shining sun), *Pahoombwawinndung* (the approaching roaring thunder), *Pamegahwayahsing* (he who is blown down). With the Mississaguas it was usual to keep alive the memory of the dead by conferring his name on some one else, or adopting some one of the same name. The Rev. Peter Jones was named after his mother's brother, who had died at the age of seven, and when nine years old was given away to an Indian chief who had lost a son of the same name, and was adopted by him. When, in 1826, the Indians of the Credit wished to adopt the Rev. Dr. Ryerson into their tribe, the chief thus addressed him : " Brother, as we are brothers, we will give you a name. My departed brother was named *Cheehock* ; thou shalt be called *Cheehock*" (the bird on the wing). When, in 1882, the Indians of the New Credit settlement received into their tribe the white wife of their chief, Dr. P. E. Jones, she was adopted under the name of *Wabanooqua* (lady of the morning). The mother of Rev. Peter Jones was named *Tahbenahneequay* ; his maternal grandmother, *Puhgashkish* ; his son, *Waweyakahmegoo* (the round world). Upon Mrs. Moodie the Indians of Chemong Lake bestowed the name of *Nonocosiqui* (the hummingbird) ; her little son was called *Annonk* (star), and her daughter *Nogesigook* (the northern light). White settlers were nicknamed from their personal appearance : *Muckakee* (bull-frog), *Segoskee* (rising sun), *Metig* (a stick), *Choojas* (ugly nose), *Sachabd* (cross-eyed).

With the Mississaguas, before their conversion, polygamy was allowed. A chief had as many wives as he could support. At the same time a surprising lack of chastity characterized the female population. Mrs. Moodie records this of the Indians of Chemong Lake. Sometimes the husband inflicted terrible punishment on the offending women ; but more often the men winked at the offences of their wives, and even shared with them the price of their shame. Something similar appears to have existed among the Bay of Quinté Indians. Weld has recorded even a worse state of affairs as exist-

ing in 1796 amongst the Chippewas at Malden. Christianity has greatly bettered the state of affairs, and few instances have occurred of late years ; but even as recently as 1855 Dr. Hodder stated that abortion was frequently practised amongst the Rice Lake Indians.

The Mississaguas were preëminently a hunting and a fishing tribe. The valleys of the Credit or *Mahzenahagaseebie* (*i. e.*, the river where credit is given ; it was a meeting-place for the Indians and the traders, and the latter advanced to the former goods a year ahead, trusting to their honesty for the next season's furs ; hence the name), the Thames (*Ashkahnahseebee*, Horn River), the *Otonabee* (mouth-water), the Moira (*Saganashcocon*), with the series of inland lakes between Lake Simcoe and the Bay of Quinté formed their chief hunting and fishing grounds. *Muskoka* district, river, and lake commemorate the name of a Mississagua chief, as does *Stoco* Lake in the valley of the Moira. Lake Erie (*Wahbeshkegookeche-game*, the white water lake) they visited for the sake of its fish, strayed down the Thames to Lake St. Clair (*Wahwehyahtahnoohing*, the round lake), and occasionally travelled into New York State, leaving their offerings of tobacco beside the cataract of Niagara (*Kahkajewang*, the waterfalls).

The Indians at Rice Lake used to shoot by night (in canoes with torches) the deer (*wawasque*) that came to feed on the rice-beds. They also hunted the deer with hounds obtained from the settlers.

The Indians of Chemong Lake were accustomed to "bark" squirrels (*atchitamon*) ; *i. e.*, to make the bullet strike the tree just under the animal, so that the splinters of bark killed it without injuring fur or flesh. The muskrat (*ozasgué*), beaver (*amic*), and other animals they caught by setting traps.

The usual method of capturing the salmon (*azaouamec*) was by spearing, and in the use of the fish-spear the Mississaguas were exceedingly skilful. Other kinds of fish also were taken by the spear, both by day and night. The mouth of the river Credit was a celebrated place for spearing salmon, and on its banks the Indians annually camped for that purpose.

In the winter the Indians of Rice and Mud (or Chemong) lakes obtained fish in the following manner : With his tomahawk the Indian cut a hole in the ice, threw a blanket over him, and stood or knelt for hours beside the hole. In one hand he held his fish-spear, in the other a string, to which was attached a decoy-fish of wood, serving to attract the prey. Their skill in this sort of fishing was remarkable, two hundred pounds of fish being frequently the reward of a day's labor.

With the Rice Lake Indians a common device in duck-shooting was to pile up green brushwood in a canoe, so that it resembled a

floating tree or small island. Hidden behind this leafy screen, the hunter was enabled to approach much closer to his prey than was usually the case.

At Mud Lake, each family had its own hereditary hunting-ground, and trespass upon it was highly resented. At the beginning of the winter season the women retired to the village, where they remained until the maple-sugar season in the spring, while their husbands traversed the forest to the hunting-grounds of the tribe, to return laden with the winter's spoils.

A chief article of food of the Mississaguas was the wild rice (*monomin*). From the abundance of this plant in its waters, Rice Lake has received its name. It was also plentiful along the western shores of Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinté. The time for gathering the rice is in September. The method followed at Rice Lake was this: The squaws, who are the harvesters, paddle out to the rice-beds, and with their paddles, or with sticks suited to the purpose, they pull the heads down into the canoe, and strike them, so that the ripe grain falls to the bottom. Returning to the shore, they stick into the ground pine or cedar branches, so as to form a square inclosure. Within this they drive in forked sticks, upon which cross-pieces are laid, and upon these latter mats of bass-wood or cedar-bark are placed. Under this framework a fire is then lit, and the hedge of green branches serves to keep in the heat. The rice is spread upon the mats, and kept turned about with the paddle until dried. It is then shaken in large open baskets and the husks are removed. When it is desired to parch it, the rice is placed in pots over a slow fire until the grain bursts and shows the white, mealy centre. Without further preparation it is often used by hunters and fishermen when out on expeditions. But more frequently it is made into soups and stews. Another method of preparing the raw rice was this: After it was gathered, a hole was dug in the ground, in which a deerskin was placed, and upon this the rice was poured. Boys were then set to trample it with their feet, after which it was winnowed and stored up for future use. Another common occupation of the squaws was the preparation of maple-sugar. With the Indians of Chemong Lake, each family had its own sugar-bush. When the season opened the squaws went to the woods, erected camps, gathered firewood, and prepared the troughs and other necessary articles. After borrowing as many kettles as they could obtain, and arranging the fire, they made incisions in each tree with the tomahawk, inserted the tube, and placed the trough. The younger squaws were employed to fetch the sap to the fire, where the older women kept up the proper heat, and saw that the stuff was kept stirred and properly cooled off. It

was then broken up and placed in birch-bark baskets and offered for sale. These boxes of birch-bark the Rice Lake Indians call *mow-kowks*, and they are said to impart a peculiar taste to the sugar. The Mississaguas of the Bay of Quinté also made sugar in the spring, and sold it to the settlers in small bass-wood bags.

Their manufactures consist of their birch-bark canoes, elegantly carved paddles of cherry-wood (at Rice Lake), and an infinite variety of useful and ornamental objects in birch-bark: baskets, boxes, trays, bags, models of canoes, etc. These they ornament most skilfully with beads and porcupine-quill work, stained with various dyes. Of the inner bark of the pine and basswood they made beautiful mats; they also employed this substance in lieu of cord and rope. The Indians of Rice Lake were acquainted with many vegetable dyes, which they used for staining their fancy birch-bark and porcupine-quill work. For this purpose they used the juice of the Indian strawberry and of the sanguinaria. By boiling the bark of the swamp alder in water, the Mud Lake Indians obtained a good red dye, and a rich yellow one was procured from the root of the black briony.

Like all Indians, the Mississaguas were acquainted with Nature's remedies. The Indians of Rice Lake were for many years celebrated for their skill in the medical art; and in 1860, when the Rev. Peter Jones was dying, some of the Indians of the New Credit were eager to send for the noted Indian doctor at Rice Lake. As late as 1881, there was among the Chemong Lake tribe an old Indian who enjoyed considerable reputation as a doctor. At Rice Lake, a juice obtained from the sanguinaria, or bloodroot, was used as a remedy for rheumatism and cutaneous diseases. At Chemong Lake, great medicinal virtue was attributed to the cranberry; it was administered raw when treating for dysentery; and a cranberry poultice was applied to relieve wounds, inflammations, tumors, etc. For the latter purpose they also used poultices made from the inner bark of the bass-wood and the slippery-elm. The inner bark of the black briony was utilized to obtain a salve for sores and tumors. They roasted and ground to powder the inner bark of the sumach, administering it between the hot and cold fits as a cure for ague. Whiskey, into which had been scraped a whitish powder from a pine-tree fungus, was given as a remedy for colic and stomachic pains. When indisposed, the Indians of the Credit, in the early years of the present century, used to resort to the long peninsula (now an island) forming the harbor of York (Toronto), being fully acquainted with the benefits to be derived from its salubrious atmosphere. The principal diseases from which the Mississaguas have suffered in years past (as shown by government returns) are small-pox, scarlet fever, consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and measles.

The general religious ideas of the Mississaguas are those common to all Algonkins. The Indians of Chemong Lake (and the same remark applies to the other bands) "believed in supernatural appearances, in spirits of the earth, the air, lakes, rivers, etc." The spirits of the water were by them considered evil, and they endeavored, before undertaking a journey, to propitiate them by offerings of small portions of bread, meat, tobacco, and gunpowder, which were thrown into the water. The Mississaguas of the Bay of Quinté, before going up the Saganashcocon (Moirá) River, on their annual hunting expeditions, thought fit to gain the favor of the spirit by depositing bits of tobacco on the east shore of the river, near its mouth. The Indians of the Credit sacrificed to the spirits of the forest, the river, the lake. When overtaken by storm upon Lake Ontario, they would appease the angry spirit of the waters by the sacrifice of a black dog, around whose neck they tied a stone and cast him into the lake.

Remarkable objects of nature attracted their attention and became objects of worship; and beneath lone pine-trees, before gloomy caves, and beside rushing waterfalls, their tobacco offerings were sure to be found. The Chemong Lake Indians regarded Clear Lake, a beautiful expanse of water, free from weeds and river-growths, with superstitious awe. The caverns in the hills around Burlington Bay and the head of Lake Ontario were looked upon by the Mississaguas as the abodes of spirits. One of these, at the foot of a steep precipice, from which the sound of explosions was often heard, was called by them *Manito-ah wigwam* (the house of the devil). At the foot of a hill near the Credit village was a deep hole in the water. Here, the Indians said, a spirit was often heard to sing and beat his drum. When the white man became a too frequent visitor in the neighborhood, the spirit raised a great flood, and departed down the river into the lake. The Mississaguas of the Credit believed in the existence of fairies, diminutive sprites, to whom they used to offer bits of cloth and the like. The east bank of the Credit, about a mile from its mouth, and the region around Burlington Bay were said to be favored with their presence. They used to paddle a stone canoe, and when pursued would make for a high bank (within which was their home), upon striking which boat and contents disappeared. They were said to be the good genii of the huntsman. All the Indians believed in the existence of *wendigoes*, or giants. Stony Lake, up the valley of the Otonabee, was reputed amongst the Chemong Lake Indians to be haunted by these beings. With the Mississaguas of the Credit and Bay of Quinté it was the custom to blacken the face and to fast, in order to propitiate some adverse deity. At Chemong Lake the father was

forced to keep a strict fast for three days on the death of a child. Mrs. Moodie has recorded a remarkable instance of this. The eldest daughter of a chief of the band had died of the scarlet fever. On the evening of the second day of his fast he lost another child. He held out until the evening of the fourth day, when, stealing into the woods, he caught a bull-frog and devoured it alive. A member of the tribe noticed his action, and his return to camp was the signal for an uproar, from which he was forced to take refuge in a settler's house. It needed all the influence of the settler, who was very popular with the Indians, to restore harmony between the chief and his people.

At Chemong Lake the soul of an Indian who had been drowned was considered accursed. He could not enter the happy hunting-grounds, and his spirit haunted the spot where he met his unlucky fate. His body was buried on some lonely island, far from the rest of his people, and the Indians never passed it without leaving a small portion of food, tobacco, or ammunition to supply the spirit's wants. His children were considered unlucky, and it was difficult for the females to obtain husbands, as a portion of the curse of the father would rest upon them.

Peter Jones relates the following of a female relative of his, *Wahbunosay* (she who walks in the morning). She had been to Toronto to sell baskets, and returned part of the way by train, her first experience of railway travel. Upon getting off the train she threw herself flat upon the ground. When questioned, she replied that she was "waiting for her *soul* to come."

One of the last practices to succumb to the influence of Christianity was that of witchcraft and conjuring. It is related of *Nahwah-jekezhegwaby* (Joseph Sawyer), that at one time the tribe considered him under the influence of the evil spirit, and told him that a certain medicine-man had, by his art, deprived him of his soul. They employed a conjuror to restore it. After the usual ceremony, he claimed to be successful, and presented the afflicted man his soul in a cup of whiskey. This the latter drank, and his spirit returned to him again. In the year 1827 an Indian of the Credit was converted from witchcraft, and destroyed his implements; in 1828 a woman who practised witchcraft was among the converts on the Bay of Quinté.

Among the feasts of the Mississaguas are mentioned the name feast, the dog feast, the deer, salmon, sturgeon, wild-goose, and sacred bear-oil feast.

Charlevoix has described the war-dance and the fire-dance as performed by the Mississaguas at Cataraqui in 1721. Equipped in gay attire, their faces horribly bedaubed with paint, they sang their war-songs to the sound of the *chichikoué* (a gourd filled with pebbles and

shaken), the universal Algonkin musical instrument. The manner of the fire-dance was this: In the cabin a fire was lit; near it sat a man beating a drum, another shook the *chichikoué* and sang. This continued for two hours of wearisome repetition. Then five or six women appeared, ranged themselves in a line, and danced and sang for a quarter of an hour. Then the fire was put out, and all that could be seen was a dancing savage with a coal of fire in his mouth. The noise of the drum and *chichikoué* was kept up, and from time to time the women danced and sang. This performance was said to continue till daylight. Something similar to this enlivened the islands and shores of the Bay of Quinté in the early years of this century, but since their conversion the Indians have long ago forgotten these things. Their talent for singing has been directed to the camp-meeting and the church, and some of them are said to sing beautifully; others are good performers upon the flute; while a short time ago the Salvation Army, with its musical accompaniments, charmed away some of the members of the Chemong Lake tribe into its ranks.

From the manuscript referred to above, I transcribe a few short snatches of song, with the French spelling:—

(a) Love Song. *Ouka tatacouchin nini mouchén-hén.* (I hope to see thee soon, my love.)

(b) Hunting Song. *Waguiouiné hé! waguéouiné hé!* (He has crooked horns.) (*Bis.*)

(c) Song. *Manitou ouistoja, ha, ha! manitou ouistoja, ha, ha!* (The blacksmith is a demon, yes, yes!) (*Bis.*)

(a) Song of the conjuror. *Oukaquiqua nipoumin, quiticog manitou-ou.* (*Bis.*) (The gods say that we shall die one day.) (*Bis.*)

(e) *Ya ninguécoué quionépinan ninguisciomé.* (I turn the heavens upside down.)

These resemble in some respects those recorded by Schoolcraft.

Mr. Salt, of Parry Island, mentions, in a communication above referred to, that he knew an Indian, not now living, who would sit up all night giving the names of the stars and relating the legends about them.

Under date of June 18, 1888, I received a communication from Mr. John Thackeray, the Indian agent at the Mississagua settlement at Alnwick, from which I quote: "I laid your communication before a general meeting of the Indians here, held on the 4th inst. They state that they have no old songs, stories, or beliefs peculiar to them; in fact, a great many of the Indians here cannot speak the Indian language." The writer hopes soon to investigate this subject thoroughly.

Some little tradition regarding the *Natowé* (Iroquois and Mo-

hawks), their ancient enemies, still remains. A grass-grown mound on the shore of Rice Lake marks the graves of a Mohawk settlement destroyed by the Mississaguas years ago. Near Mill Point, on the Bay of Quinté, and at a point near Burlington Bay, tradition has it that desperate battles took place, as also upon the banks of the Credit and on Mississagua Island in the Bay of Quinté. Though the fear of Mohawk invasion has long subsided, the dread of the name still lingers, and less than fifty years ago the villages at Rice, Mud, and Scugog lakes have been known to be temporarily deserted merely from the prevalence of reports that the Mohawks were coming. The same fear of the Iroquois pervaded the village of the Credit Indians, and is said to exist at the present moment amongst the Chippewas of Lakes Huron and Superior.

A. F. Chamberlain.

TORONTO, ONT.

WASTE-BASKET OF WORDS.

ÆSTUATION.—“The good father could not discourse of this subject without some passionate *Æstuation*.” Sewall's Letter-Book, vol. i. p. 193. — *H. W. Haynes, Boston, Mass.*

BARN.—“To dry the corne, which they (the Indians) do carefully upon heaps and mats many days before they *barn* it up.” Roger Williams' “Key into the Language of America” (“R. I. Hist. Soc. Rep.” p. 92). The word is used in a similar sense by Shakespeare, “Rape of Lucrece,” l. 859: “And useless *barns* the harvest of his wits.” — *H. W. Haynes.*

ILL.—Used by negroes in Washington very much as *ugly* is often employed at the North. The negro mentioned says that a horse which is cross, or threatens harm, is *ill*, though in excellent health. — *W. H. Babcock, Washington, D. C.*

LEVIT.—“Monday, January 1, 1704-5, Col. Hobbey's negro comes about 8 or 9 *mane* and sends in by David to have leave to give me a *Levit* and wish me a merry new year. I admitted it: gave him 3 reals. Sounded very well.” Sewall's Diary, vol. ii. p. 121. The editors append this note: “Levit—a blast of a trumpet.” The word is found in *Hudibras*, p. ii. c. ii. l. 611. — *H. W. Haynes.*

MAMMOCK.—This word, referred to in the first number of the *FOLK-LORE JOURNAL*, is still in use in the District of Columbia. A colored man employed by me frequently complains that the cows “*mummock* the hay” so badly. — *W. H. Babcock.*

RETALIATION.—This word has fared like *resent*, quoted in the last number. Formerly it was used in a good sense, as well as in a bad one. In the “Boston Town Records,” March 11, 1700, we find a vote, “That the Selectmen should cause a piece of plate to be made of the value of 20 pounds, and present the same to Mr. James Taylor as a small *retaliation* of his service and kindness to the Town.” “Seventh Report of Record Commissioners,” p. 240. — *H. W. Haynes.*

INNED.—In the “Laws and Ordinances of Warre,” passed by the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts, in 1675, is an order for “securing the graine *inned* in the barnes of the several inhabitants.” “Colonial Laws” (Whitmore's reprint), p. 240. This word is used by Shakespeare in “All's Well that ends Well,” A. i. Sc. 3, “to *inn* the crop.” — *H. W. Haynes.*

QUARRELS.—“Something was thrown forcibly, against the upper part of the north window, and five or six *quarrels* broken out.” Sewall's Diary, Nov. 27, 1719, vol. iii. p. 235. — *H. W. Haynes.*

SHANTY.—The dictionaries give the derivation of this word as from the Irish *sean*, old, and *tig*, a house; but Dr. Bouvinot says it is a corruption of *chantier*, used by the French Canadians. See “Scottish Review,” April, 1887, vol. ix. p. 257. — *H. W. Haynes.*

SIGN.—Constantly used in Washington as a term for marking off the land for corn or potatoes. — *W. H. Babcock.*

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE NECESSITY OF COLLECTING THE TRADITIONS OF THE NATIVE RACES.—The remarkable prayer of which some notice is given in the "Folk-Lore Scrap-Book" of this number suggests a comparison with the story of a famous Babylonian tablet. The latter also describes a descent to the lower world: Istar goes down to seek her lost husband, Tammuz, who is in the power of Allat, the goddess of witchcraft. The legend has given birth to the tale of Venus and Adonis (Sayce, "Chaldean Account of Genesis," ch. xiv.).

Istar passes the seven gates, and at each is deprived of some part of her apparel, until she comes naked into the presence of Allat, and is herself cursed. Since she, the spiritual essence of love and joy, is confined in the world of death, love and joy cease in the world above, until the great gods send an envoy to Allat, who is compelled to allow the return of the goddess. The ancient custom of mourning the death of Tammuz still survives in India, though under the form of lamentation for the martyrdom of a Mohammedan saint.

The Moqui prayer, although, according to the recorder, not in itself of very great antiquity, nevertheless relates to a system of conceptions more primitive than the epic which was popular more than four thousand years ago. The descent, here, is not a legend of a deity, but an experience of the worshipper, — an experience which any worshipper may himself repeat. Certainly the idea, in this form, is not less striking. To pass downward through the cavern, from which ancestors rose to the world of light; to go, guarded, a wandering deity on either side, through rock chambers, beset by cruel enemies; to discover in the lodge of the witch-goddess (the lodge which in a more advanced state of society would have been a temple) the spiritual self; to ascend under divine protection; to see nature again joyous, the broad fields beautified with the white corn; to return to the abandoned body, and feel all the parts of the man, physical and spiritual, united in a rejoicing whole, — certainly such a belief is as striking as that which supplied a theme to Greek art and poetry.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the present need of the study of the religions of primitive races is not theoretic discussion, but practical research; not comparison, but collection. It is of no avail to refer mythology to savage intelligence, as long as the psychology of savage races is in as unsatisfactory a state as at present. What is needed is to examine that psychology; to study the mythology of native races not as curious fancies or absurd superstitions, but as living beliefs, having a relation to the intelligence and imagination, the motives and conduct, of the men who hold them to be an explanation of the world. To complete the record of the mythology of American Indians is to the full as important as to make researches in Greece, Assyria, or Egypt; and in one respect it is more important, because a very few years remain in which to do the work, and also because no other nation will do it if Americans do not. The government, through

the Bureau of Ethnology, is doing much ; but the collection should be as extensive as possible, and the work of the government needs to be supplemented by private investigation.

Unfortunately, the American public is indifferent to the necessity. The indifference no doubt arises from ignorance ; but such an excuse is hardly valid in the case of our universities and libraries. Certainly private benefactors are doing something ; it is only necessary to mention the work of the Hemenway Exploring Expeditions in Arizona, and the undertakings of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology. But it seems strange that the rich Western communities are willing to see their monuments — monuments which will be as precious to America as Stonehenge to Great Britain — perishing, or preserved only by Eastern gifts. Why does Cincinnati allow women of Boston to have the eternal credit of saving the Serpent Mound, which in five years would have ceased to exist, had not the generosity of individuals interfered ? Why does Cincinnati, when its attention has been so forcibly called to the matter, allow similar remains to disappear ? Why does not the great and wealthy State of California do something to maintain the monuments and record the traditions of the native races whom the white men have dispossessed and degraded ? The time has passed in which it was proper for an intelligent person to look on an Indian with general contempt, as a dirty brute, whose ideas are of no consequence. But it is of little use, apparently, to preach ; we shall go on making amends for our lack of attention to these obligations by self-laudation and encomiums on national prosperity. The student of religions a century hence will find gaps where there might have been a solid highway, and will console himself by uncomplimentary remarks. — *W. W. N.*

FOLK-LORE AND MYTHOLOGY. — In the first number of this journal it was pointed out that it was the intention of the editors to include the mythology of the native races in the scope of their labors, an inclusion obviously wise and necessary. But, in making this statement, it was by no means intended to discuss the relation of the terms "folk-lore" and "mythology." As to whether these terms can be precisely distinguished, or limited to separate provinces, opinions may differ. The appellation "mythology" will continue to be applied to that living system of tales and beliefs which, in primitive peoples, serves to explain existence ; "folk-lore" was primarily invented to describe the unwritten popular traditions of civilized countries. Had it not been out of regard to brevity, this publication might have been called the "Journal of American Folk-Lore and Mythology."

PRESERVATION OF ARCHÆOLOGIC MONUMENTS. — It is proposed to set aside certain portions of the public domain in the southwest territories in which are characteristic remains of former and of present aboriginal life, and to hold them as national reserves, and a bill to accomplish that end is now pending in Congress. The progress of this legislation will be watched with great interest by all Americans who consider a proper respect to the history and monuments of America essential to national honor. This

proposition was first made by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, in a communication addressed to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the New York meeting, August, 1887; and Miss Fletcher and Mrs. T. Stevenson were at that meeting appointed a committee to memorialize Congress, and urge necessary legislation.

LINEAGE OF A TRIBE ON VANCOUVER'S ISLAND. — Respecting the Kwats'enok, alluded to on page 62 of the first number of this journal as a tribe of Kwakiutl lineage, Dr. James Deans writes from Victoria, B. C. : —

"This people live on a sound, named from themselves, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. In 1853, when I came to this coast, they seemed to be a distinct people, having characteristics of their own. Their language also was distinct, but then rapidly giving way to that of their neighbors, the Kwakiutl of Fort Rupert. Unlike the tribes on the gold coast, who press their children's heads in a sort of cradle, these Quatsinok (as we spell the name) tied bandages round the heads of their infants, until they assumed the shape of a cone. In 1860 this tribe, all told, numbered about 528. The Hudson Bay Company considered them to be the remains of a once powerful nation. To see these people, and compare them with the pictures in the tablets in ruined Palenque, you would be amazed. The resemblance is so perfect that one cannot help asking where this tribe came from. The person called in the East shaman, or medicine man, is called on this coast doctor. They are the remains of an ancient priesthood. They never cut their hair, but wear it in a knot on top of their heads. To see our doctor, with his conical head and top-knot, one has but to look at the priest (or whatever were his functions) in those ancient tablets."

FOLK-LORE JOTTINGS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. — A stallion "draws lightning" more readily than any other animal of the horse kind.

It is dangerous to carry meat or fish on or behind a mare heavy with foal. Miscarriage often results.

A hoe or other out-door tool should never be carried into a house. "Bad luck" will follow.

The whippoorwill is first heard every year on the 11th of April. Another account says that he is first heard when "corn is up."

When General Washington was on his death-bed, he rolled his eyes and said, "Forever keep the niggers down." This bit of pseudo-history, passing from generation to generation, is accepted as undoubtedly true by many, if not most, of the colored people over a wide area.

When a dog moves his feet in his sleep, he is measuring the grave of a person who will soon die.

CHARMS FOR YOUNG WOMEN. — Hard-boil an egg. Remove the shell. Divide the egg lengthwise. Remove the two parts of the yolk. Fill each cavity then left with salt. Close the egg as at first, but with the salt in place of the yolk. Put in your mouth at once the entire egg (except the yolk) with the salt inside, and eat it. Then lie down and sleep without speaking

a word to any one or drinking a drop of water. You will dream of your future bridegroom bringing you water to drink.

Wind a ball of yarn. Throw it out of an up-stairs window, saying: "I draw, who pulls? I draw, who pulls?" It will be thrown back by the man you will marry.

A third charm is known as "setting the dumb table." Go backward in silence to the side-board or cupboard. Moving backward and working with the hands behind you, set the table in silence. Place the chairs. Take your seat. Remain silent and as nearly motionless as possible until midnight. At that hour a coach will seem to drive up, and the phantom of your future husband to alight. If you are to die before marriage, a spectral coffin will be laid on your plate. A word spoken aloud or a motion not backward will break the spell at any stage.

Fasten a chicken bone over a door, after the familiar fashion of the witch-frightening horseshoe. The Christian name of the first young man who passes under it will have the initial of the Christian name of your future husband.

These come from native American white people, and have been practised by young women within a few years. — *W. H. Babcock, Washington, D. C.*

KISSING OVER A CANDLE. — A correspondent sends an article from a Western newspaper, in which a traveller is represented as relating how, many years ago, in Southwest Missouri, he was the recipient of attentions from a settler's daughter who considered the ceremony mentioned a valid form of marriage. "We-uns can marry ourselves by kissing over a candle." It is queried whether any such custom, in remote settlements, really existed.

LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SNAKE ORDER OF THE MOQUIS. — It should be mentioned that the recorder of the Moqui tale printed in this number, Mr. A. M. Stephen, is the same person as the Mr. Alexander Stevens (as the name is incorrectly spelled) mentioned by Capt. John G. Bourke as a member of his party during his visit to the Moqui pueblo of Hualpi, in August, 1881. Captain Bourke gives an imperfect version of this legend in his work, "The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona" (London, 1884, p. 177). In this version the snake children are said to have been ancestors of the gentes which celebrate the dance. Probably there may be variants, and the correct story will not be known until some one succeeds in obtaining an account of the dance and its origin as known to the initiated.

PLANT-LORE. — Miss Mary H. Skeel, of Newburgh, N. Y., will be obliged for any information respecting tales or lore connected with flowers and plants.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — The editors wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a communication containing a version of the carol of "Dives and Lazarus," from Mr. H. Pomeroy Brewster of Rochester (a city honor-

ably distinguished by its interest in folk-lore); an interesting collection of newspaper cuttings from Mr. Stewart Culin of Philadelphia, exhibiting the practices of Voodoo conjurors in the United States; and contributions from Mr. C. L. Pullen of Memphis, Tenn., which have been used in the Folk-Lore Scrap-Book.

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

THE PRAYER OF A NAVAJO SHAMAN.—In the second number of the "American Anthropologist," Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. Army, gives the prayer of a Navajo shaman, or priest. This prayer is remarkable from the fact of its being in the form of a narrative, not a supplication. It recites a descent in the lower world, made in the spirit, in order to recover part of the spiritual body of the worshipper, which is supposed to have fallen into the power of the "Woman-Chieftain," or witch goddess, whose "Red-floored Lodge" is situated in that nether land, to be approached only by a long way leading through mountain chambers, and guarded by monsters, Red Hawk, Red Coyote, Great Red Serpent, and Red Bear.

We take the liberty of quoting part of the argument of the prayer, as given by Dr. Matthews:—

"To restore to him this lost element, which is now thought to be in the possession of the goddess of witchcraft in the lower world, the principal gods of the Navajo pantheon come to the sufferer's aid. These are Nagaynezgani, or "Slayer of the Alien Gods," and Thobajischeni, or "Kinsman of the Waters." The one approaches him from the mountain which limits the Navajo country on the east, the other from the mountain which bounds it on the west. They meet at the Carrizo Mountains, in the centre of the Navajo country, and proceed thence to the place in the San Juan Mountains where, as their traditions state, the first of the human race came up from the lower world to this. Here the war-gods descend into the lower world, passing through a number of fabled places and by a number of direful sentinels, until they reach the house of the Woman-Chieftain, the goddess of witches. They pass by virtue of the power, of their magic wands. Here they secure the bewitched element and take it away from the goddess in triumph. Up to this time only the two war-gods are named as journeying through the lower regions. But thereafter the supplicant speaks of his reunited self returning accompanied by the two gods, one of whom walks before and the other behind, to guard him from further dangers. They retrace their way through the land of shades exactly as they went; and, in describing the return, the prayer carefully reiterates the names of all the places traversed in the advancing journey, but in an exact inverse order. Arriving at the upper world, the war-gods continue to guard him until he gets to the neighborhood of his home. Here he is supposed to be out of imminent danger; so the war-gods leave him, and certain peaceful gods, Haschayalthi and Haschayhogan, become his guides.

These gods bring the spiritual or astral man to the home of the corporeal man, where the two elements are happily united, and, in the language of the prayer, 'all is restored in beauty.' "

The last verse of the prayer, in translation, runs : —

The world before me is restored in beauty,
The world behind me is restored in beauty,
The world below me is restored in beauty,
The world above me is restored in beauty,
All things around me are restored in beauty,
My voice is restored in beauty,
It is restored in beauty,
It is restored in beauty,
It is restored in beauty,
It is restored in beauty.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW MEXICO. — A correspondent of the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat," writing from San Mateo, May, 1888, gives an account of the witch superstitions current in that territory (containing 175,000 inhabitants, 25,000 of these Americans) among the Mexican population. The witches, he observes, are generally women, but sometimes men ; generally old, and rarely very young.

"Our witchology is full, detailed, and graphic. Every paisano in New Mexico can tell you their strange habits, their marvellous powers, and their baleful deeds. They never injure the dumb animals, but woe to the human being who incurs their displeasure ! Few, indeed, are bold enough to brave their wrath. If a witch ask for food, wood, clothing, or anything else, none dare say her nay. Nor dare any one eat what a witch proffers ; for, if he do, some animal, alive and gnawing, will form in his stomach. By day the witches wear their familiar human form ; but at night, dressed in strange animal shapes, they fly abroad to hold witch meetings in the mountains, or to wreak their evil wills. In a dark night you may see them flying through the sky like so many balls of fire, and there are comparatively few Mexicans in the territory who have not seen this weird sight ! For these nocturnal sallies the witches wear their own bodies, but take the legs and eyes of a coyote or other animal, leaving their own at home. Juan Perea, a male witch, who died here in San Mateo some months ago, met with a strange misfortune in this wise : He had gone off with the eyes of a cat, and during his absence a dog knocked over the table and ate up Juan's own eyes ; so the unfortunate witch had to wear cat's eyes all the rest of his life.

"Before they can fly, witches are obliged to cry out, 'Sin Dios, sin Santa Maria !' (Without God and without the Holy Virgin) whereupon they mount up into the air without difficulty. If you are on good terms with a witch you may persuade her to carry you on her back from here to New York in a second. She blindfolds you and enjoins strict silence. If you utter a word you find yourself alone in some vast wilderness, and if you cry, 'God, save me !' you fall from a fearful height to the ground — but are luckily never killed by the fall. There are several courageous people

in the territory who have made journeys thus upon the backs of witches. At least they are ready to swear so, and they find ten thousand believers to one sceptic. One striking peculiarity about New Mexico witches is that any one named Juan or Juana (John or Jane) can catch them, and that no one else can, except a priest with holy water. To catch a witch, Juan draws a nine-foot circle on the ground, turns his shirt inside out, and cries, 'Veuga, bruja!' (Come, witch) whereupon the witch has to fall inside the circle, and Juan has her completely in his power. This ability to catch witches, however, is seldom exercised, for, let Juan once catch a witch, and all the other witches in the country join hands and whip him to death.

"And now, having briefly outlined the nature of witches here, let me give you some veracious anecdotes of their exploits, religiously believed throughout this section. Lorenzo Labadie, a man of prominence in New Mexico, once unknowingly hired a witch as nurse for his baby. He lived in Las Vegas. Some months afterward there was a ball at Puerta de Luna, a couple of hundred miles south, and friends of the family were astonished to see the nurse and baby there. 'Where is Senor Labadie and his family?' they asked. The nurse replied that they were at a house a few miles distant, but too tired to come to the ball. The friends went there next day and found the Labadies had not been there. Suspecting the nurse to be a witch, they wrote to Don Lorenzo, who only knew that the nurse and baby were in his house when he went to bed, and there also when he woke up. It being plain, therefore, to the most casual observer, that the woman was a witch, he promptly discharged her."

The correspondent gives an account of two other cases of supposed enchantment. In the first of these a bride found a strange cat in her room, which disappeared before it could be shot, and was replaced by an owl, which flew against the girl's cheek, cut it, and disappeared as mysteriously as the cat. The sore could not be cured until the witch, with whom the bride had lately had a quarrel, was appeased with presents. In the second case, one of the most respectable inhabitants of the town offended a well-known witch named Marcellina, a thin, withered woman of perhaps fifty years of age. Marcellina retaliated, as the victim affirms, by turning him into a woman, a state in which he remained for several months, and recovered only by bribing the witch to effect the re-transformation. This woman Marcellina was, last year, according to the correspondent, beaten to death with clubs by two men whom she had bewitched, and the murder went unpunished.

CONFINING MAIDENS IN ALASKA. — Mr. Whit M. Grant, district attorney, writing from Sitka, Alaska, in the "Democrat-Gazette" of Davenport, Iowa, May 8, 1888, gives a painful account of the progress of disease and physical degradation among the natives of that region since their contact with Americans during the last twenty years. He relates a case in which an Indian was tried for the murder of one of his wives (polygamy being the rule), where the defence was the right of a husband to put to death his wife on account of unfaithfulness, and in which the jury refused to convict, two of the number respecting ancient tribal customs so much as

to refuse a verdict. Among customs which are gradually being broken up, he mentions the habit of immuring young women: "They have a small house, about six by six feet and eight feet high, in which is a small door and one small air hole six by six inches in one side. In this they lock up and keep their maidens, when showing the first signs of womanhood, for six months, without fire, exercise, or association. All of the world they see is through that six by six inch hole, and all they get to eat and drink is through it. It makes no difference to them whether it is summer or winter. How the poor creatures survive this ordeal I can't understand. When let out, if alive, they are free to get married, and are often sold when in prison, to be delivered when their term of probation is ended."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

NEGRO MYTHS FROM THE GEORGIA COAST. Told in the Vernacular by CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1888. 12mo. Pp. x, 171.

To Mr. Joel Chandler Harris will always belong the honor of bringing to the notice of the public the stories which are now generally known under the name of the "Tales of Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris's collection represents particularly the dialect and lore of Middle Georgia. In the little volume before us, Colonel Jones has recorded the myths of the swamp region of Georgia and the Carolinas, — narratives which are fast passing into oblivion. This collection, made with absolute faithfulness, is welcome, both on account of the intrinsic interest of the tales and the curiosity of the dialect. The value of such records will be understood better as time goes by. A century hence, the people of the States named will be thankful for the care which has preserved traditions which they will then regard as precious.

This collection has an anthropological value, inasmuch as it supplies the best image of the thought of the reciters. What is the origin of this lore? How much did the negro bring with him? What did he borrow from the white race? These are questions which have a deeper interest than that of mere curiosity, and on which this book throws a welcome light. A part of the tales are certainly African: it needs no argument to show that the histories of the lion, the tiger, the elephant, were not learned in America. On the other hand, the European nursery tale appears in a form scarcely changed. To examine this question of origins, it would be necessary to

take up the tales separately, and enter into a discussion for which this place affords no room. It will be enough to point out that while a number of the stories have been imported, others have originated on the spot. The scenery, the morality, the sentiment, are not African. What has become of the lore of Africa as exhibited, for example, in Callaway's "Zulu Nursery Tales"? Where is the mythologic furniture which belongs to the native mind? Where is the cruelty, the cannibalism? Where are the dwarfs and the monsters of savage fancy? The survival of African mythology in the minds of American negroes seems to be no more extensive than the survival of the languages, limited to a very few words. Yet the parents of the narrators must often have come over as slaves; nay, there must have been in the communities where these tales were collected individuals who had themselves been so imported, and who in their infancy must have been acquainted with African myths and belief. We doubt if the history of the world presents such another example of complete obliteration of ancestral faith; while at the same time the ancestral fables, which had nothing to do with faith, and these only, survived in an altered form, compounded with the nursery lore of the governing race. In this aspect of the case these tales are full of interest; and it may be seen that even fables, recounted to pass away the time, even the lore of children, may become an important part of history,—quite as important as records of elections and political activity.

W. W. N.

A. PINART ON THE PANAMA INDIANS.—Extensive travels through the malarial countries of the State of Panama, where the densest primeval forests often impede progress or make it impossible, have enabled Mr. Alphonse L. Pinart to judge better than any other living man of the Indian population scattered through its recesses. Two numbers of Dr. Hamy's "Revue d'Ethnographie" of 1887 contain his experiences on that subject, a thorough knowledge of which has always been so difficult to obtain. His two articles have appeared under the title "Les Indiens de l'Etat de Panama," pp. 1-24, 117-132. The 10,000 Indians divide themselves ethnologically into two racial and linguistic stocks: (1) the Chocó, and (2) the Cuna, Guaymoes, and Dorasques, all three pertaining to one single family of languages. The Chocó stock chiefly extends through the western parts of the Colombian States (South America); of the other stock, Pinart gives on pp. 2 and 3 a more detailed classification after dialects: *a.* The *Muoi*, now spoken only by three persons in the Miranda valley, but the most ancient of all dialects, according to the opinion of the Indians. *b.* The *Move-Va-liente-Norteño*, spoken by the Guaymies (a term signifying "men") and by the Muites. *c.* The *Murire-Bukueta-Sabanero*, spoken by the Guaymi-Sabaneros south of the main ridge, towards the Pacific Ocean.

Four of these dialects have been previously published by Mr. Pinart in his "Linguistic and Ethnologic Collections," vol. iv., from the manuscript of a priest, Blas José Franco, who wrote about one century ago. In the present publication the author gives about eighty vocables in ten dialects, five of them, belonging to Costa Rica, being added for comparison. The

richness of the ethnologic details in this publication prevents us from giving more than a hint to our readers of the treasures they will find in these pages, most of which are accompanied by linguistic references to the objects described. These pages also contain an amount of folk-lore, religious and symbolic, which has a peculiar charm of novelty and *naïveté* about it.

A. S. Gatschet.

CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE, U. S. Army, has issued a handsome little pamphlet of 56 pages, containing his researches, "Notes and Memoranda bearing upon the use of human ordure and human urine in rites of a religious or semi-religious character among various nations." Washington. 1888. 8vo. Well known through his former publications, "Snake Dance of the Moquis," "An Apache Campaign," which are mainly of an ethnological character, Captain Bourke diligently gathered all information he could obtain during his long years of military service in the West, and also shows extensive reading in his quotations from authors describing customs prevailing in all parts of the ancient, mediæval, and modern world. However disgusting the subject may appear to such readers who do not consider it in the light of science, the article is a fair specimen of the maxim that, for a scientific mind, nothing is too abject or insignificant for consideration; and it also illustrates the other principle, that to the pure everything is pure. Many of the rites described in these pages show how deeply engraved in the human mind is the tendency of symbolizing, anthropomorphizing, and deifying abstract ideas and phenomena of nature.

A. S. Gatschet.

In a paper briefly describing the results of extensive archæological researches ("Conventionalism in Ancient American Art," originally printed in the Bulletin of the Essex Institute, vol. xvii.; reprinted at the Salem Press, 1887), Prof. F. W. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology, arrives at results which may be here remarked as possessing a psychological as well as archæological interest.

Professor Putnam shows, in the pottery of Tennessee, Arkansas, Nicaragua, and Panama, progress from original realism of representation to conventionalism. Thus, in the stone-graves of Tennessee are found vessels rudely realistic, representing the head of an animal. The result is an unsymmetrical and rude work; and the potter, at last feeling this deficiency, undertook to correct the want of symmetry by a balance of parts, now pushing the ears back and the eyes forward, adding a tail as counterpart of the nose, etc., and finally effecting such transpositions and reductions as end in pure conventionalism, where the origin of the resulting type, if it stood alone, could not be traced. In the same way, the potter of Panama, finding the fish form suitable for ornamenting the feet of his tripod, began with a rude representation of a fish; then, being dissatisfied with the result, rearranged the positions of fins, eyes, and jaw, to suit his ideas of symmetry; and finally ended by reducing these to mere conventional ornaments. Thus the efforts of the primitive American artist end in vessels

decorated with simple patterns, which might be supposed primitive, did not still more ancient forms remain to show them derived from original imitation of real objects.

W. W. N.

A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By HENRY CHARLES LEA. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers: Franklin Square. 8vo, pp. ix, 736.

That part of Mr. Lea's excellent work with which we are concerned consists of the chapters relating to "Sorcery and the Occult Arts" and to "Witchcraft." In these two chapters, containing one hundred and seventy pages, Mr. Lea gives from the sources an account of his subject, the thoroughness of which leaves nothing to be desired. He has very ably traced the history of judicial procedure in relation to sorcery, the death penalty of the Roman law, the milder condemnation of Teutonic codes, the gradual lapse of both ecclesiastical and civil censure up to the thirteenth century, and subsequent increase of severity, leading to the witch persecutions of the fifteenth and succeeding centuries. How is this reversion toward cruelty to be explained?

Here the writer cannot agree with Mr. Lea, who holds (as does Grimm) that the witchcraft of the fifteenth century was essentially a new superstition, the feature of which was the connection of the witch with Satan (the witches' Sabbath). "Historically speaking, the witchcraft with which we have now to deal is a manifestation of which the commencement cannot be distinctly traced backward much beyond the fifteenth century" (p. 492). The cause of this obscure phenomenon, he thinks, "may be traced to the effort of the theologians to prove that all superstitious practices were heretical in implying a tacit pact with Satan." "Thus the innocent devices of the wise women in culling simples, or muttering charms, came to be regarded as implying demon-worship." Inquisitors, by the use of torture, extorted from their victims confessions in accordance with their expectations. The origin of the new witchcraft was, so to speak, literary; it was a superstition discovered by scholars and adopted by the populace.

On the other hand, in opposition to this view of Mr. Lea, it appears to the writer that the superstitions concerning witches were in the fifteenth century substantially what they were in the twelfth, and that the evidence adduced by Mr. Lea to show the genesis of the ideas about witchcraft corresponds to a formed, not to a nascent, belief. Compacts with the devil ascribed to heretics of Besançon in 1180, the citation to Rome of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry for adoring Satan in 1300, and a multitude of other facts prove to us that the stories respecting the witches' Sabbath existed long before the time that they appear in the trials. The evidence of language, *Vaudois*, Bulgarian (*Bougre*), the German *Ketzer* (Catharus), taken to mean cat-worship as early as 1200; the folk-lore of Hayti, cited in the last number of this journal, in which survive, as would seem, ideas respecting the Vaudois (Voodooos) which must have originated as early as the twelfth century (the wearing of sandals, *sabatati*), point in the same direction. The severity of the fifteenth century, therefore, seems

a phenomenon of jurisprudence, not of belief ; and the ideas respecting witches have been imposed upon learned men by the faith of the people, and not to have descended to the people from the subtleties of learned men. But to maintain this contention would require a long essay ; and whatever may be thought of it, the excellence of Mr. Lea's exhibition of the facts is nowise marred by a difference of opinion concerning their explanation.

W. W. N.

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ADDITIONAL LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FOLK-LORE.

The Société des Traditions Populaires has undertaken to organize in Paris, at the time of the Universal Exposition of 1889, a "Congrès des Traditions Populaires." According to the programme adopted at the May meeting of the Society, the Congress will concern itself with the following subjects: (1) Bibliography of Popular Traditions in all countries, and History of Researches relating to these. (2) Comparative Studies on the Origin, Significance and Method of Interpretation of Myths and Legends. (3) Examples of Customs and Survivals in their relations with Popular Traditions. (4) Programme of Researches necessary to form a Museum of Monuments and Objects relating to Popular Traditions. (5) Influence of Popular Traditions on Literature, Arts, and Sciences, and reciprocally.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. I. — OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1888. — No. III.

HURON FOLK-LORE.

I. — COSMOGONIC MYTHS. THE GOOD AND EVIL MINDS.

THE Canadian nation of Indians whose native name of Wendat, or people of one speech (*wenda*, speech ; *at*, root of *skat*, one), was corrupted by the English into Wyandot, received from the French colonists, in their *patois*, the nickname of Hurons, or “shock-heads,” from the lines of bristly hair which adorned their half-shaven crowns. The name, euphonious in its English pronunciation, has adhered to the great freshwater sea near which they dwelt, and has been made by Bancroft and Parkman historically classic as the designation of the people. It seems, therefore, to have better claims even to scientific use than the somewhat barbarous English corruption of the native appellation.

Of the few hundreds who survived their deadly wars with the Iroquois, the greater number removed, many years ago, to the United States, and now, under the name of Wyandots, reside in the Indian Territory, on lands which the Cherokees have resigned to them. A few linger in Eastern Canada, at Lorette, near Quebec, but these have lost their native tongue, and have become French in language, and in great part French in blood. A still smaller number, less than a hundred, remain in the extreme west of Old Canada, on a strip of land once known as the “Anderdon Reserve,” a reservation of five or six thousand acres, stretching along the eastern bank of the Detroit River, a few miles north of its entrance into Lake Erie. The reservation, as such, exists no longer, having lately been divided in severalty among its occupants. Before this event occurred I paid — in the years 1872 and 1874 — two visits to this little remnant of a famous people, and, to my great gratification, found among them some who not only spoke their original language fluently, but were familiar with the ancient traditions of their people. What was specially noteworthy was the fact that their dialect proved to be the most archaic form of the Huron-Iroquois speech that had yet been

discovered. One of the most striking peculiarities of that linguistic family has always been understood to be the lack of the labial articulations. In the Huron speech, as transmitted to us by the French missionaries, and in the languages of the Six Nations, no sound of *m*, *b*, or *p* is heard, and the lips are never closed in speaking. But the Hurons of the Anderdon Reserve frequently uttered the sound of *m* in words from which it had disappeared in the other dialects. For *unkwe*, man, they said *ume*; for *yaweheon*, dead, *yameheon*; for *onwa*, to-day, *oma*. It is evident that, in this respect, this Huron dialect retains the older form of the language. I believe it to be the dialect which was spoken by the tribe formerly known to the French colonists as "the Tobacco People" (*Nation du Petun*), but among the Hurons and Iroquois as the *Tionontates* (corrupted by the English to *Dionondaddies*), which means, apparently, "People beyond the Hills." They lived west of the proper Hurons, and were in friendship with them, though not members of their confederacy. They were regarded as of the same speech (*Wendat*); and they shared the fate of the Hurons, being conquered and driven from their country by the Iroquois. They fled to the island of Michilimackinac, and thence finally took refuge near Detroit and in Northern Ohio, under the protection of the French forts in those quarters. Their character, customs, and traditions were the same as those of the Hurons proper, from whom they differed only in retaining an independent tribal organization and in a slight variance of dialect.

From two elderly men, both of more than average intelligence, I obtained many particulars concerning the modern history of the tribe, corresponding closely with what we learn of them from the missionary records and other authorities; and with these facts I gathered many of their ancient traditions and the legends of their mythology. My informants were Joseph White, the recognized chief of the band, and Alexander Clarke, sub-chief and official interpreter. The former, a man of fine presence, whose physiognomy showed evidence of his mingled French and Indian parentage, bore in the *Wendat* tongue the somewhat peculiar name of *Mandarong*, which was rendered, "We are unwilling." No name could have more utterly belied the frank and kindly disposition of the worthy old chief and his fine family. The interpreter, who, as I learned, was the son of an Indian woman by an English colonist, had spent most of his life among the Indians, and regarded himself as belonging to them; for the child, by *Wendat* law, follows his mother's sept. He also had an Indian name, *Chehteh*, meaning "War-club," and possessed a good knowledge of the language and mythology of his people. His brother, Peter Dooyentate Clarke, who ordinarily resided in the

Indian Territory, but whom in one of my visits I met on this reservation, had published, a few years previously, a little book on the "Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts," showing considerable intelligence in the writer, and containing much that is authentic and valuable.

The old chief's wife was of French origin, but had been brought up with the Indians, and understood their speech. French was, however, the language usually spoken in the family; and it was in this tongue, and with much spirit and animation, that the chief related the many traditions and popular tales which I obtained from him. I was much struck with the general cast of these tales, and their difference in style from the Algonkin stories. Mr. Parkman, in his fascinating work, "The Jesuits in North America," observes on this subject: "Some of the Iroquois tales embody conceptions which, however preposterous, are of a bold and striking character; but those of the Algonkins are, to an incredible degree, flimsy, silly, and meaningless." This opinion of the Algonkin stories, though certainly well warranted by many of them, is perhaps somewhat too sweepingly expressed. Other investigators, and notably Dr. Brinton and Mr. Leland, have been able to show that some of the Algonkin legends embody, under trivial forms, conceptions not devoid of sense or of poetical beauty. But with regard to the Iroquois tales, there can be no question that they deserve the commendation bestowed upon them. What chiefly struck me, in listening to the narratives of the old chief, was the strong moral element apparent in them. That this element was not given to them by the narrator, but was inherent in the tales themselves, was evident from the fact that it appeared in the same stories when related by others, in widely different versions; for, like all popular stories, from those of the Trojan war and the Niebelungen cycle to the fireside tales of our childhood, these Huron legends take many forms, varying with the line of tradition along which they have been handed down.

This moral element is present even in the myths of their cosmogony, though mingled, as in all such myths, with childish details, some of which are as absurd as any in the Greek or Hindoo mythologies. These details were, in a certain sense, articles of their religion, and were handed down with scrupulous exactness. The story of the first formation and peopling of the earth was related to me by Alexander Clarke in terms very similar to those in which it had been told by the Hurons to the Jesuit missionary Brébeuf, two centuries and a half ago.¹ Clarke, however, added many particulars, evidently genuine, which the learned missionary did not think important enough

¹ See the *Relation* for 1636, part 2, chap. 1, p. 100, of the *Relations des Jesuites*, in the Quebec edition of 1868.

for the purpose of his record, but which have their significance for students of mythology. The following is perhaps the most complete account of the Huron cosmogonic myth which has yet been obtained, and may be deemed to represent the primitive belief of the oldest branch of the Huron-Iroquois race. Clarke was about seventy-five years of age in 1874, and as he had heard the myth in his youth from the elders of his people, their joint recollections would carry it back to the middle of the last century, when the customs and traditions of the Wendat were retained in their full vigor.

THE MAKING OF THE WORLD.

In the beginning there was nothing but water, a wide sea, which was peopled by various animals of the kind that live in and upon the water. It happened then that a woman fell down from the upper world. It is supposed that she was, by some mischance, pushed down by her husband through a rift in the sky. Though styled a woman, she was a divine personage. Two loons, which were flying over the water, happened to look up and see her falling. To save her from drowning they hastened to place themselves beneath her, joining their bodies together so as to form a cushion for her to rest on. In this way they held her up, while they cried with a loud voice to summon the other animals to their aid. The cry of the loon can be heard to a great distance, and the other creatures of the sea heard it, and assembled to learn the cause of the summons. Then came the tortoise (or "snapping turtle," as Clarke called it), a mighty animal, which consented to relieve the loons of their burden. They placed the woman on the back of the tortoise, charging him to take care of her. The tortoise then called the other animals to a grand council, to determine what should be done to preserve the life of the woman. They decided that she must have earth to live on. The tortoise directed them all to dive to the bottom of the sea and endeavor to bring up some earth. Many attempted it,—the beaver, the musk-rat, the diver, and others,—but without success. Some remained so long below that when they rose they were dead. The tortoise searched their mouths, but could find no trace of earth. At last the toad went down, and after remaining a long time rose, exhausted and nearly dead. On searching his mouth the tortoise found in it some earth, which he gave to the woman. She took it and placed it carefully around the edge of the tortoise's shell. When thus placed, it became the beginning of dry land. The land grew and extended on every side, forming at last a great country, fit for vegetation. All was sustained by the tortoise, which still supports the earth.

When the woman fell she was pregnant with twins. When these

came forth they evinced opposite dispositions, the one good, the other evil. Even before they were born the same characters were manifested. They struggled together, and their mother heard them disputing. The one declared his willingness to be born in the usual manner, while the other malignantly refused, and, breaking through his mother's side, killed her. She was buried, and from her body sprang the various vegetable productions which the new earth required to fit it for the habitation of man. From her head grew the pumpkin-vine; from her breasts the maize; from her limbs the bean and the other useful esculents. Meanwhile the twins grew up, showing in all they did their opposing inclinations. The name of the good one was Tijuskeha, which means, Clarke said, something like saviour, or good man.¹ The evil brother was named Tawiskarong, meaning flinty, or flint-like, in allusion probably to his hard and cruel nature. They were not men, but supernatural beings, who were to prepare the world to be the abode of men. Finding that they could not live together, they separated, each taking his own portion of the earth. Their first act was to create animals of various kinds. The bad brother made fierce and monstrous creatures, proper to terrify and destroy mankind, — serpents, panthers, wolves, bears, all of enormous size, and huge mosquitoes, "as large as turkeys." Among other things he made an immense toad, which drank up all the fresh water that was on the earth. In the mean time the good brother, in his province, was creating the innocent and useful animals. Among the rest he made the partridge. To his surprise, the bird rose in the air and flew toward the territory of Tawiskarong. Tijuskeha asked him whither he was going. The bird replied that he was going to look for water, as there was none left in that land, and he heard there was some in the dominion of Tawiskarong. Tijuskeha then began to suspect mischief. He followed the course which the partridge had taken, and presently reached the land of his evil brother. Here he encountered the snakes, ferocious brutes, and enormous insects which his brother had made, and overcame them. Finally he came to the monstrous toad, which he cut open, letting the water flow forth.² He did not destroy the evil animals, — perhaps had not the power to do so, — but he reduced them in size, so that men would be able to master them.

¹ This name, *Tijuskeha* (the *Ioskeha* of the French missionaries), may be a derivative from the root *io* (*iio*, *iyo*) or *iju*, which signifies both "great" and "good." This root forms the concluding portion of the name *Hamendiju* (Huron), *Rawennio* (Iroquois), applied to the chief divinity, and signifying "the great good master."

² See an interesting discussion of the origin of this widely diffused myth (of the waters engulfed by a toad, frog, or serpent) in Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, vol. i. p. 39, and vol. ii. p. 146.

The spirit of his mother warned him in a dream to beware of his evil brother, who would endeavor to destroy him by treachery. Finally they encountered, and as it was evident that they could not live together on the earth, they determined to decide by a formal combat (a duel, as Clarke styled it) which of them should remain master of the world. It was further agreed that each should make known to the other the only weapon by which he could be overcome. This extraordinary article of their agreement was probably made necessary by the fact that without such a disclosure the contest would have lasted forever. The good brother declared that he could be destroyed only by being beaten to death with a bag full of corn, beans, or some other product of the bread kind; the evil brother rejoined that he could be killed only by the horn of a deer or of some other wild animal. (In these weapons it seems evident that there is some reference to the different characters or attributes of the brothers.) They set off a fighting-ground, or "list," within which the combat was to take place. Tawiskarong had the first turn, or, as duellists would say, the first fire. He set upon his brother with a bag of corn or beans, chased him about the ground, and pounded him until he was nearly lifeless and lay as if dead. He revived, however (perhaps through the aid of his mother's spirit), and, recovering his strength, pursued in turn his evil brother, beating him with a deer's horn until he killed him. But the slain combatant was not utterly destroyed. He reappeared after death to his brother, and told him that he had gone to the far west, and that thenceforth all the races of men after death would go to the west, like him. "And," said Clarke, "it is the belief of all the pagan Indians that after death their spirits will go to the far west, and dwell there."

The old chief, Joseph White, on another occasion, supplied a curious addition to the foregoing narrative, in exemplification of the opposite character of the two brothers. This story was in substance as follows:—

"When the brothers were preparing the land for the Indians to live in, the manner of their work was that as often as the good brother made or designed anything for the benefit of mankind, the bad brother objected, and devised something to counteract the good intention, so far as he could. Thus when the good brother made rivers for the Indians to journey on, it was his design that each river should have a twofold current (or rather, perhaps, a double channel), in which the streams should flow in opposite directions. Thus the Indians would be able always to float easily down-stream. This convenient arrangement did not please the bad brother. He maintained that it would be too good for the people. 'Let them at least,' he said, 'have to work one way up-stream.' He was not content

merely to defeat his brother's design of the return current, but he created at the same time rapids and cataracts for the further delay and danger of voyagers."

It is certainly remarkable that in the primitive mythology of the Huron-Iroquois people the idea of two hostile creators, a benevolent and a malignant being, coeval in origin, and for a time equal in power, should have been so clearly, however rudely, developed. Nothing of the kind is discoverable in the Vedaic or the Hellenic cosmogonies. This idea of the original antagonism of the good and evil principles, to be finally destroyed by the victory of the benignant power, is commonly supposed to have been the main element in the Zoroastrian reformation. In David Cusick's well-known "History of the Six Nations," the two brothers are styled the "Good Mind" and the "Bad Mind," in the very terms of the Zend-Avesta. The origin of this belief, and the extent to which it exists among the American tribes, other than those of the Huron-Iroquois stock, is a matter for inquiry.¹ That the latter firmly held it before they were acquainted with the whites is unquestionable. The strong moral sentiment manifest in it will be found to color their folk-lore throughout.

Horatio Hale.

¹ See the question discussed briefly, but with great acuteness and force, in the concluding pages of Dr. Brinton's philosophical work, *American Hero-Myths*. I may add that this original version of the Huron myth of creation was communicated by me to Dr. Brinton for that work, and is in part embodied in it. It is now first published in the complete form.

WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONISM OF THE MODERN IROQUOIS.

THE Iroquois, especially those who hold to the old religion, still believe in witchcraft. I speak more particularly of the Onondagas, for it is principally among them that my observations have been made.

An Onondaga, about fifty years of age, pointed out to me, quite recently, an old woman living on the reservation whom he believes to be a witch. He is quite convinced of it, for some years ago he was going home one night about eleven o'clock, when, just as he was passing around a wooded hill, he saw this woman ahead of him. She was walking in the same direction, and so did not at first see him. Her hair hung down over her eyes, and she blew from her mouth flames of different colors to light her path. As she did this her hair was licked by the flames and blown up from her face. He followed her, and when near the council-house began to run. She ran around the building and along the fence until she came to a long log house (no longer standing) in which witches were said to congregate, and as she reached the door she once more blew flames from her mouth, and disappeared within. As my informant "was not feeling well, and his brother was very sick," he was much worried by what he had seen. He thought that a person could learn to blow flames from the mouth in this way. This woman, some said, had initiated her husband. It is necessary to swallow a kind of snake, after which persons become "wild" (*i. e.*, witches, *Hun-dat-na+s'*). Witches roam about at night, working charms and spells, at times taking the form of dogs, hogs, and turkeys. They destroy those whom they dislike by sending small bundles of straw wound round with hair, which have the property of passing into the body of the victim and killing him. A young man, twenty-three years old, told me last year that he "had seen witches in Canada;" that is, he had seen lights moving in the woods, and supposed them to be the flames blown from the witches' mouths. They would shine for a few seconds in one spot, then disappear, to be seen again, after a short interval, farther on.

The foregoing is sufficient to show that the belief in witches has not yet disappeared. As to their punishment (death being the penalty), I am inclined to think that during the present century this has rarely been attempted.

However, an old man, who had the account from an eye-witness, told me the following story of a double execution at Oneida, which happened, he thought, about sixty years ago: After much illness and many deaths, which could not be accounted for, a council was

being held in the "meeting-house," when two old women came in, and, standing in the middle of the floor, addressed the assembly: "You are all acting like fools. Here you are, holding a council without knowing what you are talking about. It is we who have caused all the illness and death, — we and another old woman who will probably be here soon. We have killed these persons, and now, if you wish to kill us, we are ready." They had, they declared, worked a charm, and made a "poison" by putting hair into a "stone bowl," probably a bowl-shaped hollow or pot-hole in the rocky bed of the creek. The hair had changed into snakes, which had caused the trouble. This "poison" could be destroyed ("killed") by building a large fire of soft wood over the spot. While the fire was burning no one should approach it. They gave this information voluntarily. One of the chiefs now asked if any one was willing to act as executioner. After a pause, a man seated far back in one corner of the building said that he would undertake to kill them if all were agreed, and he thought that he could do so neatly and quickly. All were of the opinion that the women should die, and the killing was done by hitting them on the back of the head with a heavy "hickory cane" or club. They were, however, "hard to kill" (witches are remarkable for their tenacity of life), and required to be "hit a good many times" before they lay entirely motionless. After this a search was made for the "stone bowl" and snakes, which were found and destroyed, as had been advised by the witches before their death. A large fire of bass-wood logs was built, and when the heat became intense there was an explosion, probably of the heated stone, or, in the words of the narrator, "it" burst. The charm, and everything connected with it, was thus destroyed.¹ I was told last autumn that an old man had been put to death for witchcraft on one of the Canadian Iroquois reservations, about seven years before. He was killed by men who lay in wait for him and shot him from an ambush. "What was done by the dead man's friends?" I asked. "Nothing; they thought he had been at that business long enough." "And the white people?" "They did n't know it."

I might add that not only is the existence of witches not doubted by most Iroquois, but individuals may still be found who consider, or pretend to consider, that they themselves are, or have been, guilty of witchcraft. In fact, during a general council of the Six Nations, held in August, 1888, of which the open confession of sins was one of the striking features, a chief of the Onondagas confessed that he had practised witchcraft, but, becoming penitent, had reformed.²

¹ This may be another version of a somewhat similar story related in Clark's *Onondaga*.

² The public confession of sins would seem to be a reflection of former Chris-

The power of bewitching appears to belong only to those who are witches by profession, — to those who have gone through the initiation or preparation necessary in order to become a witch. Some say that the candidate must promise to sacrifice, as the price of his tuition, a member of his own family, as a sister, brother, or cousin, before he may become master of the art.

As soon as the power of witchcraft is obtained, the individual seems to be able, by mere volition, to injure his victim ; nor do charms and spells appear, in most cases, necessary. If a dispute occurs, in which a witch threatens or curses his antagonist, he has only to be in earnest in what he says to cause the malediction to take effect. If the person bewitched is able to anticipate the evil, or can discover the guilty one, he may make an appeal, through a third person, to have the malediction revoked. An instance of this kind occurred under my own observation as recently as last August. A woman, whose child had unwittingly offended the wife of a neighbor (a reputed witch), was caused much anxiety by the fear that, in retaliation, some member of her family might be bewitched. In order to prevent this she sent a friend to tell the witch that she was mistaken in accusing the child, and to ask her not to think harshly of any of the family. The witch, being notified in this way that he is discovered, is presumably forced to discontinue his evil practices, for fear of exposure and punishment. If, however, the cause of the trouble is not suspected, or is discovered too late, the victim is doomed, unless a cure can be effected by ordinary remedies, which is usually impossible.

Charms do not seem to be in common use, though the St. Regis Indians are said to make a small wooden peg, which they drive into the ground, or into a log or tree. The victim lives as long as the peg lasts, but wastes away gradually as it decays, and dies when it has rotted completely. Tobacco sometimes is burned in a fire, the witch meanwhile addressing it in a low tone, and exhorting it to efficacy. This seems to possess something of the character of a spell, and although other spells are probably used, I am unable to give any examples. It is equally possible that this may be some form of sacrificial offering, but if so I was unsuccessful in my endeavors to establish the fact.

Witches are supposed to meet at night in the woods and bushes, taking temporarily the form of dogs or other animals to better con-

tian teaching, as such an idea appears entirely foreign to the doctrines of most Indian religions. It was in all probability brought into practice as a part of the new faith introduced by Ga-ní-a-tai'-h-yu, the last great prophet, while the holding of long strings of white wampum by the penitent during the confession may have been suggested by the rosary of the early missionaries.

ceal themselves. For this reason the howling of dogs at night and lights moving in the woods are looked upon with suspicion and dread.

The enumeration of the above facts suffices to prove that a strong belief in witches exists at the present time.

In addition to witches, these Indians believe that there exists a race of supernatural evil beings or demons, whom they call *Hat-do'-i*, *Ho'-do'-i* in the plural.

These *Ho'-do'-i* afflict human beings with illness and other misfortunes, but, notwithstanding their hostility to mankind, they can be propitiated and persuaded not only to withdraw the evil they themselves have caused, but also to grant aid and protection against the witches, to whom they appear to be antagonistic. They are said to inhabit a cave, which opens at the stone quarries on the north edge of the reservation, and extends through a narrow cleft in the rock to a similar cavern near Jamesville, N. Y.¹

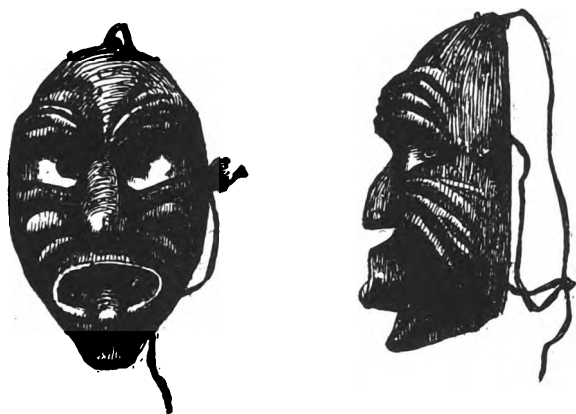
In this cave, according to the Indian belief, are stone images supposed to represent the *Ho'-do'-i*, and the whole inner atmosphere of the place is charged with a malign influence. I was assured by an Onondaga woman that an old man and some boys visited the cave one Sunday afternoon. They remained there several hours ; so long, in fact, that when at last they emerged their candles were nearly consumed. One of the boys for days afterward was annoyed by a swollen face, the swelling being so great that his eyes were almost closed. This was ascribed to the resentment of the devils. But as I have already stated, these evil beings, if flattered and humored, become less troublesome, and will even withdraw for a time the evil or sickness they have caused. Dances in their honor ("devil-dances") and offerings of tobacco and food are the usual means adopted to pacify them. The dancers, masked and attired in the most uncouth and tattered garments, imitate by weird groanings, grunting, and eccentric movements the actions of the demons. Their masks (*Ga-gu'-sa*) are of several kinds, principally of wood, but some of husk, buffalo-skin, muslin, and occasionally the coarse papier maché masks of the toy-shops. The wooden masks are the most interesting, often artistic, and very hideous, and are held in the highest esteem, some of them having been in use for from twenty to one hundred years. The older ones are by far the more characteristic, but there are comparatively few of them now in existence. The eyes are usually made of discs of tin or brass set into the wood, while the expression of the mouth is occasionally heightened by the addition of hog's teeth or chips of bone or shell. A wig of horse-tail,

¹ I believe a small cave actually exists at the quarries, but have never visited it. The entrance is now incumbered by the débris of blasting and excavating.

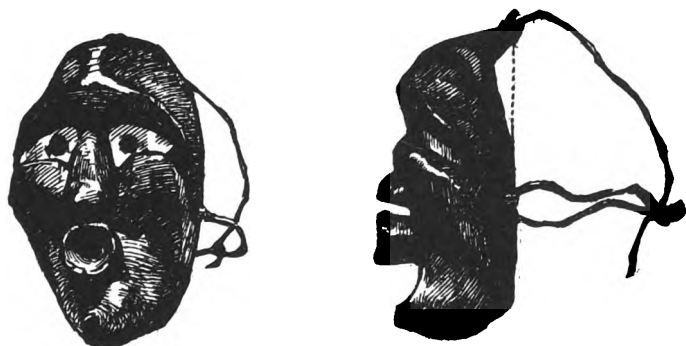


Hat-do'-i, or Dancer in costume, with mask, staff, and turtle-shell rattle.
From a sketch made at the dance of January 14, 1888.

a strip of buffalo-robe, or a braid of corn-husks is sometimes fastened to the mask when in use, and helps to disguise the wearer as well as to make the general effect more frightful. The rest of the costume consists of old, torn clothes, corn-husks, old buffalo-ropes, and even at times articles of female attire. Baskets, pans, bundles of cloth, or other bulky objects are stuffed under the garments, with cords tied around the body above and below them, so as to produce the appearance of humps or deformities. In fact, any device is used which contributes to make the disguise unsightly. Heavy moccasins, made of old boot-legs, are generally worn in winter. A rattle, *Us-ta-wā's'-lia*, made of the shell of a snapping-turtle, with the head, neck, and entire skin except the legs and tail, is carried by some of the dancers. Others carry clubs or rough staffs, four or five feet long,



No. 1. Onondaga mask. Said by former owner to be about twenty years old, 11 inches in length, red, with teeth and eyes of tin. Front and profile.



No. 2. Onondaga mask. 11½ inches long; color, red, with small moustache, eyebrows, and a small spot on end of chin painted in black; tin eyes. Said by former owner to be about thirty years old. Front and profile.

and from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter. A few carry both staffs and rattles, or substitute for the club a wooden pestle, such as is used in grinding corn. Formerly the pestles figured more commonly than at present.

During the "New Year's dances" there are three occasions on which the masks are used, or, in other words, three "devil-dances," or dances in honor of the *Ho'-do'-i*. Two precede the "burning of the white dog."¹

¹ The Onondagas still speak of "burning the white dog," when referring to the ceremonies in conjunction with which the white dog was formerly sacrificed. As a matter of fact, however, residents on the reservation, both Indian and white, assert that no dog has been burnt for seven or eight years, though they still burn in the council-house stove the other offerings, tobacco, wampum, bead-work, ribbons, etc., which formerly accompanied that sacrifice. Last January (1888) I was

These are called "scaring witches," the witches being exorcised by the aid of the *Hoⁿ-do'-i*. The third dance is held some ten days later. In January, 1888, the first two were held on the evenings of Saturday the 14th and Sunday the 15th. On the first of these occasions (January 14th) the people began to assemble in the council-house at about seven o'clock p. m., and for the first hour or two the time was occupied in "telling dreams." A person having had an unusual dream, one which he judges of sufficient importance to affect his pleasure or success in life, rises to his feet, advances to the centre of the floor, and makes the fact known to the assembly. For each dream the dreamer must be "helped" by his friends, who promise him in turn gifts of various objects, usually food. He may have dreamed of a certain article, the possession of which, as a gift, is necessary to his happiness, and his friends are expected to guess until they have found out what that article is; then he who has made the right guess is bound in honor to make a present of the desired object to the dreamer on the following day. One friend will perhaps suggest dried corn, or a slice of pork. If neither of these prove satisfactory, the dreamer answers "*Hi'-ya*" ("No"). Other friends will propose, successively, apples, potatoes, bread, cabbage, etc., until the article which the dreamer is supposed to have in mind is guessed, when he answers "*Ni-a-wā'-ha*" ("Thank you"), and the men cry out "*Yu-go-nā'*, *Hwa-hwa, hu-a+a++*," the last syllable very much prolonged, falling in cadence, finally growing fainter and dying away. Before this cry has been finished by the men the dreamer begins to chant, walking back and forth across the council-house floor with a slow, measured tread, while those ranged along the wall keep time to the step with a steady "*Hěh-hěh-hěh-hěh*," and by slightly tapping the floor with the sole of the foot, until the song is finished and the dreamer takes his seat, when the cry "*Hwa-hwa, hu-a+a++*" is again repeated, and all is silent until the next dreamer rises. Some, after accepting an offer of a present for one dream, will say "*O'-əs*" (a word seeming to have nearly the meaning of the French *encore*), which I should translate in this case "another," signifying that a second present for another dream is desired. The song is sometimes omitted, but the exclamation "*Yu-go-nā'*, *Hwa-hwa, hu-a+a++*" always follows the "*Ni-a-wā'-ha*," which accompanies the acceptance of a present. After several persons have risen and accepted promises of presents, two or three young men, armed

present during the whole New Year's feast, and no white dog was burnt. Many of the Onondagas said that they had not been able to find a suitable dog. One woman told me that she thought that omitting the white dog, and burning only the other objects, "looked better," and I am inclined to think (though few of them would be willing to acknowledge it) that this is the general opinion among them.

with guns and accompanied by a crier, go out of the council-house and discharge the pieces in the air, toward the south or in the direction of the moon, immediately after which the crier calls out in a loud voice the names of those who have told dreams. After this had continued for some time, the dancers, masked and dressed as already described, approached, and began to rattle their clubs and turtle-shells against the sides of the council-house, the noise becoming louder and the scraping and thumping more vigorous as they made the circuit of the building, accompanying their pounding with a low, grunting exclamation, "*Haⁿ-liaⁿ*", — *haⁿ-haⁿ*, *haⁿ-liaⁿ*," which, coming from behind the wooden masks, seemed quite unearthly. As the group reached the entrance the uproar became almost deafening, until, with a sudden push, the door was thrown open, and the dancers entered, creeping and crawling on all fours, writhing like cripples, and shaking their rattles and staffs along the floor until they reached the middle of the room and stood up.

Before the arrival of the dancers, or *Hoⁿ-do'-i*,¹ tobacco, in pieces "just big enough for a chew," had been collected from the assembled crowd by a man acting as master of ceremonies, who now distributed them to the dancers (one to each), and then taking a rattle from one of the "devils," and sitting astride a bench, sang the accompaniment, beating time to the dance by striking the edge of the rattle with quick, double blows on the bench before him.

The dance lasted but a short time, and after it was over the performers went about the council-house as they pleased, staring through their masks at the women and frightening the children. Occasionally the master of ceremonies would call one or two of them aside, and, giving them each a piece of tobacco, order them to dance in some peculiar way, to imitate various animals or locomotives, skaters, etc. The dance, in this respect, has evidently been much modified by contact with civilization, and after the first dance, in which everything was done seriously, there seemed to be a general inclination to be ludicrous and trivial. This continued for some time, the "dream-telling" being kept up meanwhile, and toward eleven o'clock everyone left the council-house and went home. The ceremonies on the following night, Sunday, January 15th, being similar in all important respects, do not need a separate description.

The dance of Thursday, January 26th, was more interesting, but was, properly speaking, a "medicine dance," in which the *Hoⁿ-do'-i* were not asked to help the people against the witches, but were expected, in view of the honor shown them, to withdraw the sickness for which they themselves were responsible.

¹ As the dancers are dressed and masked to represent *Hon-do'-i*, the word *Hat-do'-i* is also used in speaking of them.

During the early part of the day the dancers went from house to house, dancing for the cure of those who could not leave home. In the afternoon, toward three o'clock, the people gathered in the council-house to await the coming of the *Hoⁿ-do'-i*. Two old women were cooking a kettle of dried corn, beans, and slices of pork over the fire at the women's end of the room, for on this, as on other occasions, one end is occupied by the men and the other by the women. Food for feasts is always prepared at the women's end of the house, excepting bread and cakes, which are furnished from the private houses. During this time the devils would appear occasionally before the door, the people within and without giving way immediately for them, and the "head devil" would push open the door suddenly and enter with a bound, to see if the feast were ready. When this had happened several times the food was declared cooked, and the whole company of dancers entered and took seats near the middle of the room. The head chief then stood up and made a speech, in which he addressed the dancers as "*A-gwe'-gi*," "All." Then proceeding to the stove, he threw tobacco into the fire, and lifting off the pot full of food gave it to the "head devil," who took it and walked out, followed by the others. While they were gone a number of benches were arranged in a semicircle in front of the women's stove. On this semicircle of benches those who were suffering from disease or sickness now seated themselves, to the number of thirty or forty. When the devils had eaten the food they returned to the council-house, and all save one (the "head devil," whose duty it was to guard the door) went to the stove, and with a great deal of grunting and groaning, "*Haⁿ-haⁿ, haⁿ-haⁿ*," ran their hands through the ashes on the hearth, and then started in single file around the half-circle of benches, each *Hat-do'-i* in turn rubbing ashes upon the head of each of the sick persons. The action consists in rubbing the hands quickly on the head, and then blowing upon it two or three times.

After this the devils sat down, and a man with a turtle-shell rattle took a seat on a separate bench, facing the invalids, where he sang an accompaniment, and with the rattle beat time for the following dance. A woman somewhat beyond middle age, apparently appointed for that purpose, led out to the nearer end of the seats one of the sick women, while at the same time a man led forth one of the devils to dance with the patient. The pair, having danced facing each other to the other end of the row of benches, resumed their seats, and another couple took their place, a sick woman being brought forward as before by the old woman, and a devil by the man already mentioned. These two also danced across the floor, and upon taking their seats were followed by others, until each sick woman had danced with one of the devils. Then all in the council-house danced, in an

irregular crowd, around the inside of the building. During these ceremonies the head demon had stood with his back against the door to prevent persons going out, and I was afterward told that if any one present refused to take part in the final, general dance, the *Hoⁿ-do'-i* "would throw him down, put ashes on him," and inflict various indignities upon him. The medicine dancing was now over, and the crowd was allowed to go and come as it chose. The group of sick persons that had occupied the benches consisted of men and women, old and young, but only the women danced, as I have described, each with a separate *Hat-do'-i*.

In addition to those already mentioned, the Onondagas also have smaller masks, or maskoids, three or four inches long, made like the larger ones, which probably serve as amulets, though I am not certain as to this.

It is believed that masks left long unused and neglected about the house sometimes become the source of illness, or at least of serious annoyance. I was told of a recent case, of a woman whose mouth began to grow crooked, and finally became badly twisted. This was caused by the resentment of a certain devil or devils because a mask which had long lain forgotten in the house was not danced with and shown proper attention. However, the mask having been used in a dance, and the necessary offerings of tobacco made, the woman's mouth soon became straight again.

On one occasion I was about to leave the reservation with a mask that I had obtained, when an Indian friend asked me if I had any tobacco. I gave him a small quantity, about half of which he wrapped in a piece of calico and tied to the mask, at one side, where the string for holding it on the head is attached. Then taking the rest, he threw it into the fire, a little at a time, and at intervals of a second or two. He told me that I should do this every three months, and should at the same time renew the tobacco in the calico bag. By taking these precautions I would be free from the frights and illness that the mask might otherwise cause me, when deprived of the dancing and feasting in which it was accustomed to take part.

It may be worthy of remark that the tobacco burnt as an offering to the *Hoⁿ-do'-i*, and in other religious ceremonies, is not the ordinary tobacco of commerce, but the original tobacco of the Iroquois, which they still cultivate for that purpose. I have not yet been able to ascertain whether this plant is identical with that (*N. quadri-alvis*?) which the Prince of Neuwied cites as being raised in his time, and used only for similar purposes and for smoking on solemn occasions by the Mandans and Meunitarris of the upper Missouri.

De Cost Smith.

NOTE. — **PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ONONDAGAS.** For the benefit of such readers as may be unacquainted with the Onondagas and their present condition, it may be well to state that they occupy at present a small reservation in Onondaga County, in one of the best farming regions in the State of New York. They number about six hundred, according to the testimony of witnesses before the assembly committee, at the recent investigation, as reported in the newspapers. Of these, perhaps two thirds should be counted as Onondagas, the remainder being members of other nations of the Iroquois confederacy, especially Oneidas and Mohawks. They may be considered civilized, as they are self-supporting and fairly good farmers. Their houses, which are principally "frame," though some are of hewn logs, are comfortably furnished, and many of them contain sewing-machines, organs, and other articles of furniture which might be classed as luxuries. There are two churches, a school, several shops, a council-house, temperance society, with building for lodge meetings, and a good brass band. They show remarkable aptness for music, both vocal and instrumental, while not a few compose tunes of no mean merit. In fact, their condition would, I think, compare favorably with that of the peasantry of most European countries.

When, in addition to this, it is remembered that they live within seven miles of the city of Syracuse, where many of them go almost daily, and are surrounded by a prosperous white population, it seems remarkable that even the old party, or "pagans," as they are usually called, should still retain so many of their ancient practices, though it should be distinctly understood that the Christian portion of the tribe do not in any way take part in the ceremonies described, although many of them believe in witchcraft.

Still, to a casual visitor, nothing of a barbarous nature is visible, and it is only after long acquaintance with them that it is possible to gain information concerning the rites and ceremonies which they know to be considered, not only sinful and absurd, but shameful and indecent.

Onondaga has long been regarded as the capital of the Iroquois confederacy, all general councils being held there (though of late years there have been exceptions to this rule). This has given the tribe great influence and a deep confidence in its old religion and government, which has probably done much toward preserving ancient traditions and customs.

ONONDAGA CUSTOMS.

THE Onondagas have preserved no traditions of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century, and yet it is easy to find traces of their teachings in tales or customs. J. V. H. Clark mentioned one instance in which he referred to this forgotten influence. "An Indian woman came into the house of a white neighbor one day, terribly frightened ; she ran to the hearth, spat upon her hands, dipped them in the ashes, and with her finger made a cross upon her face ; then turning suddenly round, exclaimed, ' There, I defy you. ' "

The sprinkling with ashes is still common in the Onondaga juggling treatment of the sick, but the point which Mr. Clark emphasized was the use of the cross. It is curious that the old single and double silver crosses are now only to be found there in old pagan families. They seem, however, to attach no more importance to them than to the ordinary silver brooches, now generally laid aside.

A clearer trace of an introduced religious custom may be found in the public confession of sins upon a string of wampum. It is to be premised that prehistoric shell beads are exceedingly rare in the Iroquois territory of New York, and no instance is known of any of the small council wampum before the beginning of the seventeenth century. The middle of that century found it extensively in use, with the mnemonic advantages so well understood by the French missionaries and those of their faith. But the use of wampum for religious purposes by the Iroquois seems of a yet later date. Preparation for some appointed feasts includes public confession of sins, and this seems a modern custom. Preparatory to the White Dog Feast, an Indian rises and takes the beads. Confessing his misdeeds, he says, " I put my words in this string of wampum ; " and others follow in the same way. The color of wampum is significant, and its uses many. It was always burned with the white dog at the great feasts, and still goes into the fire, though the animal sacrifice has ceased at Onondaga.

While wampum is employed on all matters of public importance by the men, a curious difference is seen in calling a meeting of women. They hold the Dead Feast at its proper time, and a kernel of corn is the sign of the call. One man is invited as the speaker. The feast occurs ten days after the funeral, each woman bringing her pail of provisions, and these are passed round, so that each has something from all the rest. Part of the food is also placed in the big kettle, and one dish of this is set on the table for the dead. All eat together. Allowing for difference of religious belief, there is little now to distinguish their funerals from our own, and the various former modes of burial need not be related.

A curious account of the ancient Dead Feast, lately written by John Buck, the Onondaga Fire-keeper of the Six Nations of Canada, may be related from its singular resemblance to modern spiritualism. This naturally awakens a doubt of its antique character, while some of the minute touches serve to restore confidence. It was written to a friend the present year, and is a good example of an Indian letter : —

“ John Buck says in olden times of my forefathers was able to recall their departed relatives to see them again ; the living ones will make one accord, whatever their number may be, will get a feast at a certain house for the dead ones, and when the living ones will assemble at the appointed place each of them will take a sliver off their bark door where it turns. This at their different one's houses, and enter noiselessly in the house where the feast is spread out for the dead ; and they will now all sit down next to the wall of the house on the ground all round the house, and the feast is spread out in the centre of the house, and one is appointed to address the Great Creator. At intervals he would throw Indian tobacco¹ on the fire. He will ask the Creator to send their dead relatives, for they are desirous to see them again ; and when he ends it, his speaking, he will sit down again, and they will let the fire go down till the light ceases, so that in the house becomes dark, and no one is allowed to speak or to make any noise ; and in a little while they will hear people coming outside, and they will enter the house, and will sit themselves around the spread feast, and the assembled living ones will wait till the dead ones are about done eating, then the living ones will kindle the slivers of bark which they have brought with them, and the dead are now seen through this light.”

Mourning customs still possess some interest. The funeral is quiet and solemn, the procession walking noiselessly to the grave. Like some other things having relations to all, grave-digging is hereditary. A stake, mound, and a few field stones mark most graves. The female mourners draw their shawls or blankets over their faces, as though to hide their grief. The same thing may occur at other times. Is an Onondaga squaw grieved or angry ? Down comes the shawl over the brows.

In attending many funerals of our own people I have been often surprised to find how many funeral superstitions linger among us. The stopping of the clock, as though in our grief we took no note of time ; the frequent objection to cross a river, or to repass the house

¹ The small tobacco which the New York Onondagas raise, and which all seem to prefer, is called O-yen-kwa hon-we, or “ real tobacco.” It is *N. rustica*, L., introduced by the Indians in Western New York, and sparingly naturalized there. It may be the old kind from which the Tobacco Nation of Canada had its name.

where death had occurred ; the covering of the looking-glass, or turning its face to the wall, have all become familiar. I found the first and last among the Onondagas ; of course recent customs, as they have not long had clocks or mirrors. Was it a superstitious custom among them ? The answer an Indian gave me may throw light on the origin of some of our own omens. It was not superstitious, but significant. The glass was covered because in the time of mourning they had no use for it. It was a token that they were too much grieved to care for the adornment of face and person. Yet how easy to think that a breach of funeral propriety would bring ill luck to the offender ! I had been told of their desire to go into another world arrayed in new clothing, as though putting away the defilements of this, but it resolved itself into our own habit of decently clothing the dead. In this case, however, some allowance may be made for their old ideas of the future life.

Although white physicians visit them, and they have doctors of their own, yet some reliance is placed on the visits of the False Faces. It may be said here that a friend, in getting them to take our remedies, found a plain argument very effectual. It was that the old Indian remedies were good for the original Indian diseases, but that they needed the white man's medicine for those which he had brought among them. The medicine was taken.

A good Indian friend of mine, of local reputation as a physician of the Onondaga old school, gives her daughter medical training in this way : they go to the woods, and the mother finds certain plants, describes their properties and modes of use, points out their characters, and gives all necessary information. They then go home, and a few days later go out again. This time the daughter finds the plant and gives the lecture. The likeness to some of our advanced courses of study is easily seen.

The False Faces follow another mode of treatment. In their ceremonies they wear masks, those of wood and metal differing in no wise from those John Bartram saw there in 1743. The sick send for them, and they scatter ashes over them, and hold dances around, to drive off disease. The False Faces appear at other times, as on the seventh and eighth nights of the White Dog Feast. When they come in at this time questions are asked of them, and they are told what to do. A greater occasion comes generally eight days¹ after the feast, the False Faces going to every house and searching it, poking into the ashes, crawling under beds and into corners, pretending to find and drive off diseases and other evil things. They are thought especially useful in ridding the reservation of witches,

¹ This varies from seven to ten days, as may be convenient.

though these seem to live on.¹ They are given tobacco, flour, or meal. When they have made the rounds they go to the council-house, and all the False Faces dance, but the women wear no masks. A dance for everybody follows. Other feasts may occur, and if any one wishes to become a member he invites them to a feast.

Though following the teachings of the Peace Prophet, the Onondaga stated feasts differ in some respects from the other Iroquois. I give a brief account as furnished me by Albert Cusick:—

The first and greatest is the New Year's, or White Dog Feast, the origin of which is obscure, but which occurs at the time and has taken the place of the ancient Dream Feast.² The latter was a time of the maddest license, but had no sacrifice. The modern feast among the Onondagas differed much from that so often described among the Senecas, where it seems to have had an earlier observance. It commences late in January or early in February, and properly lasts fourteen days. Three days are devoted to penitential exercises and confession of sins. Three days of gambling³ follow, with four clans on a side. On the last day of gambling both parties chant alternately, and also make speeches in turn. At the end, two men oddly dressed, one for each party, go singly to every pagan house, running in with a hoe and poking around in the ashes. They do not now put out the fire. They used to rake the ashes with their hands, but have now abandoned this practice. They talk to the inmates, and tell them to take all the children to the evening ceremonies. One comes first, and when he goes out the other soon comes in.

In the evening there are ceremonies at the council-house. One party meets there and the other at a house near by. Speeches are

¹ For witches, see Clark's *History of Onondaga*, vol. i. p. 43; Schoolcraft's *Report on the Iroquois*, p. 87; and Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*, p. 164. There are many early references.

² The Honnonouaroria, or Iroquois Dream Feast, should be studied in connection with the White Dog Feast, of which it was the original. It may be found in the *Jesuit Relations*, but more conveniently at page 102 of the Rev. Dr. Hawley's *Early Chapters of Cayuga History*, where there is a good translation of Father Dablon's account of it at Onondaga, February, 1656. On page 105 will also be found the same missionary's account of the annual war feast, occurring a few days earlier. These make it evident that the White Dog Feast is a modern institution among the Onondagas. Mr. Horatio Hale's *Book of Iroquois Rites* is an excellent authority on modern condolences, etc., but for the history and changes of these it is necessary to consult such works as the *New York Colonial History*.

³ The gambling with peach stones at the great feast (*Morgan's League of the Iroquois*, p. 307) now has mainly a religious or significant use, the clans being divided into what the Onondagas call the Long and the Short House. On early sites I have picked up the small stone and terra cotta disks used before they had peach stones, and have seen those of flint. Whatever the material, the size was about the same.

made in each, and they remain apart three days. In the house near by, a man will take another by the hand, and say to the rest, "My friend wants something. Guess what it is." It may be corn, wood, clothes, or meat, and this seems a remnant of the old Dream Feast custom. They guess until the right thing is mentioned. When this is done he says "Thank you," and goes out with some others, who fire guns towards the council-house. He calls out that they have something to tell, and they are admitted. He says that his friend wants something, and when they have guessed rightly he says "Thank you." Then he sings for his friend, and leads him round, after which they go back to their own clans. This goes on for three nights.

On the last two nights, the seventh and eighth, the False Faces come in as before related. On the ninth morning the white dog is burned towards noon. A long rope is taken, tied once in the middle, and passed around the dog's neck. Several men pull at each end and choke him, after which he is painted and decorated, and finally burned. The other ceremonies have been often described, but after the burning all go home. It is more proper to say that this *was once done*, for no dog has been burned at Onondaga for two years past. I asked Chief La Fort why this happened, and he said the sacred breed of dogs had run out. Other Indians, however, think this but an excuse for discontinuing the sacrifice, which had lost its solemnity. Forty years ago the Onondagas burned two white dogs on an altar pile; then but one; then it was dropped into a stove, and now the white dog seems to have finally disappeared.¹

The solemn season has not yet terminated. On the tenth day there is a dance for the children, names are given, and some persons may be adopted, adoption properly coming at the children's dance. The person to be received is presented by a member of the clan to a chief, with his name. The chief makes a speech to the assembly, saying that such a clan has adopted this person by such a name, because he is a good man, or one who has been or will be of great service to them. The presenter then leads him around the assembly, uttering a meaningless chant.

On the eleventh day is the dance for the Four Persons, Ki-yae-neung-kwa-tah-ka. These seem the Four Messengers who made the revelation to Ga-ne-o-di-o, the Peace Prophet. On the twelfth day are dances for Ta-eh-yea-wah-ke, the holder of the heavens, followed by dances for the Thunders on the next day. On the last day the men and women take opposite sides in gambling. If the men win there will be a good season, the ears of corn growing long and the stalks tall, like men, not short, like women.

¹ The dog was last burned in 1885, and a detailed account was given in the Syracuse papers.

The Planting Feast comes in May, or when the ground is ready. There are three days for penitential and religious services, one day for the children's dance, and one each for the Four Persons, the Holder of the heavens, the Thunder, and for gambling. On one afternoon I saw the Indians turning out to shoot birds, squirrels, or anything they could find, for the next day's feast. They were armed with guns and bows, the latter predominating.

The Strawberry Feast comes when the berries are ripe, and for one day there are dances for the Thunder and a feast on strawberries.

The Green Bean Dance follows, when these are fit for use. There are dances one day for the Thunder, comprising the war and feather dances, and the feast follows.

The Green Corn Dance is later. There are three days for religious services, one for the children, one for the Four Persons, one for the Holder of the heavens, and one for the Thunder, with the feast. The Thanksgiving Feast in October is much the same.¹

Besides their tales of the supernatural, the Onondagas enjoy a funny story, and such a one may come into their most solemn rites. With all his dignity, Capt. George had a stock of these for fireside use, and a single one of his may illustrate this class.

Years ago the Onondagas used to go to a grove near Onondaga Lake, in the spring, to make maple sugar, and in the fall to the Salt Springs, to boil salt. Two brothers went there one autumn, and while their wives made salt they went off to hunt in opposite directions. A storm came up, and one of them thought of a cabin at the sugar camp, where he might find shelter. It grew dark as he reached it, and he had been there but a little while when he heard something coming. It was his brother, but he thought it was a bear, which might eat him up. So he kept close to the wall, and squatted down as low as he could. As his brother breathed hard while feeling around, he thought it was the bear smelling for him, and when his cold hands brushed across his face he thought they were the bear's paws. But the other was just as frightened, for he thought he had put his hands on a dead man's face. So they clinched and wrestled, without saying a word, but neither could throw the other. They wrestled till they were out of breath, and then one said, "Are you a man?" But he could only speak in a frightened whisper. Then the other said, "Are you a man?" And they were more frightened than ever, for each thought the other a ghost. So they wrestled

¹ Morgan says that the Thanksgiving dance and concert were both supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to He-no, the Thunder. The *League of the Iroquois* is full and excellent on modern customs, but it is a study of the Senecas, not of the other nations.

again, but neither was thrown. Then one whispered, "Are you a *live* man?" and the other answered, "Are you a *live* man?" Then they let go, and got back to the wall. Then one got his breath, and said, "Who are you? Are you a human being?" But when he spoke so loud his brother knew his voice, and was glad to find him there.

The use of wampum belts is generally understood, but that of wampum strings not so well. I have so often had the latter explained by Indians that I can hardly judge of their interest to other people. Regarding this article, Thomas Webster, keeper of the Onondaga wampum, testified before the New York Legislative Committee, in July, 1888, that "It means nothing to white man; all to Indian." He gave this tradition: "There is a tree set in the ground, and it touches the heavens. Under that tree sits this wampum. It sits on a log. Coals of fire is unquenchable, and the Six Nations are at this council-fire held by this tribe. To-do-da-ho, a member of the Bear clan, is the Great Chief here. He has a descendant in our tribe to-day." He seems to describe a mystic scene of the past.

Among my wampum strings, once used at Onondaga, a black string, with both ends meeting, is a call for a mourning council, used commonly at the death of a war chief. A bunch of three strings of black wampum, joined only at one end, is the proper call for a condolence over a principal chief. A larger bunch of beads, mostly black, which I have, contains a solemn charge to a new chief. A religious council is called with white wampum, as being pure and holy. Similarly the moral law, in which is no imperfection, is enforced with ten strings of white wampum, a chief telling me that these were all good, like the Bible. Three strings, mostly white, contained the new chief's new name. A dead chief is mourned on ten strings of black wampum; for one who has merely lost his office, six short strings suffice. Six strings of dark beads represent the Six Nations; when the ends of these are brought together, forming a circle on a table, the council is open for business. Three nations are brothers, and their bunches of strings differ slightly from those of the other brotherhood. When each nation is addressed in council it is on its own proper wampum. For other occasions there are still other strings.

Perhaps the most curious trace of the early Jesuit teaching among them, mingled with Indian ideas and modern events, is found in the Onondaga legend of Hi-a-wat-ha, as given to Mr. Clark in 1845. He recorded it with many interesting details, which will repay analysis, but which I leave out of this brief summary.

Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, the god of rivers (compare the frequent connection of Christ with the living waters in the Bible), comes to earth

and reveals his divine origin to two Onondagas by the lake. These become associates in his great work, and after his departure are prominent leaders in the league of peace. He encounters great serpents at the outset, whose power is destroyed. Obstructions are removed from the Oswego and Seneca rivers, making their waters navigable, and at the same time Onondaga Lake is lowered by a straight cut, — things done by the white man in the early part of this century. He goes about through the country procuring blessings and destroying enemies, and then lives quietly among the people as a man, taking the name of Hi-a-wat-ha. When a great danger threatens his people, not yet united in one lasting brotherhood, he is called to meet the great council, where men have gone up from all parts of the land. Troubled in spirit, and foreseeing some great trial, he goes not at first; and when again called, he enters alone into the sacred lodge where his white canoe is kept, prays there in secret, and comes forth resigned. He goes to the council freely but sorrowfully, and endures the dreaded trial. When his daughter is crushed to earth, and he is deprived of hope and comfort, even the great white bird assumes the form of the cross, and its pure plumes insure victory to later wearers. Overcome by affliction, he lies as one dead for three days. Roused to life, he gives wise counsel and commands, forms the peaceful league, sets all in due order, appoints its officers, and then, resuming his divinity, amid celestial music ascends to heaven in his white canoe. His counsels are followed, and the league of peace and love grows and prospers.

Taking this as an Indian paraphrase of the life of Christ related to them two centuries ago, we find here his birth, temptation, choice of disciples, good works, the going up to suffer before the assembled people, the solitary agony, death, and resurrection, and at last the establishment of the Church and the ascension. Even the use of the tangible means of suffering as a source of power and a guard against danger, so prominent in the significant French missionary teaching, is not left out.

To this may be added, from a kindred legend, the divesting of To-do-da-ho of the snaky appendages of his head, which petrified all who came near him. By Hi-a-wat-ha's divine power this was done, and a terrible foe was transformed into a friend. The power of death was broken, and those things which had been "entangled," or mysteries, were made plain. This was the broken recollection of early teaching, strong in its features, but changed in details. The clothing is that of the Indian, but the structure is not.

Some of our nursery tales of recent introduction have undergone a rapid transformation, but with their fondness for gifts it is interesting to observe that the Six Nations have partially adopted our

New Year. On that day they go from house to house in parties, sometimes in families, expecting cakes at every door, and saying "New Yah," or "Ne-ah," for New Year. Some get more than others, from relationship. Of paternal relatives it is said that they are Ah-kā-kah-to-ne-ha-no; *i. e.*, "On my father's side," and they are considered fathers, as in early days. Albert Cusick's father was a Turtle, his mother an Eel, and he was of his mother's clan. But all the Turtles, as being his fathers, gave him a double portion of cakes on New Year's day. "Hello!" said they, "here is *our* child. Give him more." When our names are used the child is called after his father.

Without describing their various games it may be of interest to note that they have anticipated our children in one, which has given name to a flower. Violets are termed Da-keah-noo-wi-dus, *Two Heads entangled*, as in the way so often seen where the heads are interlocked and pulled apart by the stems.

Many other matters of interest I find in visiting this ancient people, but they are fast laying aside their old customs, and forgetting their old traditions. Already it is difficult to get information on many points except from the very oldest people. When these are gone all that is unrecorded will die with them.¹

W. M. Beauchamp.

BALDWINVILLE, N. Y.

¹ The literature of the White Dog sacrifice is tolerably full. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, mentions the occasional sacrifice of dogs among the New England Indians. In Colden's *Five Nations*, and elsewhere, there are references to the eating of dogs at war feasts in New York, but they do not appear there as sacrifices until the Revolutionary War. Several notices of the simple offering will be found in the journals in Gen. Sullivan's *Indian Expedition in 1779*, recently published by the State of New York. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland seems first to have described the White Dog Feast proper, and there is an account of it in the *Life of Mary Jemison*, the "White Woman." Descriptions may also be found by the following references, all of which are needful in showing its varying character: *Annals of Tryon County*, p. 178, and Appendix, p. 75. *Dwight's Travels*, vol. iv. *Stone's Life of Brant*, vol. i. p. 388. *Howe's Historical Collections of New York*, p. 268, taken from O'Reilly's *Sketches of Rochester*. *Clark's History of Onondaga*, vol. i. p. 55. *Morgan's League of the Iroquois*, p. 207. Horatio Hale, *American Antiquarian*, vol. vii. p. 7, "The Iroquois Sacrifice of the White Dog." W. M. Beauchamp, *American Antiquarian*, vol. vii. p. 288, "The Iroquois White Dog Feast." "Notes on the Religious Rites of the so-called Senecas of Sandusky," *Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio*, p. 460. [Published in 1847, but written about 1830. This account varies from the others, relating to a people still Iroquois, but farther west.] The Onondagas and Senecas only seem to have observed this feast. Charlevoix has reference to a dog sacrifice among the Miamis. "Dog Feast of the Miamis," *Journal of Charlevoix*, letter 14.

ABSTRACTS OF OMAHA AND PONKA MYTHS.

II.

ADVENTURES OF HAXIGE.¹

THIS character resembles Ictinike in some respects, though he is opposed to him in this myth. The Omahas have three versions of Haxige's adventures.

VERSION OF JAQT^{NA}-NA^{PAJĪ}.

Haxige a hunter ; warned younger brother not to disturb animals on the ice of the stream ; brother attacked two otters, chasing them to the den of water monsters ; enticed into den and slain, body cut up, skin used as door-flap ; Haxige sought brother, wandering over world ; Haxige's tears then shed became the streams that we now have ; Haxige met two ducks that were conversing ; Haxige became a leaf and drifted close to them ; overheard what they said about his brother's death ; became a man again, seized ducks by necks ; tore bad duck to pieces, spared good one ; Haxige went towards den of water monsters ; on first day went as an eagle, but was detected ; on next day went as a leaf, but was detected ; on third day went as a blue-backed bird-hawk, detected ; on fourth day became a grass snake, and crawled very close to them ; resumed his form, shot both the chief water monsters, and escaped ; next day Haxige went hunting ; on return found that some one had crossed his trail ; same thing happened four days in all ; on last day he met the person ; it was Ictinike, disguised as Hega, the Buzzard ; Hega was the doctor going to powwow over the wounded water monsters ; the old doctor was persuaded to describe his treatment of the case ; Buzzard danced, and sang thus :—



"He'-ke ta'-ko, he'-ke he'-ke ta'-ko. He'-ke ta'-ko, he'-ke he'-ke ta'-ko."

On reaching the last of four peaks, flat on top, Hega said that he would dance there, and the men would bring a buffalo robe for the purpose of carrying him to the monsters ; two iron rods were to be made red-hot and thrust into the wounds very often ; after Buzzard danced around four times Haxige killed him, took his gourd rattle, etc. ; reached fourth peak ; danced ; men came for him ; reached lodge ; recognized his brother's skin ; whispered to it ; suspected by servants ; others insisted that he was the true doctor ;

¹ Pronounced Ha'-ghi-ge, *not* Haks'-i-ge.

Haxige killed monsters, cut up the flesh in small pieces and put in kettles of hot water ; as he stayed long in lodge people complained, and sent grass snake to see what was the matter ; grass snake peeped in at hole, recognized Haxige, but was caught ; snake's mouth stuffed with long strip of meat from kettle ; crawled back to people ; could not speak aloud till they removed meat from his throat ; they chased Haxige ; he fled with skin of brother ; reached a boiling spring, plunged into it, became a rock imbedded in the ground at bottom ; they tried to drag him out, but failed ; they went back, and Haxige came from spring with brother's skin ; went home ; said he would make a sweat-lodge ; went for four stones to a lofty headland. Addressed first stone : " Ho, venerable being ! I have come for you to powwow." Said to next, " Ho, venerable being ! I have come for you to powwow over me." To third, " Ho, venerable being ! I have come for you because you can cause a person to bathe." To the last, " Ho, venerable being ! I have come for you because by your aid a person can bathe all over. I have come for you that you may cleanse me from all impurities. May I come out in sight on many different days ! Venerable being, may I and my young ones come in sight on the four peaks ! I pray to you, thou superior god above and thou superior god below ! On different days may I and my young ones come in sight ! " Poles then obtained ; went for water, addressing it in prayer ; made fire, put stones on, then dropped a medicine on, making sparks ; poured the water over his brother's skin inside the lodge, restoring him to life ; but when Haxige let him go the brother became a ghost again ; done four times ; Haxige despaired of keeping brother alive ; spoke of separating. " As you go in this manner, red men shall go and never return." Haxige departed ; met aged Beaver-woman, who was making a boat ; she told him of a flood coming because Haxige had killed the water monsters ; Haxige told her that he was ready for it. " But if they fail to kill Haxige by the flood they will send serpents over the earth." Haxige did not fear them, threatening to kill them ; he told how he could escape from a deep pit and a severe snow-storm ; then he killed her ; returned home ; made another sweat-lodge ; brother would not stay alive, so Haxige told him that they must change their forms. " You shall become a young male big wolf, with long blue hair on the space between the shoulders, and I will become a very large male deer, with horns full of snags, and with hair which has been made very yellow by heat, scattered over my forehead."

VERSION OF FRANCIS LA FLÈCHE.

There were two water monsters, who killed the young brother of Haxige. They flayed the body, and hung up the skin for a door-

flap. They invited all the animals to a feast, when they boiled the body, dividing it among the animals, thus bribing them to silence. Haxige missed his brother, and went in search of him. He reached a stream where two wood ducks were swimming. The conversation of the ducks and the transformation of Haxige into a leaf are given in both versions. One of the ducks repeated his words to Haxige: "O elder brother, when Haxige's young brother was killed I received only a little finger as my share, so I said that I would tell Haxige about it whenever I saw him." He then told Haxige about the Buzzard's going daily to treat the wounded monsters. The good duck was rewarded by Haxige, who stroked him along the head, forming a crest, and making the feathers whitish which were next the outer corners of the eyes. As Haxige went, the tears from his eyes formed rivers. He met the Buzzard, and induced him to sing his magic song, thus:—

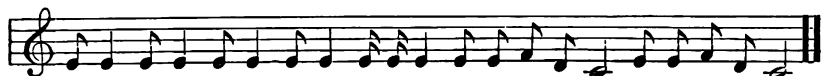
"He'-ki-man'-dan, he'-ki he'-ki man'-dan, he'-ki he'-ki man'-dan."

Haxige killed the Buzzard, took his gourd rattle, iron rod, and small pack; Haxige suspected by two of the four who carried him on the buffalo robe. The rest closely accords with the preceding version, with a few exceptions: in this one the Beaver-woman said the gods had taken her as their servant in the conflict against Haxige; when they sent a flood over the earth, and Haxige got into a boat, she would aid them by gnawing a hole in the bottom of his boat; after she spoke of their sending darkness and then serpents to kill Haxige, he told her who he was, and crushed in her skull; then he made a sweat-lodge for his brother, hoping to revive him; on the fourth day he found that his brother must remain a ghost, so he told him to become a young male deer, while Haxige departed as a big wolf.

HOW THE BIG TURTLE WENT ON THE WAR-PATH.

The Big Turtle was a friend to a village of Indians who would not make war on their foes. He determined to go to war in their behalf, so he prepared a feast, and sent his two messengers, the Red-breasted Turtle and the Gray Squirrel, to invite the guests. The Turtle boiled sweet corn and a buffalo paunch. The messengers cried thus: "O Corn-crusher, come and bring your bowl!" "O Comb, come and bring your bowl!" "O Awl, come and bring your bowl!" In like manner they called Pestle, Fire-brand, and Buffalo-bladder, each guest being called four times. When the men came the leader told Corn-crusher to boil the food for the next night; so the latter boiled turnips and a buffalo paunch. On the third night Awl boiled wild rice; on the fourth night Comb boiled the roots of the *Nelumbium luteum*. The Big Turtle wore leggings with large flaps; he

tied short garters around them ; he wore grass around his head ; he put white plumes on the top of his head ; he took his gourd rattle and sang the song of a war-chief, thus :—



"Ke'-tan qan'-ye wa'-te xu'-he ca'-nañ-ga', hi'-e tce'-e go', hi'-e tce'-e go'."

"You say, It is said that the Big Turtle is coming back from touching the foe! He is coming back from touching (them)." He danced around the warriors as they marched. They met a young Buffalo, who said that he had heard of their expedition, so he had come to join them. The Big Turtle asked him what he could do. The Buffalo rolled himself back and forth, he thrust at the ground with his horns, he charged on an ash-tree, uprooted it, and sent it flying through the air. "Begone!" said the Big Turtle, "I am disappointed in you. How can you compete with my brave warriors, Corn-crusher, Comb, Awl, and others?" So the Buffalo was rejected. When they reached a stream all crossed in safety but Firebrand, who was extinguished. So the others went on without him. A Puma then met them, next came a Black Bear, and each showed what he could do ; but they were rejected by the leader, who said that they could not compare with his stout-hearted warriors. On reaching a dense undergrowth Buffalo-bladder was torn open, so he had to rest there till the return of his comrades. Soon after they came to a bad place in the road, obstructed by many fallen trees. Red-breasted Turtle could not climb over them, so he was obliged to stop there. After the rejection of the Big Wolf, the leader sent out the Gray Squirrel as a scout. After he reported, the Big Turtle ordered Corn-crusher to go into the camp of the foe. Corn-crusher was found by a woman, who took him in her hand, and tried to crush some corn. She mashed her hand, forcing out the blood. Away she threw the Corn-crusher, who continued running till he reached the Big Turtle. "He whom you call Corn-crusher has returned, after killing one of the foe right in the lodge!" Comb was the next to venture. He was taken up by another woman, who tried to comb her hair ; but Comb pulled out all the hair on one side of her head, and ran in triumph with the scalp. When it was Awl's turn, he pierced the hand of the woman who held him. And Pestle wounded another on her knee. Gray Squirrel went above the tops of the lodges, and bit a boy. Then the Big Turtle tried his luck. He was caught by the people, who wondered how they could kill him. Some proposed to throw him into a fire, others into boiling water, and some wished to break his skull. At last they decided to throw him far out into the water. The Big Turtle sank, and they

thought that he was dead. Subsequently, when he reappeared, they sent the Grass Snake and the Otter to seek him. They entered the water, passing just above the Big Turtle, who bit the Otter in a very tender part of the body, causing intense pain. He refused to let the Otter go till the return of the thunder in the spring of the year. When the Otter cried out to the people on the land they beat the lodge-skins, but the Big Turtle knew that it was not thunder. Then they felled trees, but he was not deceived. Next they fired guns (*sic*), but he would not loosen his grip. At last it thundered, and the Otter was free, but he had been reduced to skin and bones. The people were angry, and ordered two Pelicans to drink the stream dry. They soon drank all the water except a very small quantity in which the Turtle sat. He called on the Gray Squirrel for aid. The latter came rushing on the Pelicans, tearing open their pouches, letting the water escape into its former place. Though the pouches were sewed up, and they drank the stream nearly dry again, the Gray Squirrel attacked them once more, and tore their pouches in so many places that they could not be healed. So the people abandoned the fight. Then the Turtle and his party started home. They fired the grass when they came in sight of the village of their Indian friends. They fired guns, tied the scalps to a pole, and ran round and round the village. An old man proclaimed the deeds of the warriors: "Corn-crusher says that he has killed one. Halloo! He says that he killed her right at the lodge! Halloo! Comb says that he killed one right at the lodge. Halloo! Awl says that he killed one right at the lodge. Halloo! Pestle says that he killed one right at the lodge. Halloo! Gray Squirrel says that he killed three in the midst of the ranks of the foe. Halloo! It is said that they took hold of the war-chief, Big Turtle, right among them, when they made a great uproar. Halloo! It is said that they failed to injure him. Halloo!" The Big Turtle walked very proudly, carrying his shield. The people entered his lodge, and he told of his exploits.

J. Owen Dorsey.

(To be continued.)

OMAHA SONGS.

II.

SONGS OF THE Iⁿ-KUGĖI¹ SOCIETY, AS GIVEN BY FRED MERRICK.

1. A man sings about the death of another man's sister.

In-da + ku-ğa + !

Ho, my friend !

Çi-ıaŋ'-ge ġi'-ki-a-ğa-ha' ha-ha' !

(Çiıaŋge, *your sister*; the rest

Çi-ıaŋ'-ge ġi'-ki-a-ğa-ha' ha-ha' !

may mean, "she has been

Çi-ıaŋ'-ge ġi'-ki-a-ğa-ha' ha-ha' !

separated from you, alas !")

The third line is sung about half an octave lower than the second, and the last one about half an octave lower than the third. The final "ha-ha' !" in each line is sung in sixteenth notes.

2. The explanation of this song was not given. Maⁿġiⁿ, *to walk*; ġee he, *this is the one*. "Hě" is the feminine oral period, so the words may be those of a woman. Cude, *smoke*. The writer gives as a provisional rendering, "This is the one who walks. Smoke walks."

Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Cu-de' maⁿ-ġiⁿ ha-ha' !Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Cu-de' maⁿ-ġiⁿ ha-ha' !Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Maⁿ-ġiⁿ ġe'-e he' !Cu-de' maⁿ-ġiⁿ ha-ha' !SONGS OF THE BUFFALO SOCIETY.² GIVEN BY FRED MERRICK.1. Hu'-ġi-ne' maⁿ-ġiⁿ mau' ! (If spoken, U'ġine maⁿġiⁿ ama' (?)Hu'-ġi-ne' maⁿ-ġiⁿ mau' !

seeking them they walk the pl. subj.

Naŋ'-ge u-ki'-hi-me-ġe' !

(Naŋ'ge uki'hi amée hă (?)

Hu'-ġi-ne + maⁿ-ġiⁿ-me + !

run, as an animal able they are the ones

He-ġiⁿ

Ha'-i-me' a'-bi ġe' !

Ha'-i-me' a'-bi ġe' !

The theme seems to be, "Those who walk seeking them are the ones (the buffaloes) who are able to run."

2. Song given by Fred Merrick, and said by ġaġiⁿ-naⁿpajⁱ to be very mysterious, as it is the song which the doctors of this society sing when they spurt water into a wound, as when the patient has a fractured bone. Denied by Joseph La Flèche and Two Crows, the latter being one of the doctors of this society.

¹ These IⁿkugĖi people are those who shoot translucent stones at the candidates for initiation. See *Omaha Sociology*, § 256, in Third An. Rep. Director Bur. Ethnology.

² *Omaha Sociology*, §§ 257, 258.

Ni'gaⁿ ga-de' a-ma' !

Ni'gaⁿ ga-de' a-ma' !

Hi+!

U-he'-ki-ge

Ma'-giⁿ ge'-e-ge !

Ni'gaⁿ ga-de' a-ma' !

Mi'-go hi+!

SONG OF THE HORSE DANCING SOCIETY.¹ GIVEN BY FRED MERRICK.

Du'-a-te' daⁿ-be' !

He sees this collection of footprints.

Du'-a-te' daⁿ-ba-ga' !

See this collection of footprints !

Hi+ -gi+ -gi'-hi-ga' !

Hi+ -gi+ -gi'-hi-ga' !

Cañ'-ge si'-gze daⁿ-ba-ga' !

See the trail of horses !

Du'-a-te' daⁿ-ba-ga' !

See this collection of footprints !

Hi+!

Hi+!

SONG OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR DANCING SOCIETY.² GIVEN BY
FRED MERRICK.

Wi'-naⁿ maⁿ-tcu' bgiⁿ' e-de,

Though I alone am a grizzly bear,

Haⁿ-daⁿ be'-gi-ge —

At night a stranger —

Wi'-naⁿ maⁿ-tcu' bgiⁿ' e-de,

Though I alone am a grizzly bear,

Haⁿ-daⁿ be'-gi-ge —

At night a stranger —

E'-gaⁿ i'i'-a-ja'

Like one (*i. e.*, a stranger) at the
lodge

I'-ga-ge' e-he' !

Do be coming, I say,

Ni-ni' ge'-kē miⁿ' e-gaⁿ,

Since I smoke this tobacco,

Ha'-ni-te' ge zo' !

I am alive (indeed !).

The following love songs were dictated by Mr. Francis La Flèche, now in the Indian Bureau.

1. The composer of this song deserted a Ponka woman, whom he had courted when he was a youth. He made this song in derision of her. It is sung in two ways : first, as a "song lengthened in singing," and then as a "dancing song."

If it were spoken, it would be thus, two lines representing the reproaches of the woman, and the others the man's reply : —

Wisi'gē-daⁿ axa'ge a'giⁿhe' !

When I think of you, I am weep-
ing as I go !

Jahe' kē a'he'-daⁿ axa'ge a'giⁿhe' !

When I go along the bluffs, I
am weeping as I move !

¹ *Omaha Sociology*, § 260.

² *Omaha Sociology*, § 262. "Hanite" is "anita" in the spoken language.

Iⁿgiⁿagece', Nia'giwa'gě!

You say that to me, O Niagi-
wage!

Těná'! *iⁿgiⁿwage-gaⁿ, iⁿpi-ma'jĩ há.* Fie! as I regard you as my
grandmother, I am displeased!

Sung thus:—

Wi'-si-gě' ha-xa'-ge ha'-giⁿ-he' gě'-e-gě+!

Wi'-si-gě' ha-xa'-ge ha'-giⁿ-he' gě'-e-gě+!

Ja-he ke'-e ha'-ya-he'-djaⁿ ha-xa'-ge ha'-giⁿ-he+!

Wi'-si-gě' ha-xa'-ge ha'-giⁿ-he' gě'-e-gě+!

Hiⁿ-giⁿ-ga-gě'-ce+, Ni'-a-gi'-wa-gě, hiⁿ-giⁿ-ga-gě'-ce+!

Tě-ná'! *hi-ⁿgiⁿ-wi-gě-gaⁿ+, hiⁿ+ -pi-ma-je+! gě'-e-hă'!*

When sung as a dancing song, it is in three verses, which, if
spoken, would represent the woman and her lover as engaged in a
dialogue, thus:—

She. *Wisi'gě'-daⁿ axa'ge a'taⁿhe'!* When I think of you, I am weep-
Wisi'gě'-daⁿ axa'ge a'taⁿhe'! ing as I stand!

Wisi'gě'-daⁿ axa'ge a'taⁿhe'!

He. *Aⁿga'sigě tě ebge'gaⁿ-ma'jĩ há.* I do not think that you remem-
ber me.

She. *Taⁿwañgzaⁿ ga'hize'caⁿ* Yonder remote tribe (village)
Iza'gi'iñ'ge hě. I do not regard it as of any value.
Çionaⁿ wi'kaⁿbza a'taⁿhe'! Only you am I desiring as I
stand!

He. *Aⁿga'sigě tě ebge'gaⁿ-ma'jĩ há.* I do not think that you remem-
ber me.

He. *Ece' ga'ta ce' há,* You are saying it as you stand,
Nia'giwa'gě! O Niagiwage!
Ece' ga'taⁿce' há. You are saying it as you stand.
Aⁿga'sigă'gě tě ebge'gaⁿ-ma'jĩ há. I do not think that you remem-
ber me.

2. Gahi iⁿc'age's song. He represents a woman as singing about
himself. As he wished to marry her, he does not mention her
name.

Nu-daⁿ ga-gzi'-daⁿ-yaⁿ,¹ t'e-aⁿ-ga-gě'-e-gě'-e-gě'!

Nu-daⁿ ga-gzi'-daⁿ-yaⁿ, t'e-aⁿ-ga-gě'-e-gě'-e-gě'!

Na'-ya one'-ye tě'-di, Wa'-kaⁿ-da'-ya we'-ye-ka' ha'-taⁿ-he' gě'-e-gě'!

Wa'-kaⁿ-da'-a-a', e'-he ha-taⁿ-he-gě'-e-gě+!

É t'e-aⁿ-ga-gě' ga'-ya-ya-ya há'!

¹ "Nudaⁿ gagi'-dan" is sung instead of "Nudaⁿ gagi' xĩjĩ," and "t'eaⁿgagě
eğě," you kill me, indeed, is substituted for "diwiğě eğě," I, a woman, love you
(a man) truly. The future sign is wanting.

The above syllables are equivalent to the following, in the spoken language :—

Nuda ^{n'} ɣagɣi' ɣi'ji, t'ea ^{n'} ɣagɣe' e'ɣɣe' !	When you return from war, you (will) indeed kill me!
ɔne' tɛdi, Wakan'da ewe' ɣa a'ta ^{n'} he'e'ɣɣe' !	Since you went, I have been asking a favor of Wa- kanda.
Wakan'da, e'he a'ta ^{n'} he' e'ɣɣe' !	I have been saying, as I stood, O Wakanda !

3. Waga^{n'}ɣa's song. He tells of a woman who sings and confesses a mistake which she had made. Had she spoken, she would have said the following :—

di'wi'ɣɣe' tɛ i'baha ^{n'} bia'ɣiɣe' e'ɣɣe' !	I have indeed caused my love for you to be known !
Ha ^{n'} adi uɣa'gɣa'a tɛɣan'di,	Last night, when you hallooed,
Ija'je wi'bɣade e'ɣɣe' !	I actually called your name !
Ga'ɣi ^{n'} ɛbe'i ^{n'} te, ai' ɣi,	When they said, Who is that un- seen moving one ?
Waga ^{n'} ɣa ame'ɛ hɛ, ehe' hɛ.	"It is Waga ^{n'} ɣa who moves," said I.
A'da ^{n'} i'baha ^{n'} bia'ɣiɣe' hɛ.	Therefore have I caused myself to be known !

The same, as sung :

Da-da^{n'}-na i'-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-a-ɣi'-ɣe + -e-ɣe' !
 Da-da^{n'}-na i'-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-a-ɣi'-ɣe + -e-ɣe' !
 Ha^{n'}-a-di hu-ɣa'-gɣa-'a' ɣa^{n'},
 I'-ja-je wi'-bɣa-dje ɣe'-e-oe + !
 Da-da^{n'}-na i'-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-a-ɣi'-ɣe + -e-ɣe' !
 E'-be-i^{n'}-te'-ɣe, a'-bi-da^{n'},
 E-he' miñ-ke' ɣe'-e-ɣe' !
 Wa-ga^{n'}-a^{n'}-ɣa'-ma e-he' miñ-ke' ɣe'-e-ɣe' !
 Da-da^{n'}-na i'-ba-ha^{n'}-bi-a-ɣi'-ɣe ɣa'-ya hɛ' !

4. Song composed by a man in ridicule of Mi^{n'}-ma^{n'}ɣi^{n'}. All of Mi^{n'}-ma^{n'}ɣi^{n'}'s sisters had married into the man's gens, and she wished to marry him, as she loved him. Whenever she heard this song it made her very angry.

THE SONG, IN THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

I'e tɛ na ^{n'} awape hɛ.	"I fear their words ?
Ta ^{n'} wañgɣa ^{n'} ɣiñge' a'qta ^{n'} ba'da ^{n'}	'Is there no other gens, that
Wi ^{n'} -ɣiñke-na'qtci wacka ^{n'} ɔnai ɛ.	You desire (men) just from that one ?'
I ^{n'} ɣiñ'ge taite' na ^{n'} ape hɛ.	I fear that they shall say that to me."

You say that to me, O Miⁿ-maⁿgiⁿ !

"I fear their words.

I fear that they might talk about me."

I. I'-e naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe-ge'-e-ge'-e !
 I'-e naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe-ge'-e-ge'-e !
 I'-e naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe-ge'-e-ge'-e !
 'I-aⁿ-ge naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe ga'-ya-ga'-ya e-hä' !

2. Taⁿ-waⁿ-gɛaⁿ-yaⁿ ɕiñⁿ-ga ba'-daⁿ
 Wiⁿ+ -ɕañ-ka' hiⁿ-ɕiñⁿ-ge tai'-ya e-ɕe+!
 Ga'-te naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe ɕa'-ya-ɕa'-ya e-hä'!

3. Hiⁿ-ɕiⁿ-ɕa'-ge-ce'-e-e'-e
 Miⁿ-maⁿ-ɕiⁿ-hǎ'!
 Hiⁿ-ɕiⁿ-ɕa'-ge-ce'-e-e'-e!
 I'-e naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe-ɕe'-e-ɕe'-e!
 Ga'-te naⁿ-ya-wa'-pe ɕa'-ya-ɕa'-ya e-hǎ'!

F. Owen Dorsey.

(To be continued.)

THE Omaha myths account thus for the origin of vegetation: Ictinike (E-shte'-ne-kay) created fruits and vegetables, as well as grapes, out of parts of himself. The full account cannot be given, but the original text, with interlinear translation, notes, and free English translation, may be published hereafter by the Bureau of Ethnology. Suffice it to say that there is a reference to the Hindoo *Lingam*. This Ictinike answers to the Iowa Ictciñke (E-shchin'-kay), the son of di (the sun-god), Uñktomi (the spider?) of the Santee Dakotas, and Ikto, or Iktomi, of the Teton Dakotas. In the Omaha and Ponka myths, Ictinike is the cunning rival of the Rabbit, by whose son he is finally slain. Ictinike is also the Black Man, the Deceiver, who taught the Indians their war customs. After this first creation Ictinike married, and had his own lodge. He said to his wife, "I will go to visit your grandfather, the Beaver. He did not take his wife with him. On arriving at the Beaver's lodge he found that there was nothing for him to eat. The youngest of the Beaver's four sons said that he would be the food for the guest. So the father killed him. When the meal was ready the Beaver warned

Ictinike not to break a single bone. But the latter cracked a bone of the toe with his teeth. The bones were collected and put into the skin of the young beaver, which was plunged into the water. In a moment the young beaver emerged, alive again, but with one defective toe. And from that time it has been so with all beavers. When the Beaver returned the visit Ictinike wished to kill one of his children, but the Beaver would not allow this, furnishing one of his own sons again, and bringing him back to life by his magic power. Ictinike's next visit was made to the Muskrat. The latter told his wife to get a kettle of water from the stream and put it over the fire to boil. When it had boiled sufficiently the Muskrat overturned the kettle, and lo, there was plenty of rice! The Muskrat also created human beings, and "the roots of trees," so an Omaha said. When the Muskrat visited Ictinike the latter tried to make rice, but failed. Then the Muskrat made it again. The third visit of Ictinike was made to the Blue Kingfisher, who made all the fishes. When the Kingfisher returned the visit Ictinike tried to imitate him, clinging to a large white willow that was beside a stream, and bearing down its branches, whence he dived into the water after a fish. Of course he failed, and when rescued by the Kingfisher he had his fill of water! The Flying Squirrel was the last one visited. The Flying Squirrel (Siñ-ga) ran to the top of his lodge, taking an awl, with which he stabbed himself, and immediately down fell plenty of black walnuts. Siñ-ga was the creator of all kinds of nuts. When he visited Ictinike the latter tried to make nuts by stabbing himself, but he only drew blood. This myth of the Four Creators will also be published by the Bureau of Ethnology.

J. Owen Dorsey.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EMMONS COLLECTION OF
ETHNOLOGICAL SPECIMENS FROM ALASKA.

THE American Museum of Natural History at New York has recently purchased a very complete collection of ethnological specimens, collected by Lieutenant Emmons during a five years' stay in Alaska. It is of great value to the student of American folk-lore, as the collector has taken great pains to ascertain the meaning of the various implements, particularly of the carvings, and as he has recorded the traditions referring to them. The specimens were collected among the various tribes of the Tlingit, and an examination of the collection will amply repay the student and materially increase our knowledge of this remarkable nation.

Lieutenant Emmons's catalogue contains many incidental notes referring to folk-lore as well as information valuable to the ethnologist. The following interesting legend regarding the origin of witches was recorded by the traveller, who heard it from a native of Sitka. "In the early days of Indian life there lived a young man who was a good hunter, and he had a very pretty young wife and a son, both of whom filled his heart with love. Their lives were happy as the flowers' until one day the wife, while gathering wood in the forest, met the son of the chief, with whom she fell in love at the first glance. After this she met him every night by appointment on the seashore or in the woods. As days went on she feigned sickness, and calling her husband to her side, told him that she saw the spirits of her old friends coming to take her away, and that soon she would die and leave him, but made him promise not to burn her, but to put her body in a large box and place it in the gravehouse. That day she apparently died, when her last wish was carried out, and she was deposited in the small gravehouse in rear of the house. Night came on, and while the great feast [that it is customary with the Tlingit to give in honor of the dead] was being celebrated the chief's son went to the grave and assisted her to escape, and led her to his father's house, where she lived with him as his wife, but known only to his family. During the daytime she remained within doors, going out only under the shelter of darkness.

"Many a winter evening the lonely hunter, sitting in his house with his little boy, would think about his dead wife, and all his heart would break out in tears. One day, returning from hunting and finding no fire, he sent his little boy into the chief's house to ask for some live coals to start his fire with. Upon entering the chief's house the little boy surprised his mother sitting by the fire. She saw him and immediately covered her face, but too late to prevent recognition.

The boy went home and told his father that he had seen his mother, but his father told him to be quiet. He, however, insisted upon it, so that in the end the father's suspicions were aroused, and in the evening he stole softly to the chief's house, and looking through a chink discovered his wife sitting with her lover by the fire.

"Upon returning home he sat down to think how best to avenge this great wrong, and concluded to possess himself of a witch spirit; so the following night he took himself to the deadhouse and slept by a corpse, but the spirit did not come to him; he next killed a dog, and skinning it, slept one night in its skin, but again failed. Then he took a dead shaman's skull from the deadhouse and used it to drink out of, and the next morning, going out, he suddenly fell down on the skull in a trance, and upon waking up the witch spirit had come to him, and he went home happy. Upon the coming of night he returned to the shamans' graves, and there met many spirits of men and lovely maidens who danced and played with him, and every night afterwards he visited them and learned more and more of witchcraft.

"After a while he took the bones of the dead shaman and made them into a necklace, which he put on. Then he killed a dog and made a blanket of its skin; then he took two shaman skulls, and filling them with pebbles, made rattles of them [all of these articles are used by the shamans in cases of witchcraft]. He continued visiting the graves, associating with spirits and witches, and learned more and more daily, until he was able to fly, when he took the two skull rattles into his hands and flew to the chief's house. Upon reaching the smoke-hole he shook the rattles, and put every one in a sound sleep. Then he entered the house and saw his wife asleep in the arms of her lover. The next morning he went out and played; the people came out of their houses and all said, 'We slept very sound last night.' He afterwards went out into the woods and cut a small pole, which he sharpened at one end to a fine point; and the next night, when all were asleep, he flew down the smoke-hole of the chief's house and drove the sharpened stake through his faithless wife, killing her instantly, without noise. The next morning she was found dead, but no one knew who had killed her.

"Now the hunter determined to give the witch spirit to his little boy, so that he could work any charm. He took the hand of an old dead shaman and hung it around the child's neck, and the little boy fell down in a trance, and the witch spirit came to him; then he went with his father every night to play with the spirits. The hunter now proposed to avenge himself on the chief's son. He instructed his little boy to watch his enemy and to secure his spittle, cut off a piece of his blanket, or wipe up his tracks; and with this and other

material he made a small human figure, which he put inside a dead shaman, and as the image rotted, so sickness came to the chief's son, and as the image decayed, so the chief's son grew weaker and weaker until death came upon him. Then the hunter initiated his family into the mysteries of witchcraft, and it was thus that the witches originated."

There are quite a number of objects in the collection which refer to this class of spirits, whom Emmons calls witches. There are several stone amulets which are used as a protection from witches. One of these represents on one side an old man's head, on the other a grouse eating a worm, called *Slusk*, which is found on the mainland. "The holes in this amulet are used to put in what is picked from the teeth, so that witches will not get hold of it to bring destruction to the person."

An ivory charm, taken from a shaman's dancing robe, represents a witch tied up. Emmons explains this as follows: "The whole system of shaman's practice consists in the exorcising the evil spirits which occupied space everywhere and entered into animals and people. The person whom the shaman accuses of possessing the witch spirit which has entered the sick is seized by him, tied up, and starved until a confession is made, when he is driven into salt water, where the witch spirit is expelled; and then the sick man must get well, but the witch is ever afterward looked upon with distrust. Should he, however, refuse to make a confession, he is allowed to starve to death, or may be placed on shore at the limit of low tide, and, being bound, is drowned as the water rises."

The shamans, as well as ordinary men, wear small figures which serve as their guardsmen from mischief done by the witches. Regarding one of these, Lieutenant Emmons remarks that "it is supposed to taste all the water the possessor drinks; for witches and evil spirits often come to one in water, and the figure tells the owner of any approaching danger."

While these figures are used as a protection against evil, another class of charms is used for detecting and conquering hostile beings. These have mostly the shape of knives, carved to represent the spirits possessed by the shaman. "These spirits are supposed to appear to him in his dreams and trances, and after once coming acknowledge the man's mastery ever after. They are removed at will and obedient to his command. They guard him from hostile spirits or give him information of his enemies. In dances the shaman uses these knives to fight with his invisible opponent, or in the case of one bewitched to learn who possesses the witch spirit." One of these knives represents a crane, a mountain goat, a cuttle-fish, the fabulous kushtaka, small spirits (*yêk*), and a land otter. The kush-

taka, as is well known, are the spirits of the drowned, who assume the shape of otters. Another of these knives, which was purchased by Emmons, was, according to his notes, highly valued by the Chilkat to whom it belonged, and who objected greatly to parting with it. It is made of walrus ivory, which is obtained by barter from the Eskimo of the Peninsula of Alaska. It was believed to possess the power of divination to point out witches as well as to subdue spirits, and represents a crane.

Certain amulets are used by the Tlingit to protect the bodies of shamans. One of these, which is in the collection, was taken from a grave, where it had been placed at the head of a corpse to guard it from hostile powers. "His hands, in each of which he held a knife, were in the act of striking. A wolf's head, coming out of the breast of the figure, and bears' heads, one on each knee, represent spirits at the command of the little guardsman, who is standing on a seal, which indicates that he does not walk, but glides through space noiselessly. The image was considered so powerful that none of the Tlingit dared to approach it."

It has long been known that the shamans, according to the belief of the Tlingit, must acquire their knowledge of the mysteries of shamanism by tearing out the tongues of an otter, an eagle, and several other animals. Emmons adds to this that in the operation of tearing out the tongue they must use a bundle of twigs, done up uniformly and strung together with cord of spruce roots. This bundle is used for catching the blood that flows from the otter's tongue. Those twigs which had not come into contact with the blood were taken out. Sometimes a piece or the whole of the tongue is wrapped in those bundles and, in cases of great emergency, worn by the shamans round the neck to endow them with great power over spirits. Another of these bundles contains an eagle's talons.

Among the medicine-man's implements the following may be of interest. There is a small image representing a spirit (*yĕk*). It is taken in the hand, held towards the fire, and heated. Then it is rubbed against the affected part or left with the patient.

The following custom, which was recorded among the Sitkakoan, is very remarkable. The collector found a small box containing human excrements in the woods, and was given the following information in regard to this object: "When a woman wishes to have a son who shall be a great chief, she will lay in wait in the woods for some powerful chief and persuade him to satisfy her desire. Then, if she gives birth to a son later, the first excrements of the child are preserved in a box and deposited in the woods or on the rocks. By such means, it is believed, he will grow up strong and gain great power."

Finally, we will give the legend referring to the invention of rattles, which Lieutenant Emmons heard at Sitka. "Once upon a time an old man with his nephew lived in the Nass River country. His nephew was idle and worthless, and would spend his days sleeping and sitting about. At last the uncle became provoked. He put a stone axe in his nephew's hand, and sent him out into the woods to cut down some firewood. The boy obeyed, and having selected a large tree, felled it, and began splitting it up; when in the centre he discovered a box, and upon opening it found a rattle, waistcoat, and other dancing implements. These he took back to the old man, who immediately put them into use, and from this all rattles were copied."

It will be seen from these brief remarks that the collection embodies a vast amount of new information regarding the folk-lore and customs of the Tlingit, and we wish through these lines to call the attention of ethnologists to the rich source of information laid open to them.

F. B.

CHINOOK SONGS.

WHEN the traders of the Hudson Bay Company first entered that part of our continent which is now known as Oregon and Washington Territory, they found an enormous number of languages spoken in this district, which made intercourse with the Indians extremely difficult. The needs of the trade were such that a means of readily conversing with the natives of all parts of the country was necessary, and out of the clumsy attempts of the Indians and of the French and English traders to make themselves understood sprang a *lingua franca*, which is known as the Chinook jargon, and which has rapidly spread northward. At present it is spoken from Washington Territory to Lynn Channel, in Alaska ; the older Indians only do not understand it. It is used as well in the intercourse between the Indians and whites as between members of tribes speaking different languages. The jargon consists principally of English, French, Chinook (proper), Nutka, and Sahaptin words. The Chinook proper is spoken on the lower Columbia River, Sahaptin in the interior of Washington Territory, and Nutka on the west coast of Vancouver Island. In course of time the number of English words contained in the jargon has increased, while the other elements have become proportionally less prevalent. The structure of the jargon, so far as it has any structure, shows certain characteristics of the Chinook.

In the early part of this century attempts were made by Catholic priests to compose hymns and sermons in this jargon, and this did not fail to increase its importance and to develop it into a better means of communication. Vocabularies and collections of phrases were published from time to time, but it is not generally known that the jargon is even used by native poets.

My attention was first called to this fact when I saw a number of Indians from the northwest coast of America, who were exhibited in Europe. Later on I found a song printed in a third-class novel, "For Love and Bears," published a few years since in Chicago. When visiting British Columbia in 1886, I paid some attention to this subject, and principally to the origin of these songs. The following remarks and collections are the result of this study :—

The Indians are at present in the habit of living part of the year in Victoria, Vancouver, or New Westminster, working in various trades : in saw-mills and canneries, on wharves, as sailors, etc. In the fall they go to Puget Sound hop-picking. At these places members of numerous tribes gather, who use Chinook as a means of communication. They have their own quarter in every city. The Indian is very hospitable, and particularly anxious to make a display of

his wealth to visitors. Thus it happens that their little shanties are frequently places of merriment and joy; invitations are sent out, a great table is spread, and whiskey helps to stimulate the humor until the day ends in stupid drunkenness. It is at such feasts that songs frequently originate. If they happen to strike the fancy of the listening crowd they are taken up, and after a lapse of a few years known all over the country.

Here are some songs of this class. I have to remark first that the spelling is not strictly phonetic. English words, except when modified by the natives, are printed in italics, and spelled in English form. The exploded *h*, which is not used by the whites speaking Chinook, is rendered by *k'*, the exploded *l* by *tl*. The guttural *x*, which the English ear does not distinguish from the ordinary *k*, is printed *k*. The German *ch* in *Bach* is rendered by the letter *q*.

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| 1. Tlaksta <i>sweetheart</i> haiu patlem ?
Naika <i>sweetheart</i> haiu patlem !
Wēk maika yūtl kopa naika,
Wēk maika yūtl kopa naika,
Wēk maika yūtl kopa naika !
Naika kumtuks kada maika ! | Whose sweetheart is very drunk ?
My sweetheart is very drunk !
You do not like me,
You do not like me,
You do not like me !
I know you ! |
| 2. Ka'nowē <i>sun</i> naika kelai' !
Saia ē'li naika mitlait alta. | I cry always.
Far away is my country now. |

A great many of these songs refer to the parting of friends and greetings sent to those staying at home.

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| 3. Kakoa naika telhum memalos
<i>Steamboat</i> tlatowa, naika kelai. | Because my relations are dead,
(When) the steamboat leaves, I cry. |
| 4. <i>Good-bye, barkeeper !</i> naika tla'towa
alta okok <i>sun</i> .
Dja ! Potlatch pātlem <i>cocktail</i> naika. | Good-bye, barkeeper ! I am going now
to-day.
Come ! give me a full cocktail. |
| 5. Tlōnas kada naika tumtum.
Naika nanitch <i>Godsroad</i> tlatowa
Pe Chali mitlait. Tlaquaya naika. | I do not know, how my heart feels.
I have seen <i>Godsroad</i> (a steamer) leave,
And Charlie on board. I am very un-
happy. |
| 6. Tlōnas kada naika tumtum
Kwansum naika tiki nanitch maika.
Atlki naika wawa tlaquaya. Ya ā'ya. | I do not know, how my heart feels.
Always I wish to see you,
(But) soon I (must) say good-bye. Ya
ā'ya. |
| 7. Hayaleha, hayaleha, hayaleha !
Spos maika nanitch naika telhum
Wēk saia naika memalos alta.
Kōpa Kunspa eli. Yaya. | Hayaleha, hayaleha, hayaleha !
If you see my friends
(Say), that I had almost died
In New Westminster [Queensborough].
Yaya. |
| 8. Ya kanowē <i>sun</i> naika <i>sick</i> tumtum.
Kopa naika man kopa Caliponia. | Ya, always I long
For my husband in California. |

The following song has been composed by a Nutka sailor who was left behind by a sealing-schooner in Alaska : —

9. Haias lēlē naika *sick* tumtum, A long time I felt unhappy,
Pe okok *sun* elip haias k'al, But to-day is the hardest day,
Kada Entelplaize yaqka *leave* naika. For the Enterprise has left me.

The greatest number of songs of my collection are songs of love and jealousy, such as are made by Indian women living in the cities, or by rejected lovers.

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| 10. Ya, tlōs kakoa !
Ya, tlōs kakoa !
Kaltas tlōtchman
Wēk tiki naika. | Ya, that is good !
Ya, that is good !
That worthless woman
Does not like me. |
| 11. Haias tlaquaya
Kunamokst naika oleman,
Kopa Bictoli.
Hēlo tlaksta
Wawa tlaquaya nesaika
Kopa Bictoli. | Very unhappy I was
With my wife,
In Victoria.
Nobody
Said good-day to us
In Victoria. |
| 12. Yāya.
Spos maika iskum tlōtchman
Yaya
Wēk maika soleks naika.
Kaltas kopa naika. | Yaya.
When you take a wife,
Yaya.
Don't become angry with me.
I do not care. |
| 13. Ka Chali tlatowa alta ?
Ka Chali tlatowa alta ?
Ky'elapai nanitch
Naika tumtum. | Where is Charlie going now ?
Where is Charlie going now ?
He comes back to see me,
I think. |
| 14. Naika nanitch <i>Johnny</i> tlatowa
Pē naika tumtum yeke mitlait <i>house</i>
Naika haias pelton tumtum kakoa. | I have seen Johnny go
And I think he is at home
I am very foolish to think so. |
| 15. <i>Good-bye, oh my dear Charlie !</i>
Spōs maika iskum tlōtchman,
Wēk maika ts'ēpe naika. | Good-bye, oh my dear Charlie !
When you take a wife,
Don't forget me. |
| 16. Ikta mamuk, naika <i>sister</i> ,
Wawa naika ! maika mash naika ?
Ya ūn aya ! | Why, oh my sister,
Tell me, why will you cast me off ?
Ya ūn aya ! |
| 17. Ikta maika tiki ?
Kwansum maika soleks.
Maika ōleman,
Hēlo skukum alta. | What do you want ?
You are always cross.
Your old wife
Is very weak now. |
| 18. Ikta mamuk Billy alta ?
Yeke tlatowa <i>beerhouse</i> .
Boston wawa : <i>Get out o' way !</i>

Yeke tlatowa. Haiu kelai. | What is Billy doing now ?
He is going to the beerhouse.
The American says : Get out of the
way !
He goes and cries aloud. |

19. Tlōnas kada naika tumtum
Kopa *Johnny*.
Okok tenas man, mamuk pelton
naika.
Aya.
I don't know, how I feel
Towards Johnny.
That young man makes a fool of me.
20. Kyiti *Apples* haias tlaquaya
Okok kōl eli.
Tlōnas tlaksta iscum yeke ?
Hope steamboat.
Kittie Apples is very unhappy
This winter.
Who will take her away ?
The steamboat Hope.
21. Kaltas kopa naika,
Spōs maika hēhē naika,
Dirty boy !
I do not care,
If you laugh at me
Dirty boy !
22. Kaq mesaika tlatowa alta ?
Potlatch lē'mā !
Tlaquaya ! George Bell !
Where are you going now ?
Shake hands !
Good-bye ! George Bell !
23. Haias tlaquaya naika
Spōs *steamboat* tchā'ko yakwa.
Tlonas naika kē'lai
Spōs *steamboat* tlatowa.
I am very glad
When the steamboat comes here.
I think I shall cry
When the steamboat leaves.
24. Tawun gūd naika tlatowa,
Naika nanitch naika *sister*,
Naika tlōs tumtum.
I went to town,
I saw my sister,
My heart was glad.
25. Tlōs maika tchā'ko ahiya ya !
Pō'latli alta aya ā !
Naika tiki wā'wa ! aya.
Oh, come here
To-night !
I want to speak to you !
26. Kanowē *sun* naika kelai.
Saia naika mitlait alta.
Always I cry,
For I live far away.
27. *White man* alta kopa maika man,
Mary.
Dja ! Tlōs kā'koa maika māsh
naika.
Kaltas kopa naika alta.
Ya aya aya.
A white man is now your husband,
Mary.
Ha, cast me off thus !
I do not care now.
Ya aya aya.
28. Wēk tlaksta mamuk sick naika tum-
tum.
Annie mamuk kakoa.
Nobody can grieve me !
That is Annie's work.
29. Tlōs kapet maika tiki naika alta iaur.
Wēk atiki weqt maika nanitch ka
naika kuli.
All right, if you do not like me any more
now.
You shall not see where I go.
30. Dja ! Kada maika tumtum ?
Kwansum maika soleks naika.
Dja ! Tlōs delē't mash naika.
I don't care alta. Ya.
Dja ! What do you think now ?
You are always cross with me.
Dja ! You had better desert me alto-
gether.
I don't care now. Ya.

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| <p>31. Spōs <i>steamboat</i> tlatowa
Wawa nesaika <i>good-bye, Jimmy</i>.
Tlaquaya Billy tumtum.</p> | <p>When the steamboat leaves,
Say good-bye, Jimmy !
Billy will feel very sad.</p> |
| <p>32. <i>My dear Annie</i>,
Spōs maika māsh <i>Jimmy Star</i>,
Wēk maika <i>forget</i>
Kada yeke tlaquaya tumtum.
Kopa maika.</p> | <p>My dear Annie,
If you cast off Jimmy Star,
Do not forget
How much he likes
You.</p> |
| <p>33. Kuli, kuli, tenas taii !
Kuli, kuli, tenas taii !
Tlaquaya maika, tlaquaya.
Aya, aya, a.</p> | <p>Go, go, little chief !
Go, go, little chief !
Fare you well, farewell.
Aya, aya, a.</p> |
| <p>34. <i>Ah, you my dear !</i>
<i>Where have you been all day ?</i>
Kakoa Billy wawa naika.</p> | <p>Ah, you my dear !
Where have you been all day ?
Thus Billy said to me.</p> |
| <p>35. Aya, aya !
Elip naika nanitch
Sitka mesaika ēli.
Kaltas spōs naika memalos
Yakwa ēlip.</p> | <p>Aya, aya !
I have seen
Sitka your country.
Never mind, if I die
Now soon.</p> |
| <p>36. Qat kawawe'tl ! <i>my dear !</i>
Wawa tlaquaya
Naika alta.</p> | <p>I broke down ! my dear !
Say good-bye !
To me now.</p> |
| <p>37. Kaltas kopa naika
Spōs maika mash naika.
Haiu puty <i>boys</i> kuli kopa town.
Atlki weqt naika iskum.
Wēk k'al kopa naika.</p> | <p>I don't care
If you desert me.
Many pretty boys are in the town.
Soon I shall take another one.
That is not hard for me !</p> |
| <p>38. Dja ! Tlōs kakoa Billy ! Aya.
Iskum <i>Chinaman</i> Kiddie ! ya ā'ya.
Yeke <i>way up</i> kopa maika.</p> | <p>Dja ! That is all right ! Billy ! Aya.
Take Chinese Kiddie ! ya ā'ya.
She is far better than you.</p> |

These songs convey a better idea of the character and life of the Indians living in the cities of British Columbia than a long description could do. It is a remarkable fact that these ditties, though frequently alluding to a single event, and notwithstanding their insignificance, remain in use for many years. The greater part of those I have collected was composed by women. The composer either makes a new tune to each song or uses old well-known tunes. It is worth remarking that songs in the native languages are also conveyed from tribe to tribe. Thus the Tsimshian sing many Haida songs, although they do not understand the meaning of the words, and the same songs are found still farther south. It may be that this custom of borrowing songs accounts for the great number of tunes, the text of which is only a meaningless burden. I give here the tunes of three of the above songs, two of which have the same tune.

Moderato.
No. 34.

Ah you, my dear, where have you been all day? Kakoa Billy wawa naika.

Moderato.
No. 33.

Ku - li ku - li tenas tai - i ku - li ku - li tenas

tai - i, tla - qau - ya mai - ka a - ya a - ya a.

Moderato.
No. 24.

Ta-wun gūd nai - ka tla - to - wa nai -

ka na-nitch nai - ka sis - ter — nai - ka — tloš tum-tum.

The Chinook songs are also of some interest from a philological point of view. In some instances the natives add certain elements of their own language to the Chinook. In song 24, for instance, we find in the first line the syllable *gūd*. This is Haida, and means: *on*; the Haida saying, I go *on* the town, *i. e.*, on the street.

The first word of song 36 is Tlingit, while the rest of the song is Chinook. Finally I give a song in Tlingit, the last line of which is Chinook.

Tlēt ta koē'sa aq torū' tēnutē' yaridā't.	Nothing shall bother my mind now.
Tc 'es i renakarē' an qat kuga nā.	Don't speak to me. I wish I were dead.
Naika sister.	With my sister.

GLOSSARY.

Following is a list of the Chinook words occurring in these songs; the English words printed in italics are not included in the list. It is of interest to see that not more than seventy-four words occur in the collection of thirty-nine songs:—

alta, now.

atki, later on.

Boston, an American.

delē't, right away.

dja! interjection, go on!

ē'li, land.

ē'lip, first.

haías, large, very.

haiu, many.

hē'hē, to laugh, to mock.

hē'lō, nothing.

hē'lō tlaksta, nobody.

ikta, what, something.

iskum, to take.

kada, how.	pē, and.
kā'koa, the same, thus, because.	pe'lton, foolish.
k'al, difficult, heavy.	pō'latli, dark.
kaltas, good for nothing.	potlatch, to give.
ka'nōwē, all.	putty, pretty.
kapet, to finish, that is all.	saia, far.
kaq, ka, where.	sister, brother, sister.
kelai, to cry.	skukum, strong.
kōl ē'li, winter (cold country).	soleks, angry.
kopa, in, on, to, etc.	spōs, supposed, if.
kuli, to walk, to go.	sun, day, sun.
kumtuks, to know.	taii, chief.
kunamokst, together.	tawun, town.
Kunspa, Queensborough (New Westminster).	tchā'kō, to come.
kwansum, always.	telhum, people, relatives.
ky'e/lapai, to return.	tenas, small, young.
lē/lē, a long time.	tiki, to like.
lē'ma, hand.	ts'ē'pē, to forget.
maika, you (sing.).	tumtum, mind, to think.
mamuk, to make.	tlaksta, who.
māsh, to throw away.	tlaqu'ya, happy, unhappy.
me'malos, dead.	tla'towa, to walk.
mesai'ka, you (plur.).	tlōnas, I do not know.
mitlait, to live, to remain, to be.	tlōs, good, imperative.
naika, I.	tlōtchman, woman, wife.
nanitch, to see.	wā'wa, to speak.
nesaika, we.	wēk, not.
okok, this, that.	weqt, more.
ō'leman, old man, old woman, husband,	yakwa, iaur, here.
wife.	yeke, yaqka, he.
pā'tlem, full, inebriated.	yūtl, glad.

Franz Boas.

ENGLISH FOLK-TALES IN AMERICA.

I.

HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

ONCE on a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go and seek his fortune.

He had n't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a skunk.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the skunk.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Well, they went on till it was about dark, and they began to think of some place where they could spend the night. About this time they came in sight of a house, and Jack told them to keep still while he went up and looked in through the window. And there were some robbers counting over their money. Then Jack went back and told them to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they could. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat blatted, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers all away.

And then they went in and took possession of the house. Jack was afraid the robbers would come back in the night, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat up-stairs, and he put the bull down cellar, and he put the skunk in the corner of the fireplace, and the rooster flew up on to the roof, and Jack went to bed.

By and by the robbers saw it was all dark and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in and tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman knitting, and she stuck her knitting-needles into me.

"I went to the table to look after the money and there was a shoemaker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me.

"I started to go up-stairs, and there was a man up there threshing, and he knocked me down with his flail.

"I started to go down cellar, and there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up with his axe.

"I went to warm me at the fireplace, and there was an old woman washing dishes, and she threw her dish-water on to me.

"But I should n't have minded all that if it had n't been for that little fellow on top of the house, who kept a-hollering 'Toss him up to me-e! Toss him up to me-e!'" — *Contributed by Francis L. Palmer, Hartford, Conn.*, as told by his grandfather in Chicopee, Mass.

SECOND VERSION.

Once on a time there was a boy named Jack, who set out to seek his fortune. He had not gone but a little way when he came to a horse. The horse said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a cow. The cow said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't

you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a ram. The ram said, "Where are you going, Jack?" He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a dog. The dog said, "Where are you going, Jack?" "I am going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, don't care if I do." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a cat. The cat said, "Where are you going, Jack?" Jack said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, guess I will." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a rooster. The rooster said, "Where are you going, Jack?" "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go too?" "Don't know, don't care if I do." So they all walked along together.

They travelled along until it began to grow dark, and then they were looking for a place to spend the night, when they saw a log cabin in the edge of a woods.

Jack went up to the house and found the door unlocked, and went in. After looking about he found a good bed up-stairs and plenty of good food in the cupboard. There was a fire on the hearth. As he could see no one living there, after he had eaten a good supper and fed all the animals, he began to make preparations for the night. First he led the horse out into the stable, and fed him some hay, for he found plenty of good hay on the mow. Then he took all the other animals into the house, and he found the door closed into the locker, so he stationed the dog under the table near the door, so that he might bite any one who might chance to enter the house. The cat lay down on the hearth, and the rooster perched on a large cross-beam, and then he stationed the cow at the foot of the stairs, and the ram at the top of the stairs that led to the loft.

Then he covered up the fire, put out the light, and went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Now it happened that this valley was the home of two wicked robbers, who had gone out during the day in search of plunder.

Late in the night Jack was awakened by a great noise, for the robbers had returned and opened the door, expecting to find things as usual. They were suddenly grabbed by the dog, who bit them furiously, barking all the while.

At last they managed to escape from him, and started to the fireplace, thinking to strike a light. One of the robbers tried to light

a match by a coal which he thought he saw shining in the ashes; but this was the cat's eye, and as soon as she was molested she flew on them and scratched their faces dreadfully, till they were glad to escape from the fireplace.

They went from the fireplace toward the stairs, but as they passed under the rooster's perch he dropped *very disagreeable material* (these words to be whispered) upon them.

The robbers groped their way through the dark to the foot of the stairs, meaning to creep up to the bed and rest till morning, but just as they reached the stairs they were suddenly caught on the horns of the cow, and tossed up in the air. The ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me!" Before they lighted he caught them on his horns and tossed them up in the air. And the cow called out, "Toss 'em down to me!" Before they lighted she caught them on her horns and tossed them up in the air. Then the ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me!" And before they lighted he caught them on his horns, etc. (to be repeated *ad libitum*). And so they tossed them back and forth until they were all mangled and bloody.

At last they managed to escape from the cow's horns, and thought they would crawl off to the barn and spend the rest of the night. As they passed the dog in going to the door he gave them a parting snip, but they escaped from him and found the way out to the barn. When they tried to creep in at the door the horse began to kick them so dreadfully that they had to give that up, and were only just able to creep off to a fence corner, where they laid down and died.

As soon as Jack found that everything was quiet he went to sleep, and slept soundly till morn, after he got up and dressed himself. By and by he looked about and found there was a large bag of gold under his bed, which had been stolen from time to time by the robbers.

So Jack kept the gold, was well provided for, and lived happily forever after with his faithful animals. — *Contributed by Fannie D. Bergen, Cambridge, Mass.* Told in Mansfield, Ohio, about 1855.

THIRD VERSION. THE DOG, THE CAT, THE ASS, AND THE COCK.

(The tale which follows is given under reserves, as it may have been derived from print, according to the memory of the original narrator, namely, from a volume of German tales. But the language of the story bears a close resemblance to the Irish tale cited below. In any case, even if the narrative was borrowed from Grimm's No. 27 (*Die Bremer Stadt-Musikanten*), the only German form which corresponds, it has undergone, in the process of adaptation, such changes as make it of interest.)

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when beasts and fowls could talk, it happened that a dog lived in a farmer's barnyard. By and

by he grew tired of watching the house all night and working hard all day, so he thought he'd go out into the world to seek his fortune. One fine day, when the farmer had gone away, he started off down the road. He had n't gone far when he spied a cat curled up asleep on a doorstone in a farmer's yard, so he looked over the fence and called to the cat, —

"I'm going out into the world to seek my fortune ; don't you want to come along too ?"

But the cat said she was very comfortable where she was, and did n't think she cared to go travelling. But the dog told her that by and by when she got old the farmer would n't let her lie on his sunny doorstone, but would make her lie in the cold, no matter whether it snowed or not. So the cat concluded she'd go along too, and they walked down the road arm-in-arm.

They had n't gone far when they spied a jackass, eating grass in a farmer's yard. So the dog looked over the fence and called to the jackass, —

"We're going out into the world to seek our fortune, don't you want to come along too !"

But the jackass said he was very comfortable where he was, and did n't think he cared to go travelling. But the dog told him that by and by, when he got old and stiff, he'd have to work early and late, year after year, for only just what he would eat, and short allowance at that. So the jackass concluded to go along too, and they all walked down the road arm-in-arm.

They had n't gone far when they spied a cock crowing in a farmer's yard, so the dog looked over the fence and called, —

"We're going out into the world to seek our fortune, don't you want to come along too ?"

But the rooster said he was very comfortable where he was, and did n't think he cared to go travelling. But the dog told him that by and by, when it came Thanksgiving, *pop* would go his head, and he'd make a fine dinner for the farmer. So the rooster concluded he'd go along too, and they all walked down the road arm-in-arm.

Now they had neglected to take anything to eat along with them, and when night overtook them, weary, foot-sore, and hungry, they were in a dense forest, and they all began to blame the dog for getting them into such a scrape. The ass proposed that the cock should fly to the top of a high tree to see if he could discover a place for them to lodge. He had scarcely perched on a limb before he called to his friends that a house was a little way off, for he could see a light in the window. The dog called to him to come down and lead the way to the house, and they all walked off arm-in-arm to the house. When they got there it was perfectly still about the house ;

they could hear no one inside. The ass kicked at the door, but no one answered. They looked about and found the house had only one window, and that was so high up they could n't look in. He proposed that the jackass should stand on his hind legs, with his forelegs resting against the house, while the dog should clamber up his back and stand on his head, the cat run up the backs of both, and the rooster fly to the cat's head, and then he could just look in at the window.

"Hurry and tell what you see," said the jackass, "for my neck is breaking off."

"I see a fire on a hearth and a table loaded with all sorts of fine things to eat ; turkey and plum pudding, and pan-dowdy, and a band of men sitting round the table."

"Zounds !" said the dog, "we must get in."

So the rooster flew against the window with such a crash that it scared the robbers—for this was a band of robbers—nearly to death. They jumped up from the table so quickly that they overturned their chairs and whisked out the candles, while in flew the rooster, the cat, and the dog at the window, while the jackass went round and waited at the door till the robbers came out and ran away.

Then the beasts lighted the candles again, and picked up the chairs, and sat down and had a good supper. Then they began to look about to see how they should dispose of themselves for the night. The jackass went out in the barn to sleep in the hay, the dog lay on the rug by the hearth, the cat took up her bed among the warm ashes, and the rooster flew to the ridge-pole of the house, and soon all were fast asleep, being very tired by their long day's journey.

By and by the robbers plucked up courage, and about midnight came back to the house to see if perchance they had not been scared at their shadows. Two of them got in at the window to take a survey, and seeing the cat's glowing eyes in the ashes mistook them for coals, and scratching a match in them the cat sunk her claws in his hand, which terrified him so much that in attempting to escape he ran against the dog and he in turn caught the robber by the leg and bit him. By this time the tumult had awakened the ass, and just as the robber rushed out at the door the jackass met him and kicked him ten feet in the air, while the rooster set up a hideous crowing. It took but a few minutes for the robbers to escape to the woods and find their companions, to whom they told a doleful tale, how in trying to light a match at the fireplace the devil with red-hot eyes stuck his claws into his hands, a second devil attacked him in the rear, while another devil kicked him into the air, and as he came down on the greensward, more dead than alive, another horrid

demon from the house-top cried out, "Throw the rascal up here, throw the rascal up here."

The thieves could never be induced to go back to the house. They thought it haunted by devils. So our friends, the jackass, the dog, the cat, and the rooster, lived there happy forever after, preferring it to travelling about to see the world. — *Contributed by Miss H. S. Thurston*, as told in Salem, Mass., about thirty years ago.

NOTE. — This tale is widely diffused through Europe. E. Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, Paris, 1886 (No. XLV. *Remarques*), enumerates French, Breton, German, Bohemian, Norwegian, Scotch (Gaelic), Irish, Italian, Catalanian, and Portuguese versions.

Some of these narratives replace the robbers by wolves, and in this case the tale becomes a beast fable, in which the domestic animals outwit the savage animals. The general idea, however, is the same, being a jest on the panic which caused the fierce occupants of the house to be ousted by the peaceable invaders.

No version appears to have been recorded in England. The Irish tale given by Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 5, may be compared with our third version, except that it has the same hero Jack, who appears in our first and second versions. Kennedy's tale has been greatly enlarged and altered, either by the recorder or narrator.

As respects the two versions first given there cannot be any doubt that these are traditional and independent. The Gaelic tale given by Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, No. 11, corresponds very closely in the dialogue. A farmer has a sheep, called the White Pet, who runs away because he is to be killed at Christmas.

He had not gone far when a bull met him. Said the bull to him, "All hail ! White Pet, where art thou going ?" "I," said the White Pet, "am going to seek my fortune ; they were going to kill me, and I thought I had better run away." "It is better for me," said the bull, "to go with thee, for they were going to do the very same with me." "I am willing," said the White Pet, "the larger the party the better the fun."

The animals are, beside the sheep and the bull, a dog, a cat, a cock, and a goose. At night they see a light, and reach a house, through the window of which they behold a troop of robbers. Each animal utters his own cry, and the robbers take flight. The allies then take up the position to which each was accustomed ; the sheep establishes himself in the middle of the floor, the cat in the candle-press, the dog at the fire, the cock on the rafters, the goose on the dung-hill without. The robber seeks a candle at the press and is scratched by the cat ; he tries to light it at the fire, but the dog gets up, dips his tail into a pail of water on the hearth, and in shaking his tail puts out the candle ; the sheep butts the intruder, the bull kicks him, and the goose without the house beats him with his wings. He returns, and reports that knives have been stuck into him, etc.

In the form in which the story has been diffused through Europe, the house appears to have been a peasant's cottage, one-storied, with a courtyard, a midden, and an adjoining stable. In this case, when the beasts take their accustomed positions, the larger animals remain outside. The Highlander saw no objection to introducing them into his one-roomed habitation. In the American versions the house has two stories. As even cocks, in this quarter of the world, do not lodge in living-rooms, little regard is paid to consistency ; the primitive realism is replaced by a humorous arrangement, with a view to effect on the childish mind ; the skunk is also a comic addition, out of place among domestic animals.

There is a kindred tale (*Grimm*, No. 41), which has had currency from the extreme Orient to Western Europe. As given by W. E. Griffiths, *The Mikado's Empire*, New York, 1877, p. 491 (cited in Cosquin 2, 106), a Japanese illustrated tale recites how a crab, having been abused by an ape, makes friends with a rice-mortar, a wasp, an egg, and a seaweed. The friends conceal themselves in the house; when the ape enters, and tries to light a fire in order to make a cup of tea, the egg which is hidden in the ashes bursts in his face, the wasp stings him as he runs to the closet for water to allay his pain (this trait appears in some versions of the former tale, as in the Gaelic form above cited); the ape's foot slips on the threshold where the seaweed is lying, and the mortar embraces the opportunity to fall on the unhappy foe and crush him. Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, London, 1871, p. 264, gives the illustrations. The crab and ape are humanized in form and dress, and the rice-mortar has a face marked on it.

Our fable has not escaped the attention of comparative mythologists. De Gubernatis, in his *Zoölogical Mythology*, London, 1872, vol. i. p. 1, 86, in noticing a kindred Russian tale, considers the bull to be a solar symbol! His words are: "The battle between the tame and the savage animals, won by the former, is an expression in zoölogical form of the victory of the heroes (the sun and the moon) over the masters of darkness." It may be observed, however, that a more peaceful animal than the bull, in the last version of our story, replaces the latter.

W. W. N.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

GYPSY LORE SOCIETY. — To the various societies which concern themselves with folk-lore must now be added the Gypsy Lore Society, recently formed in Great Britain, the president of which is Mr. Charles G. Leland, a circumstance which should be sufficient to render the undertaking of interest to Americans. The society publishes a quarterly journal, intended to deal with the history, language, customs, and folk-lore of the Gypsies, and to investigate the Gypsy question in as thorough a manner as possible. The first number of this journal is now before us. The form leaves nothing to be desired in respect of neatness and attraction, and the contents, which will be found indexed under the head of "Journals," exhibit a wide range of topics connected with Gypsy folk-lore and linguistics.

We hope that this society may find many friends in the United States. The yearly subscription is £1. Persons interested should address the secretary of the society, David MacRitchie, Esq., 4 Archibald Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Since the above was written, the general editor has received a most interesting letter from Mr. Leland, who is now a member of the American Folk-Lore Society, and whose name, but for a failure of mail communication, would have appeared in the list printed in the first number of this Journal. Mr. Leland is at present travelling in Austria, in order to obtain material for a work on Gypsy sorcery, charms, amulets, incantations, and fortune-telling. This work will contain the result of his observations in regard to the origin and influence of Shamanism and witchcraft, and the powers latent in man which give rise to belief in witchcraft and magic. It would be of great interest to quote what Mr. Leland says respecting Gypsy musicians, the airs which they play only among themselves, and the part which their lore plays in the life of this people; but it is to be hoped that readers may hereafter have an account of his experience from Mr. Leland himself. He remarks that in the first story given in the myths of the Cherokees (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, No. 2), there are several very marked resemblances to points in the Wabanaki Indian legends, of which Mr. Leland possesses a very extensive collection. He comments on the popular opinion concerning the value of folk-lore, "that it amounts to gathering mere literary bric-à-brac, and collecting traditionary postage-stamps and buttons," whereas it is a vital part of history, and expresses a view concerning the very much greater importance of original collection, as compared with comparative study, entirely in accord with that already set forth in the pages of this Journal. — *W. W. N.*

BRIDES DANCING BAREFOOT. — The writer's maternal great-grandparents, Major John Wentworth and Sarah (Hall) Wentworth, were married in Boston in 1732, and the bride's brother, Richard Hall, a merchant in Barbadoes, wrote from that colony (April 3, 1732): —

"I heartily rejoice at Sally's good fortune, and hope Molly will have her

turn also ; but it would not have been fair to have let Sally dance barefoot, which I hear Molly expected would have been done."

Can any correspondent give the origin of this peculiar ceremony, of which I have found no other trace? I have heard of the practice of a bride's dancing in a copper kettle, the origin of which is equally obscure. There was an old English tradition that where a younger sister was married before an elder, the elder should receive a pair of green stockings ; and I remember a story in some English annual of former days illustrative of this superstition. There could have been no such allusion here, as Sally was the elder sister. It may be interesting for the reader to know that Molly had afterwards her turn, as she was married, four years later, to Adam Winthrop, and subsequently to Capt. William Wentworth. A fuller account of the sisters may be found in the "Historical and Genealogical Register" for July, 1888, p. 306. — *Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Cambridge, Mass.*

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHEROKEES. — The opening sentences of the paper on "Myths of the Cherokees," in the second number of this Journal, are open to some corrections in respect of historical precision. The Cherokees were not first in collision with the white settlements in 1760. The Cherokees, or a portion of them, were involved in the cruel and destructive Yamassee war of 1715-16, which was based on one of those far-reaching combinations of tribes by which the savages at various times sought to exterminate the white settlers. A letter in French (dated May 8, 1715), in the British Public Record Office, which I have examined, describes this conspiracy from a letter found on the body of a renegade white man, — "*un nommé Smith*." It is there implied that the Cherokees were in the hostile league, and were suspected of an intention to make peace with the whites, and so betray their allies. Another document in the P. R. O., dated June 4, 1717, states that the Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Creeks were among the first to make peace and return their prisoners. The collision of 1760 was not "with the advancing white population" of Carolina, but was the result of a conflict of Cherokees, returning from Fort Duquesne, with Virginia rangers, and of outrages on the domestic rights of Cherokee great men perpetrated by young English officers in garrison. There is an old map which locates the "Recahicrians" in the Cherokee country. Could it be that the tribe bearing this name, which occupied by migration from the mountains the site of Richmond, Virginia, and which defeated the Virginians at that place in 1656, was an offshoot of the Cherokees? Certain it is that by 1728 the Virginians had a large pack-horse trade with the Cherokees, and in 1730 Sir Alexander Cumming made a treaty with them. Cherokee chiefs went to England in that year, and made speeches to the king much as Sioux chiefs nowadays address the President. But by 1734 the peace so ostentatiously made with them was in jeopardy. These facts are from the English documents, of which no adequate use has yet been made in writing American colonial history. — *Edward Eggleston, Lake George, N. Y.*

HOODOO. — I think that your informant (see No. 1, p. 17) who says that

the word *Hoodoo* is used to signify a person or thing whose influence brings good luck is in error. After many inquiries, I find that, in this locality (New York city), *Hoodoo* has the opposite meaning, namely, to bring *bad luck*. — L. F. Vance, *New York, N. Y.*

FAIRIES, DWARFS, AND GIANTS. — The writer has found no traces of a belief in fairies among those Siouan tribes whose customs and mythology he has been studying. But the Omahas and Ponkas tell of a race of "little people," the *Gadd'zhe*, or *Ni'kashi'ga Ma'tanaha* (Wild People), who can produce wounds *under* (and without breaking) the skin. They also have stories of giants, and of beings with very large heads. The latter reside in the forests, and cause a peculiar form of insanity to seize the unfortunate Indian men whom they encounter, one at a time, away from the people and lodges. — J. O. D.

FAIRIES. — The fairies who figure in the folk-lore of every European nation also exist in the mythologies of the American Indians, but have not been studied there to any extent. When we know more about them we can decide whether "fairies" is the right name for these products of Indian imagination. Some of them inspire terror, while others are innocuous or beneficial to mankind. The Creek Indians, once in Alabama and Georgia, now in the Indian Territory, call them *i'sti lupu'tski*, or "little people," but distinguish two sorts, the one being longer, the others shorter, in stature. The taller ones are called, from this very peculiarity, *i'sti tsa'p-tsagi*; the shorter, or dwarfish ones, subdivide themselves again into (a) *itu'-uf-asa'ki* and (b) *i'sti tsa'htsa'na*. Both are archaic terms, no longer understood by the present generation, but *itu'-uf* means "in the woods," and the whole designation of (a) probably signifies "found in the deep forest." The *i'sti tsa'htsa'na* are the cause of a crazed condition of mind, which makes Indians run away from their lodges. No others can see these last-mentioned little folks except the Indians who are seized in this manner by a sudden craze. The Klamath Indians of Oregon know of a *dwarf*, *na'hni'as*, whose tracks are sometimes seen in the snow. Only those initiated into conjurer's mysteries can see him. His footprints are not larger than those of a babe, and the name points to a being which swings the body from one side to the other when walking. It is doubtful if this genius can be brought under the category of the fairies. — A. S. Gatschet, *Washington, D. C.*

HUMAN BONES. — Among certain primitive nations the bones of the deceased are preserved with a peculiar religious care, and considered sacred. The Cha'hta formerly had special men, whose nails had grown long, appointed to disinter bodies buried for several months or a year, to scratch off with their hands the flesh still adhering, and then to deposit the bones, done up in a new mat, in the bone-house, of which there was one in every town. How far this custom extended through North America is not easy to state, but we find it among the Santees, Nanticokes, Mohawks, and, west of the Mississippi River, among the Shetimashas of Southern Louisiana.

The Caribs of the northern coast of South America carried the bones of their ancestors with them, and when on war expeditions they served as models to excite them to acts of prowess. Some tribes of Northern Brazil observed the custom of eating the bodies of their parents and relatives; the bones could not be swallowed entire, and so they were burnt to ashes or pulverized in a mortar, and then mixed into the drinks. This custom is based especially upon the idea of transmigration of human souls through parts of their bodies into other human bodies. But there is another curious superstition underlying this as well as the Cha'hta custom. It is the idea that *the real seat of the human soul is in the bones*. Thus when the bones of the deceased are swallowed in drinking, their souls are revived and continue to exist in other human beings. This is also the reason why the Tonkawe Indians of Texas have the singular expression *to become bones for to be born*. In Tonkawe this is *ni'kaman yeké'wa*, and *ni'kaman*, bone, is derived from a radix, *to break*. This would point either to the breaking of bones to extract the marrow (the Tonkawe were anthropophagists), or it refers to the joints found on many bones in the skeleton. The aborigines of the Willamette Valley of Oregon held an opinion just contrary to the above concerning the connection of the soul with the bones. Their customs taught them, under penalty, never to pronounce the name of a deceased person before ten to fifteen years after death. After that lapse of time it was permitted to do so, because then *the flesh had rotted away from the bones*, and hence the soul, which could have revenged the misdeed, had gone forever. The ideas of our Indians concerning this special topic must have differed largely, and it is evident that tribes which cremated their dead did not adhere to any of the above "theories." — *A. S. Gatschet*.

AM URDS-BRUNNEN. — Among journals devoted to folk-lore, not previously noticed in the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, may be mentioned "Am Urds-Brunnen," an unpretentious periodical, published by Dr. Heinr. Carstens in Dahrenwurth, near Lunden, Holstein province, Germany, which is issued monthly in octavo size, and has now reached its sixth year. With a corps of able collaborators the editor discusses topics of mythology, sagas, and other legendary lore, popular customs, and historical points referring to all these, the scope of the periodical being the popularizing of the results gained by erudite researches on these matters. Urda, from whom the name of the magazine is derived, is one of the three Norns of Scandinavian mythology. The articles chiefly possess a national German character, although the folk-lore of other modern nations of the globe is not excluded. Price, by mail, three marks annually. — *A. S. Gatschet*.

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE CHINESE IN AMERICA. — In the "Boston Herald" of November 25, 1886, is given an account of the rites performed at the interment of *Moi*, the wife of *Chin Shun*, a prosperous merchant of New Orleans. *Moi* had been brought to New York for treatment, and, as the correspondent states, was the first Chinese woman who has died in that city. "The physicians could do nothing for *Moi*, and yesterday afternoon, seeing that she was dying, her faithful husband, who had tended her for three months in a couple of dingy rooms on the second floor, began to make preparations to cheat the devil out of her soul, and give it a good start on its way to its final resting-place, hoping that she might be in heaven and safely behind impenetrable portals before the Chinese evil one found out she was dead. To accomplish this, *Chin* burned one hundred sticks, wrote prayers on gilt and red papers, and scattered them on and about the bed on which the dying woman lay. According to Chinese belief, the devil cannot see beyond the prayers, and is, therefore, unable to keep posted on the progress of the patient's disease, and be all ready to jump and capture the departing soul before the angels arrive, when death overtakes the patient. As the preparations for the burial advanced Wednesday afternoon and night, the devil became uneasy, and, to calm him and keep him from prying too deeply into affairs, the body was placed in the coffin. At this point, had not the friends of the dead woman been careful, the 'bad man' would have crawled into the coffin; but joss-sticks were burned and prayers were scattered, and the devil was thus foiled. Two pairs of new shoes, richly embroidered, a pair of heavy gold bracelets, two black silk dresses, and a looking-glass, and some Chinese ornaments for the head, were placed in the casket beside the body. Over all this were scattered written prayers; and as soon as everything had been put in, the lid of the coffin was clapped on and screwed down.

"Services for the dead were read this afternoon by a Christian minister, assisted by a young Chinaman, who worked hard to convert his countrymen. After the service the casket was placed in the hearse, and the carriage which followed contained the sorrowful husband and the Chinese and American ministers. Behind this came the undertaker's wagon, in which was the bedding on which *Moi* had died and a quantity of food, and in the rear was supposed to be the devil. All along the route to the cemetery joss-sticks were burned and prayers scattered. Every prayer that was thrown out was picked up by the devil, who was forced to read it carefully, and the more prayers thrown out the longer the devil was detained and the farther the procession got ahead of him. As the cemetery was approached the prayers were flung out in greater numbers. This was done to keep the devil far enough in the rear to allow the body to be placed in the grave and covered before he arrived. This was successfully carried out; the grave was rounded over, prayers scattered on the top and around the

mound, and joss-sticks stuck up in the dirt. On the top of the grave and in the centre were placed all the eatables brought to the cemetery. The devil arrived slowly, having struck an unusual number of prayers, and when he reached the grave all he saw was a pile of prayers, some wood, and a row of joss-sticks that prevented his entrance. During the period that Moi's body and soul are in the grave, she will subsist on the food placed on the grave, and when her soul starts on its long journey to its final resting-place the shoes and dresses placed in the coffin will be used. Just before it reaches heaven, the looking-glass and hair ornaments will be used, and, when she enters the golden gates, Moi Chin Shun will look just as pretty and attractive as she did on her wedding-day, five years before. She will apply for admission, the gates will be opened, and Moi and her baby (who died two years ago) will enter together."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this Journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

THE COUNTING-OUT RHYMES OF CHILDREN — THEIR ANTIQUITY, ORIGIN, AND WIDE DISTRIBUTION. A Study in Folk-Lore. By HENRY CARINGTON BOLTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1888. Large 8vo. Pp. ix, 123.

Dr. Bolton has chosen one of the few subjects of which the interest is universal. Every man and woman possesses, as if an inheritance from a past life, some reminiscences of a mysterious "one-ery, youery, ickery, Ann;" every child has ready on its lips "eny, meeny, mony, my." Whenever a dozen persons are reminded of these formulas, each has his own version, each is disposed to look on the forms repeated by the rest as unhallowed deviations. It must be allowed that of late years sad changes have been made in these time-honored rhymes. A spirit of innovation and revolt seems to have penetrated the minds of the very babies. "Oh, we don't use those any more; we have a new set now," affirmed a lad of nine, of whom the writer, some years since, sought for information. It cannot be said that the new inventions are improvements. Dr. Bolton affirms that the most popular of modern counting-out rhymes in America is the unpleasing

"Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe."

But we fancy the verse is one of those daring poetical fancies which enjoy a brief popularity in virtue of the shock they give morals and good taste, and after a few years disappear, to be heard of never again. Of British and American rhymes Dr. Bolton has collected 453; but half of these are variations of the "onery, youery," "inty, minty," or "eny, meeny" types.

Other counting-out formulas are verses borrowed from nursery rhymes, or invented for the purpose; but the unmeaning forms are the most common, and seem to be the most primitive. Dr. Bolton's collection will have an interest independent of investigation, in that it will recall to each reader memories of youth.

Part of the scientific value of this treatise consists in its exhibition of the universality of the practice. It has long been known that children of all European nations begin their games by "counting out," and employ for that purpose meaningless rhymes. Dr. Bolton's inquiries have shown this usage to exist also in other quarters of the globe; he has found similar formulas in Japanese, Marathi, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, and Hawaiese. A formula used by children of the Penobscot Indians is also given; but this is imported, a form of the so-called "Anglo-cymric score," ultimately derived from the Welsh. It is plain that there existed a connection between beliefs and customs of all sorts, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Japan to Ireland. This connection is due to transference; India may be the chief centre of such diffusion. Now no better field for testing this resemblance could be found than in these childish rhymes. Here, too, may be found some test for the extension of other widely spread practices, and means for determining the common centre from which such may have originated. It is therefore most desirable that the author should be able to complete his "census of the world" in relation to these rhymes. The connection in small matters will also hold in great; the currents of thought bear these straws on their surface. It will thus be seen that the problems with which students of folk-lore occupy themselves, though sometimes petty in appearance, are really important, since they deal with the moral history of mankind.

Of course no modern writer can deal with any custom whatever without asking, What is the origin of this usage? Dr. Bolton finds that these rhymes represent the mysterious formulas formerly used in sortilege. It is indeed not difficult to discover spells, which in respect of rhythm and jingle do resemble the rhymes used for "counting-out." The earliest example is that of Cato the Censor, in the second century before Christ: "*Huat hanat, ista pista sista, domiabo damna ustra*," — a charm for a dislocated limb, which, apparently, originally had some meaning. As victims intended for sacrifice have sometimes been selected by lot, it has been suggested that ceremonies attended with such selection have been perpetuated in the modern childish practice.

The formulas do not in themselves, by any meaning they possess, bear out this view. It is true that one Romany rhyme, beginning "'Ekkeri, akai-ri, you-kair-an," is said to be used as a spell; but this rhyme, whatever meaning may be procured from it, is doubtless (as seems to us) derived from the universal English meaningless form. A further difficulty is the practice of successive eliminations which is characteristic of "counting out," one of the players after another being excluded. Thus the selected person is he on whom the lot does *not* fall. We are not aware of anything corresponding to this in sacrificial rites; but there is an obvious reason for the usage in the game itself. The adoption of syllables instead of

numbers is especially intended to secure fairness; it is more difficult to calculate the result. For a like reason, the practice of successive exclusions is adopted. We do not say the childish habit *may* not have arisen from a serious superstition, but we fail to find evidence that it has so arisen. The meaningless form of the rhymes would be the natural result of transference from language to language, and of time.

We hope that Mr. Bolton's little book will receive such welcome as *may* induce him to continue his collecting and complete his census. The form of this exquisite quarto, of which only a limited number of copies are printed, is sumptuous; and our only regret is that an American student should be still obliged to go to England in order to procure the publication of his researches.

W. W. N.

STUDIES ON THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE HYPOTHESIS OF ITS CELTIC ORIGIN. By ALFRED NUTT. London: David Nutt, 270-1 Strand. 1888. 8vo, pp. x, 281.

Mr. Nutt's work is the first serious attempt of an English scholar to deal with the complicated problems connected with the origin and relations of the mediæval romances which treat of the Grail. Beside original discussions, he gives valuable summaries of these romances (pp. 8-64) and an elaborate bibliography of researches (pp. 97-126). The last chapter contains an examination of the story from an æsthetic point of view.

Mr. Nutt is an advocate of the theory of Celtic origin, originally proposed by Villemarqué, but since generally discredited. His views are briefly as follows: In the early Middle Age existed a Welsh tale of a hero Peredur (Perceval of French romance). This story was made up of preëxisting mythic elements. One of these was, to use Mr. Nutt's language, a form of the "Aryan Expulsion and Return formula;" that is, a tale of a hero whose father is slain, who is brought up in the wilderness, is of a passionate temper, and finally recovers his inheritance. A second element was a myth of a visit to the Land of Shades, which became the story of an enchanted castle. In this castle the hero is to deliver a kinsman, is under certain restrictions, and reminded of his duty by certain talismans. One of the latter, a magic vessel of healing, became at last the Holy Grail. Of the Peredur-Saga there were three versions: one was embodied in the English romance of the Thornton MS. (Sir Perceval of Galles), a second formed the basis of the Welsh tale of Peredur contained in the Mabinogion of Lady Guest, a third served as the material of the French romancers. Of these latter Crestien de Troies is the oldest, but his continuator, Gautier de Douzens (or Gaucher de Dourdan, as G. Paris prefers), more nearly represents the original narrative. In this third form the Celtic Saga had already been christianized, having been united with a legend relative to the conversion of Britain. Hence the romances of Joseph of Arimathea, as well as of the Queste and the Grand St. Graal, in which Perceval, for purposes of monastic piety, is succeeded by the later hero Galahad. "The history of the legend of the Holy Grail is, thus, 'the history of the gradual transformation of old Celtic folk-tales into a poem charged with Christian symbolism and mysticism.'"

Mr. Nutt did not have access to the essay of G. Paris, "*Les Romans en Vers du Cycle de la Table Ronde*," which is to form part of the 30th volume of the "*Histoire Littéraire de la France*." In this treatise (now before us in a separate form) M. Paris, discussing briefly the English minstrel poem, concludes that this represents the oldest form of the story, which was thus a biographical narration; "the hero, orphaned by a murder, and whom his mother endeavors to withdraw from his true destiny, succeeds in accomplishing it, avenges his father, consoles his mother, and marries the young girl whom he has delivered, and who brings him a kingdom." Crestien's romance is derived from a similar poem, mingled with the story of the Grail; the Welsh *Mabinogi* of *Peredur* had a like source.

Mr. Nutt, on the other hand, is in our opinion quite right in pointing out the influence of Crestien on both the English poem and the Welsh tale. This being granted, further investigation becomes exceedingly difficult. When an attempt is made to recover an original tradition from an account confessedly derived in part from another work, we are of necessity led into a field of delicate critical inquiries, in which probabilities are often so nicely balanced as to make it very improbable that different minds can be led to an agreement. If the authors of the English minstrel poem and the Welsh story (the latter, in our opinion, a literary production, not a popular tale) have used Crestien, it becomes very difficult to prove that the changes they have made in the story are not the result of pure invention. In spite of the authority of both Mr. Nutt and M. Paris, the present writer believes that such a view may still be maintained.

However this may hereafter prove to be, Mr. Nutt is entitled to honor for producing a work of learning, written with full knowledge of what has been accomplished by Continental scholars, and which will be of the greatest utility to students who may desire to pursue the investigation. The book is issued to members of the (English) Folk-Lore Society as one of the volumes for the year, but may also be procured independently, a limited number of copies being placed on the market.

W. W. N.

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH VERSION OF THE FABLES OF BIDPAI, "*The Morall Philosophie of Doni*," by Sir THOMAS NORTH, whilom of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Now again edited and induced by JOSEPH JACOBS, late of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Published by David Nutt in the Strand. 1888. 8vo, pp. lxxxii, 264. With full-page Illustration by EDWARD BURNE JONES, A. R. A.; frontispiece from a 16th century MS. of *Firdusi*, and facsimiles of woodcuts in the Italian *Doni* of 1532.

In the first number of this journal we gave a brief notice of Adlington's version of "*Cupid and Psyche*," edited by Mr. Lang for the "*Bibliothèque de Carabas*," published by David Nutt, of London. It was proposed to issue in this collection English translations made in the sixteenth century of works interesting to the student of folk-lore. The "*Cupid and Psyche*" was followed by "*Euterpe: Being the Second Book of the Famous History of Herodotus*," Englished by R. B. 1584. Edited by Andrew Lang, with introductory Essays on the Religion and the good Faith of Herodotus." The

latest addition to the collection is Sir Thomas North's version of Doni's "La Moral Philosophia." The versions reprinted in this collection from rare editions are of interest for their racy English, and every care has been employed to produce a beautiful book. Still, racy English and handmade paper, with wide margins and a limited number of impressions, would not tempt the student, whose needs, however, the publisher has consulted, and for whom are written the valuable introductions, in every case by a competent specialist. Mr. Lang's introduction to the "Cupid and Psyche" contains perhaps the best exposition of his theory of popular tales, and in the "Euterpe" he resumes his discussion of the religion of ancient Egypt. The introduction to the volume before us is quite up to the high standard set in the previous ones, and the student will find especially valuable Mr. Jacobs's "Pedigree of the Bidpai Literature," and the "Analytical Table of Contents," with copious parallels to the individual tales. Mr. Jacobs has made one curious discovery in his studies. In the early editions of the fables the illustrations were regarded as an integral part of the text, and were translated, so to speak, along with it. For this reason these traditional illustrations, as Mr. Jacobs says, may be made to play an important part in the criticism of the Bidpai literature, and afford a means of testing the affiliation of texts. We have not space to dwell on all the interesting points in Mr. Jacobs's introduction, such as the origin and dispersion of beast fables, etc. Readers of "Uncle Remus" will be amused to learn that the famous incident of the "Tar Baby" is traced to one of the Jatakas, or Buddhist birth-stories.

Mr. Jacobs has given us so much pleasant information that we are glad to be able to enlighten him upon one small matter. In Sir Thomas North's version, p. 178, occurs the following passage: "Be of good cheare brother, the Bull perswaded by me goth to Court to seeke out the King, if he see him sturre any thing at all; and the Lion also hath my Cocomber in his bodie, and in his heade the toys and deuises that I haue tolde him, looking for the Bull with many an yll thought." Mr. Jacobs confesses his ignorance of the word "Cocomber" in the above. It is simply Sir Thomas North's too literal translation of the Italian idiom "avere un cocomero in corpo;" i. e., to have some doubt which causes one to be in suspense or timid, or to form strange resolves. To inspire this doubt is in the same idiom "mettere" or "cacciare un cocomero in corpo." It will not be surprising to many that in Italy also the cucumber is regarded with some suspicion and doubt.

T. F. C.

DIE MUTTER BEI DEN VÖLKERN DES ARISCHEN STAMMES. Eine anthropologisch-historisch Skizze als Beitrag zur Losung der Frauenfrage. Von MICHAEL VON ŽMIGRODZKI. München: Theodor Achermann. 1886. 8vo, pp. 444.

In this work, which has been sent to us for notice, the author brings anthropology and folk-lore to his aid in order to solve social questions. He takes four regions, — Bavaria, Cracow, the Ukraine, and Brittany, — by comparison to determine the character of primitive Aryan usage, and concludes that family life, with reference to the rearing of children, is determinative

of original Aryan tradition. The citations cannot be said to have a scientific character; the most interesting feature is the evidence of the very primitive social life of the writer's own country, the region of the Dnieper. With the sociological conclusions, somewhat eccentric, as that girls should not be permitted to marry before twenty, which form the result of the book, we are not concerned.

JOURNALS.

1. **The American Anthropologist.** (Washington.) Vol. I. No. 3, July, 1888. Pictography and Shamanistic Rites of the Ojibwa. W. J. HOFFMAN. (Initiatory rites of Grand Medicine Lodge, etc.)—Corean Superstitions. Three Forms of Expiation. WALTER HOUGH.—Games of Washington Children. W. H. BABCOCK. (A very complete collection of games, rhymes, jingles, etc., extending to forty pages.)—Voodooism. (Notice of derivation of word, as given by Mr. H. C. Lea, and in the first number of the Journal of American Folk-Lore.)

2. **The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal.** (Chicago.) Vol. X. No. 4, July, 1888. Myths and Legends of the Catoltq of Vancouver's Island. FRANZ BOAS. (Legend of Kumsnōotl, *i. e.*, Our Elder Brother; sun-myths, The Gum and the Sun, and the story of Tlaix, two versions.)—No. 5, September. The Raven's Place in the Mythology of Northwestern America. (Second paper.) JAMES DEANS. (Legends of origin of human beings, procuring fire, and flood.)—The Legends of Jam'shed and Quetzacoatl. JOHN LESLIE GARNER.—The Cross in America. S. D. PEET.

3. **Plantation Folk-Lore.** The "Open Court" (Chicago), under dates of June 14, July 5, and July 12, contains articles by L. J. Vance, on "Plantation Folk-Lore." Mr. Vance, in the course of a review of the recent collection of Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," give parallels from many countries, and arrives at a conclusion respecting the diffusion and uncertainty of origin of such tales, similar to that recently put forth by Mr. Lang.

4. **The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.** (London.) Vol. XVIII. No. 1, August, 1888. Note on the Japanese Go-hei, or Paper Offerings to the Shinto Gods. BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.—Notes on the Australian Clan Systems. Totems; Animal Tales; Legends.

5. **Popular Science Monthly.** (New York.) Vol. XXXIII. No. 3, July, 1888. Customs and Arts of the Kwakiol. G. M. DAWSON.—No. 5, September. Animal and Plant Lore. II. MRS. FANNY D. BERGEN. (Second article of a series, containing a large collection of popular beliefs and superstitions still prevalent in the United States.)

6. **Science.** (New York.) Vol. XII. No. 284, July 13, 1888. Negro Dialect. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.—No. 285, July 20. Iroquois Mythology. (Story of Hinohoawak and his Grandmother, from collection of the Bureau of Ethnology.)

7. **Archæological Review.** (London.) Vol. I. No. 5, July, 1888.

Survivals of Iranian Culture in the Caucasian Highlands. M. KOVALEN-SKY. (Forms of marriage, purification, beliefs as to future life, etc., considered as survivals of Iranian civilization.)—A Grimm's Tale in a Shetland Folk-Lore Version. KARL BLIND.—No. 6, August. Notes from Parliamentary Papers. No. 4. Native Tribes in the Interior of Lagos.

8. *The Antiquary*. (London.) Vol. XVIII. No. 105, September, 1888. Midland Folk-Rhymes and Phrases. GEORGE F. ERIC.

9. *The Journal of the Asiatic Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*. (London.) Vol. XVIII. No. 1, August, 1888. Note on the Japanese Go-hei, or Paper Offerings to the Shinto Gods. BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

10. *Celtic Magazine*. (Inverness.) No. 153, July, 1888. Hero Tales of the Gael. VIII. Cuchulinn. The Irish Account.—No. 154, August. The Snow-white Maiden. Highland Folk-Tale. Translated by MRS. WALLACE.—No. 155, September. Notes to the Snow-white Maiden. MRS. WALLACE, ALEXANDER MACBAIN.—A Highland Wedding in Bygone Days. Westerross. Customs.—The Legend of the Holy Grail. (Review of Work of Alfred Nutt.)

11. *The Folk-Lore Journal*. (London.) Vol. VI. Part II., April-June, 1888. Folk-Tales and Folk-Lore. Collected in and near Washington, D. C. W. H. BABCOCK. (Containing local legends, animal lore, moon-lore, omens, charms, etc.)—Notes on the Folk-Lore and some Social Customs of the Western Somali Tribes. J. S. KING. (Marriage Customs.)—The Treasure on the Drim. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND. (A Folk-Tale.)—Folk-Lore of the Feroe Islands. (Reprinted from Landt's Description of the Feroe Islands, 1810.)—Raja Donan: a Malay Fairy-Tale.—The Marriage Customs of the Moors of Ceylon. (Abstract of paper read by MR. CORBET before Royal Asiatic Society.)

12. *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*. (Edinburgh.) Vol. I. No. 1, July, 1888. Preface.—Turkish Gypsies. A. G. PASPATI.—Early Annals of the Gypsies in England. H. T. CROFTON. (From the year 1505, the first positive mention of Gypsies in England, to 1687.)—A Roumanian Gypsy Folk-Tale. F. H. GROOME. (The Bad Mother, translation of tale published by CONSTANTINESCU in 1878.) Statistical account of the Gypsies in the German Empire. RUDOLF VON SOWA.—Illustrations of South-Austrian Romanes. J. PINCHERLE.—The Gypsies of Catalonia. DAVID MACRITCHIE.—Additions to Gypsy-English Vocabulary. H. T. CROFTON.—Review of the Archduke Josef's "Czigány Nyelvatan." C. G. LELAND.—Notes and Queries.

13. *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland*. (London.) Vol. XX. Part 3, July, 1888. The Customs of the Ossetes. (Compiled from M. KOVALEFSKI's Russian work on contemporary customs and ancient law, by E. DELMAR MORGAN.)

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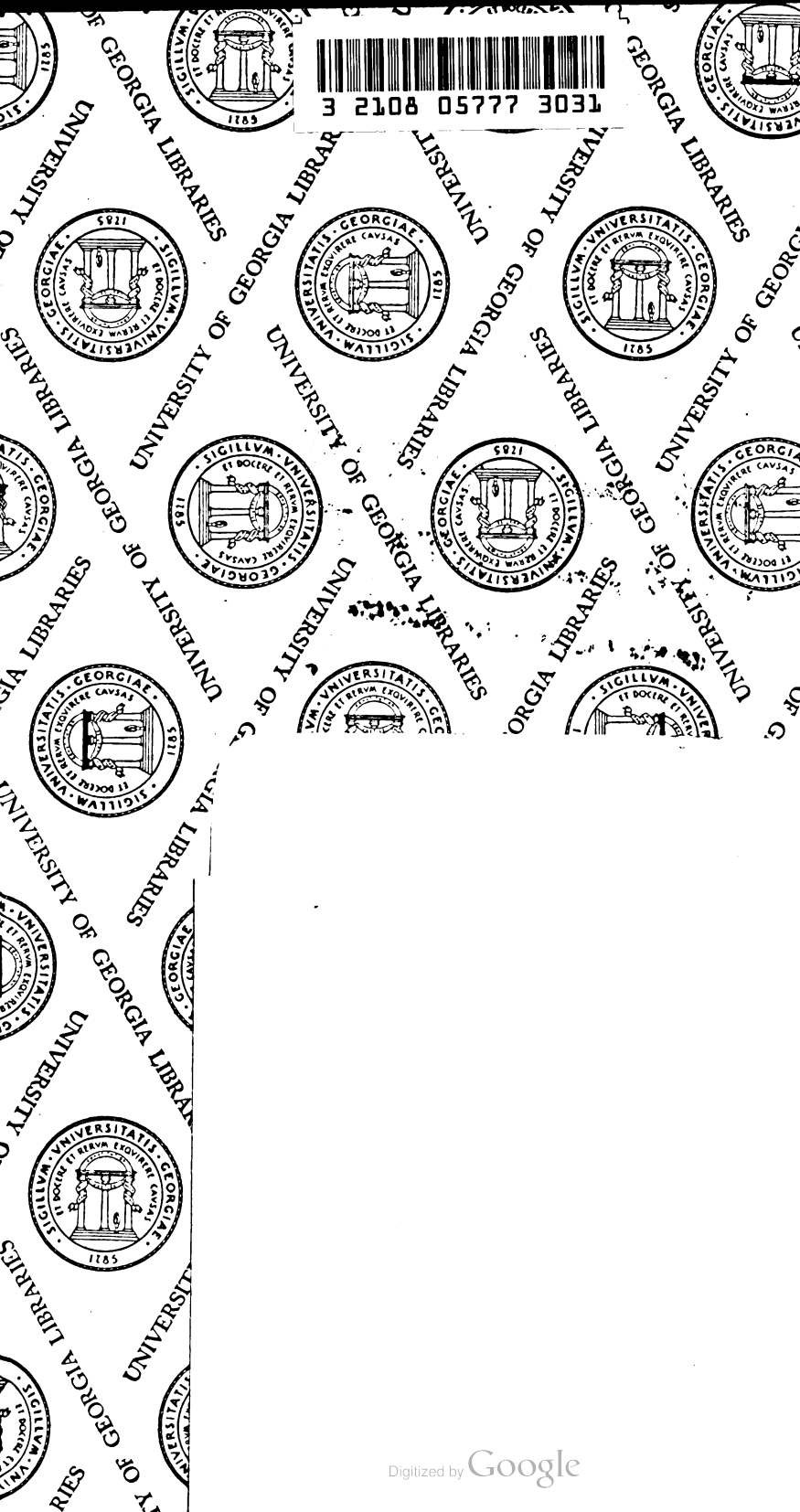
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